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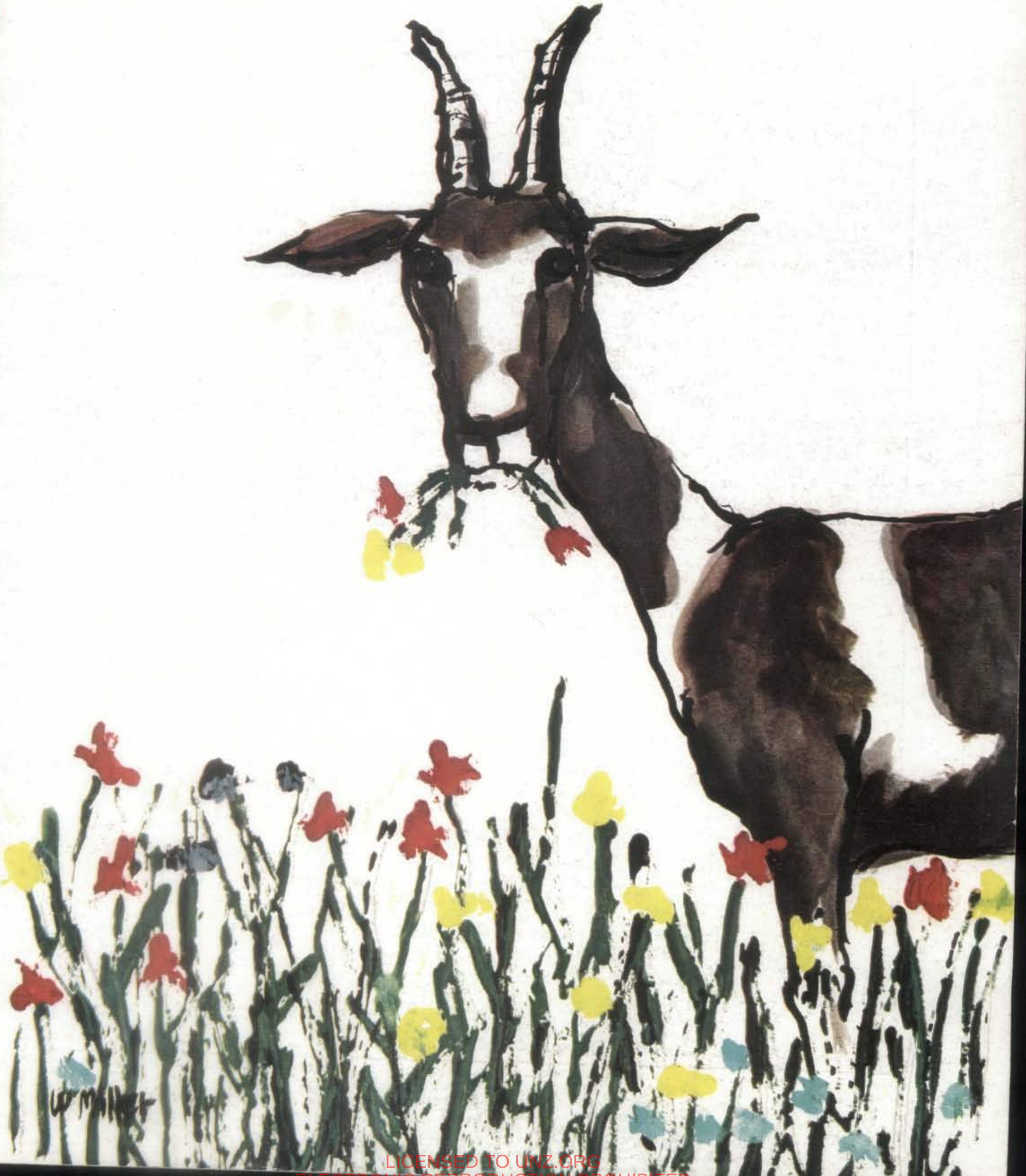

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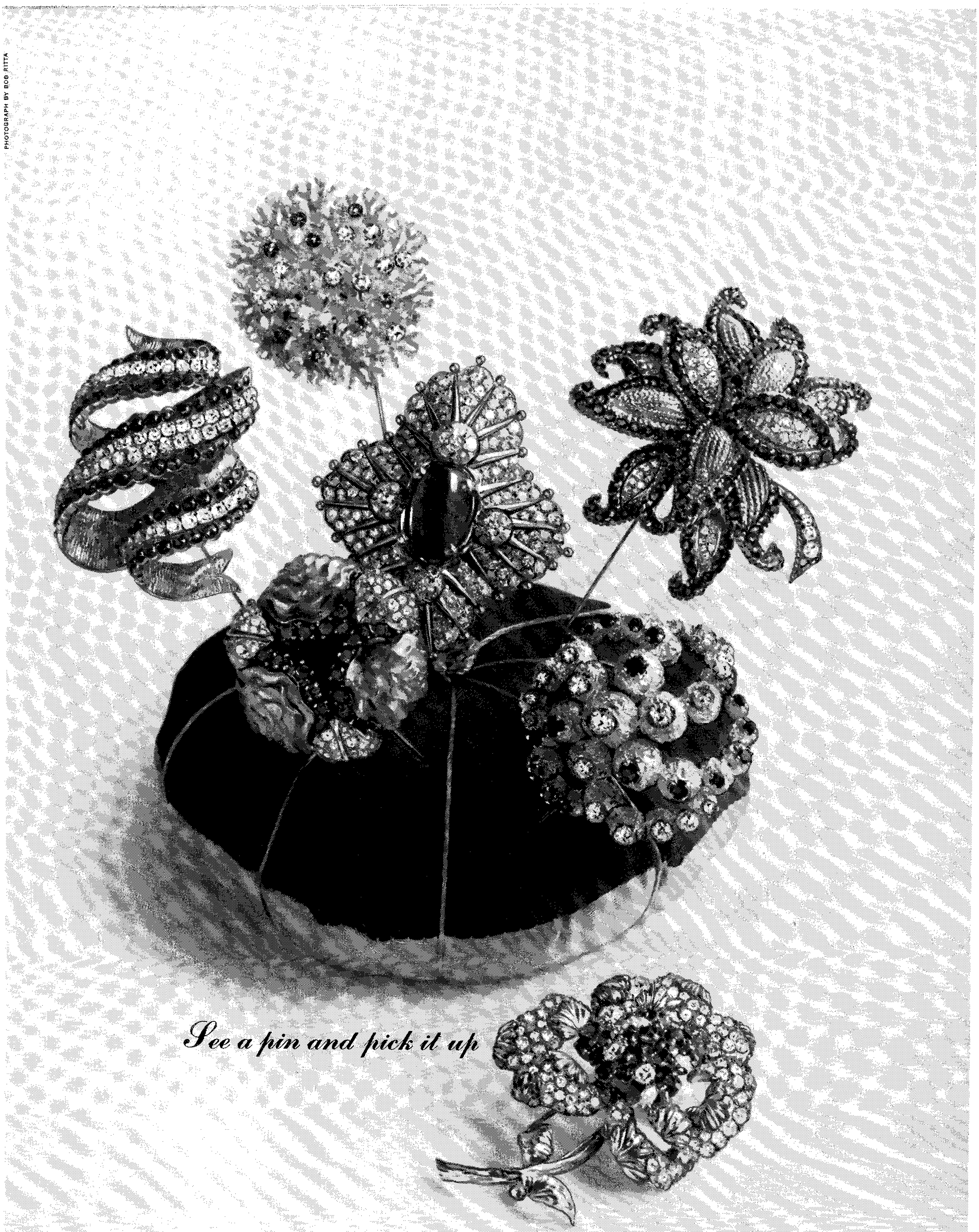

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA-Phoenix—Tolstoy's WAR AND PEACE: Thursday and Friday, May 11-12, at 8:30; Saturday, May 13, at 2:30 and 8:30; Wednesday, May 17, at 2 and 8:30; and Thursday, May 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Pirandello's RIGHT YOU ARE: Monday and Tuesday, May 15-16, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Ibsen's THE WILD DUCK: Friday, May 19, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 20, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Black Comedy—A droll business created by Peter Shaffer and having to do with some difficulties that occur in a South Kensington apartment when the lights go out. John Dexter has manipulated the worthy cast very cleverly, but Mr. Shaffer's "White Lies," which serves as a curtain-raiser to "Black Comedy" is a dud. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Don't Drink the Water—Lou Jacobi, Anthony Roberts, Kay Medford, and Dick Libertini are among those pleasantly employed in this farce by Woody Allen. It concerns a Jewish family from Newark that takes a trip behind the Iron Curtain and gets into trouble there. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

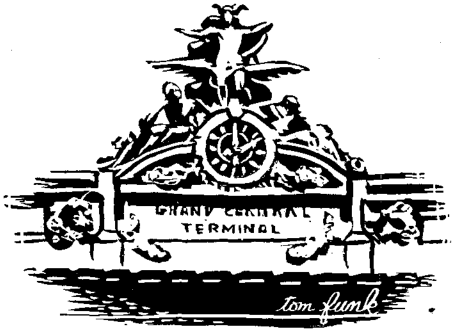
The Homecoming—Harold Pinter's description of homelife in a North London ménage run by an eccentric widower who unexpectedly finds himself playing host to his eldest son and the son's wife, a girl of vast accessibility. The play is a rickety affair, but the members of the Royal Shakespeare Company, who perform in it, are uniformly admirable. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

National Repertory Theatre—Final performances of a brief engagement. O'Neill's A TOUCH OF THE POET: Thursday, May 11, at 2, and Friday, May 12, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's THE IMAGINARY INVALID: Thursday, May 11, at 8:30, and Saturday, May 13, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Coward's TONIGHT AT 8:30: Saturday, May 13, at 8:30. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270.)

The Star-Spangled Girl—Anthony Perkins, Richard Benjamin, and Connie Stevens are all young and enthusiastic in this comedy by Neil Simon about a protest publisher, a writing genius, and a folk singer in San Francisco, but the end result is pretty dreary. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running—A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confusions. Not overly incisive but fairly funny and beguiling. It is acted by a splendid cast—Martin Balsam, Eileen Heckart, George Grizzard, Joe Silver, and Melinda Dillon—and it is also cleverly directed by Alan Schneider. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-2533. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—BAREFOOT IN THE PARK: A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . CACTUS FLOWER: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Kevin McCarthy, Burt Brinckerhoff, and Robert Moore are among those present. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS: Sam Levene plays a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. 245-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, May 27.) . . . THE ODD COUPLE: Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR
OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20

MUSICALS

The Apple Tree—Short stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer provide the basis for the three sketches that make up this musical, and they have resulted—particularly in the case of Mark Twain—in an entertaining show. The book, music, and lyrics were provided by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, and the enterprise was directed by Mike Nichols. Barbara Harris is delightful as the principal performer, and Hal Holbrook and Larry Blyden support her valiantly. Phyllis Newman substitutes for Miss Harris at the matinée performances. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Cabaret—An adaptation, by Joe Masteroff, of the John van Druten play "I Am a Camera," which, in turn, was based on Christopher Isherwood's stories about Germany just before the Nazis took control. Never as effective as its source material, but the production numbers are spectacular. Jack Gilford, Lotte Lenya, and Joel Grey are among those in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hallelujah, Baby!—The ups and downs of a Negro team—a girl who has a lovely voice and a boy who has brains—in the course of more than half a century of struggling against a culture that gives them little heed. Arthur Laurents's book is drab, but there are some solid tunes by Jule Styne, with satisfactory lyrics by Adolph Green and Betty Comden. Leslie Uggams and Robert Hooks head a splendid cast, augmented delightfully by Lillian Hayman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Do! I Do!—Tom Jones' book and lyrics for this version of Jan de Hartog's play "The Fourposter" are something less than scintillating, and Harvey Schmidt's music is very simple, but the production is glossy, and the performances of Mary Martin and Robert Preston, who make up the entire cast, are superb. The direction, by Gower Champion, is laudable indeed. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays at 2:35.)

Illya Darling—Melina Mercouri is charming in this musical adaptation of the film "Never on Sunday," but it has little else to recommend it. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sherry!—A musical rerun of "The Man Who Came to Dinner," and not a very stimulating one. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 245-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—FIDDLER ON THE ROOF: Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . FUNNY GIRL: Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . HELLO, DOLLY!: Martha Raye now has the role of Susan B. Anthony. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . MAME: A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . SWEET CHARITY: A tale about a dancehall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Gwen Verdon is the girl with lots and lots of heart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Girl in the Freudian Slip—Alan Young, Marjorie Lord, and Russell Nype in a comedy by William F. Brown. Directed by Marc Daniels. Opens Thursday, May 18. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center Light Opera Company—Constance Towers, Bob Wright, Eleanor Steber, and Christopher Hewett in THE SOUND OF MUSIC, which will play through Sunday, May 14. . . .

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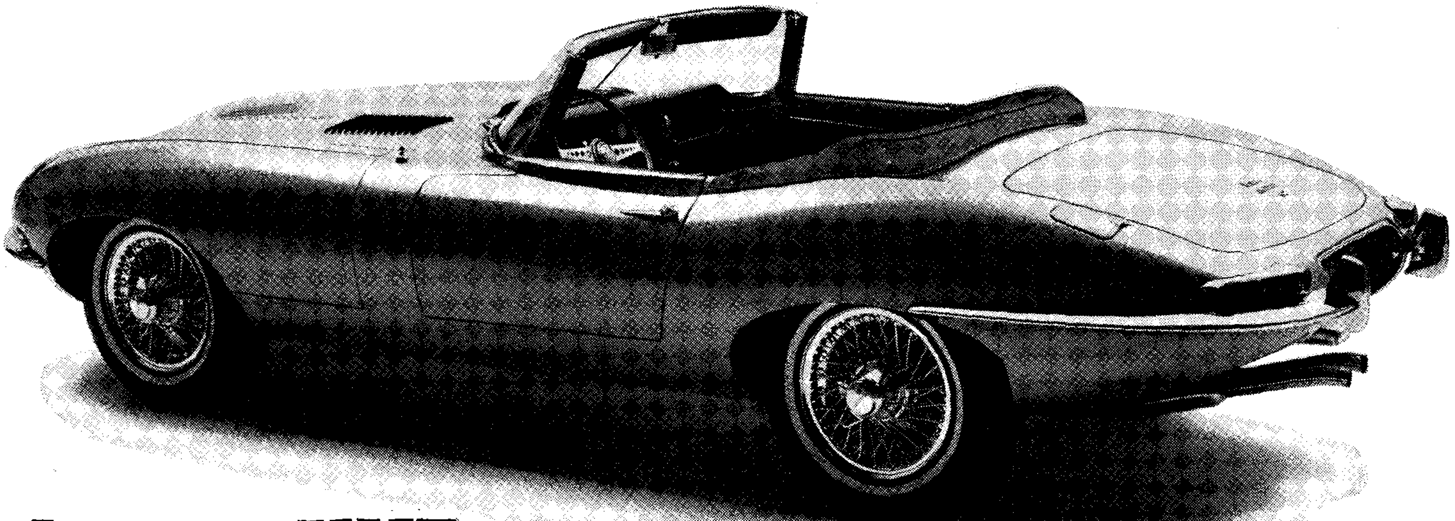

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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14	15	16	17	18	19	20

WONDERFUL TOWN, with Elaine Stritch and Linda Bennett, will be the last in a series of musicals by the company. Preview Tuesday, May 16. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 17, at 7:30, and will run through Sunday, June 4. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of Bertolt Brecht's **GALILEO,** with Anthony Quayle in the title role. The final production of the season. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **THE MASKED BALL.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

America Hurrah—A trio of plays by Jean-Claude van Itallie. (Pocket Theatre, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A revival of the comedy that Jean Erdman adapted from James Joyce's "Finnegans Wake." Opens Thursday, May 11. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

The Deer Park—Norman Mailer's long-winded rundown on the sexual mores of a Hollywood that is now obsolete gets awfully tiresome after a while, but it has its comic moments. Most of these occur in scenes that involve Will Lee, as the head of a studio, and Mickey Knox, as his bumptious son-in-law. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Eh?—This piece of nonsense by a British playwright named Henry Livings is, strictly speaking, a revue sketch expanded to two acts, but since its ingredients are funny characters, funny lines, funny business, and funny actors under Alan Arkin's nimble direction, there is no cause for complaint. The setting is the boiler room of a factory. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Fridays at 8:40 and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Experiment—A play by David Halliwell and David Calderisi that has been imported from London. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fantasticks—Stops at Westhampton, Quogue, Hampton Bays, Southampton, Bridgehampton, East Hampton, Amagansett, and Montauk. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A play by John Herbert. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gorilla Queen—This effeminate and very obscene lampoon of old jungle movies all but drowns in its own whimsey and complacency, but it is quite lively, all the same. *Caveat emptor*. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hamp—This British play about a private who runs away from the Battle of Passchendaele, in 1917, and must face a court-martial should have a much greater impact than it does. Even so, the script and performances are well above average. The novel on which it is based was also the basis for the movie "King and Country." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Harold and Sondra—A twin bill by Frederick Feirstein. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3:30.)

The Mad Show—A musical revue with a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. Lightweight satire is the main ingredient. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 9; Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—José Ferrer is now playing the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Man with a Load of Mischief—A musical derived from Ashley Dukes' 1924 London play of the same name. John Clifton wrote the music and Ben Tarver the book. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Party on Greenwich Avenue—A play by Grandin Conover. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

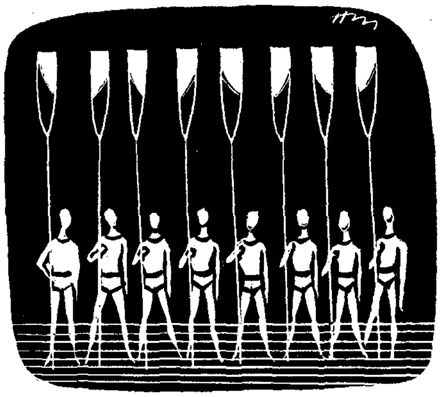
People Is the Thing That the World Is Fullest of—A cheerful puppet show in the form of a topical revue for adults. Children would probably enjoy it, too. (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 4:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A comedy by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Posterity for Sale—Salome Jens, Sam Waterston, and Anne Draper in a play by Niccolo Tucci. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. Opens Thursday, May 11. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 3.)

To Clothe the Naked—A dim production of a rather dim play by Pirandello. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This musical adaptation of Charles M. Schulz's "Peanuts" is a total delight. The songs, by Clark Gesner; the libretto, by John Gordon; the setting, by Alan Kimmel; the direction, by Joseph Hardy; and all the actors are fine, too. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

American Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, May 11: "Les Sylphides," "Harbinger" (New York première), "Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux," and "Les Noces."... ¶ Friday evening, May 12, and Saturday and Sunday, May 13-14, matinées and evenings: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Wednesday matinée, May 17: "Harbinger," "Rodeo," and "Etudes."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 17: "Harbinger," "Pillar of Fire," and "Etudes."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 18: "Les Sylphides," "Concerto" (New York première), "Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Friday evening, May 19: "Concerto," "Fall River Legend," and "Les Noces."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 20: "Theme and Variations" and "The Sylph of the Highlands."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 20: "The Sylph of the Highlands" and "Concerto." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, June 4.)

Royal Ballet—Thursday, May 11, at 8:30: "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Friday, May 12, at 8:30: "The Dream," "Monotones Nos. 1 and 2," and "Paradise Lost."... ¶ Saturday, May 13, at 2:30 and 8:30: "La Fille Mal Gardée." ... ¶ Sunday, May 14, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Tuesday, May 16, at 8:30: "Giselle."... ¶ Wednesday, May 17, at 8:30: "The Dream," "Brandenburg Nos. 2 and 4" (American première), and "Paradise Lost." ... ¶ Thursday, May 18, at 8:30: "Brandenburg Nos. 2 and 4," "Shadowplay," and "Paradise Lost."... ¶ Friday, May 19, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Saturday, May 20, at 2:30 and 8:30: "The Sleeping Beauty." (Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. 787-4200. Through Sunday, May 28.)

Pearl Lang—With her dance company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, May 12, at 8:40. For tickets, call TR 4-7743.)

Manhattan Festival Ballet—"Cantabile," "Giselle Peasant Pas de Deux," "Dark Psalters," and "Rondo for Seven." (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-9740. Mondays at 8:30.)

Bhaskar—With his company, in dances of India. (Village Theatre, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 475-8400. Monday, May 15, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Last chance! (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday at 2 and 7:30; Friday at 2 and 8:30; Saturday at 10:30, 3, and 8:30; and Sunday at 1:30 and 6. Closes Sunday, May 14. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Hello, Solly!—A Yiddish musical revue, much of it in English. (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 279-3970. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Sing Israel, Sing—Ben Bonus in a Yiddish musical, with book and lyrics by Wolf Younin, based on Yiddish and Israeli folklore. Directed by Mina Bern. Opens Thursday, May 11. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Wednesdays and Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2; Saturdays at 2:30; and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Words do not fail Woody Allen, speaker of the evening in the Royal Box; instead, they sprout three implications where only one grew before. He and Sylvia Syms, who always looks a ballad straight in the eye, share the podium at dinner and supper; the orchestra of Lee Evans is there most of the evening. Closed Sundays.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is the old, familiar cityscape of which old, familiar Billy Reed is *padrone,* and now old, familiar Ernie Warren has moved his small band in, too. The dance tunes run from nine until two, except Sundays.

DELMONICO'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—It's generally the night before Christmas in the restaurant, where the only things that stir, aside from a Cliff Hall band, are dignified couples gliding along the parquet. The music plays Mondays through Fridays from eight to one, and Saturdays from eight to two. No music Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—William Makepeace Thackeray slept here, which is how he got the idea for "Vanity Fair." Lester Lanin (in person, not a myth) runs one band, George Anaya runs another. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The table talk in the Café Pierre, a small lap of luxury, is more hum than dinger; so is the deportment on the dance floor; so are the ministrations of Ben Cutler's cheery little orchestra, which is supplemented, between sets, by a guitar whose spiritual home is Sevilla. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room becomes a not especially damp vale of tears when Eartha Kitt, one of the greatest tragediennes since Bernhardt (and likewise one of the jolliest of all time), does her no-pomp, no-circumstance recital of songs constructed by Brel, Aznavour, and composers nearly as good. This beneficence happens at dinner and supper; the well-rounded, firmly packed orchestra of Burt Farber and the carefree cluster of bandsmen in the charge of Mark Monte happen through the whole evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano-and-fiddle crew leads a more travelled life—four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, then seven to nine (all but Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. . . . ¶ Gunnar Hansen's violin goes even farther, transforming (from eight to one) the Palm Court into a marbled palace (with bar privileges) in Xanadu. His holidays are Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Heaven's above! The sound that issues from these clouds is not wholly celestial, being compounded partly of the horn blown by mighty Jonah Jones, but it *is* gleeful. His final blowup occurs on Saturday, May 13; on Monday, May 15, Frankie Carle and band will arrive. The music commences as early as seven, and goes on until almost two. Closed Sundays.

THE RIVERBOAT, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (PL 9-2444)—Urbie Green is now commandant of what is called the Tommy Dorsey orchestra, which works out on the promenade deck, and so the old Dorsey scripts are supplemented with keeping-up-with-the-times MSS. The rumpus runs from eight until two every night but Sunday. Stop press: Sunday, May 14, will be devoted to Mother and a one-night stand by the band of Harry James.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette (a fine state of affairs, and a fine affair of state), the quick-fire band of George Cort and the waltz-king band run by Quintero pause only for a half hour during dinner and supper to allow Patricia Marand a go at some all-for-love arias. On Monday, May 15, she will be succeeded by a brand-new Roman tenor, Gino Tonetti. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a quiet glade next door, has Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi on the violin from six until one-thirty. Closed Sundays.

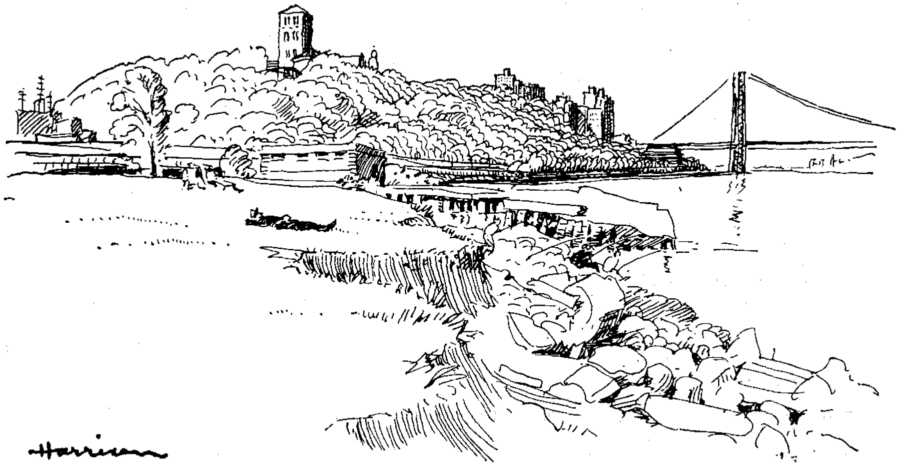
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Domestic difficulties, and a few imported ones, are handled with song, story, and dispatch by the happily joined couple of Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme, who enter the Empire Room at dinner and supper. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo is in charge of the Physical Education department. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Sonny Kendis's small group plays for dancing Tuesday through Thursday every week from eight to one, and on Friday and Saturday from eight-thirty to one-thirty.

NOTE—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—There's always room for one million more on the floor, and no harm can come to anyone, for the Killer-Diller and related exercises are barred. The surroundings are neat but not gaudy, and as much can be said for the two extensive bands. Seven-thirty until one, except for Sundays, which begin at three-thirty; the dining is minimal. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): "I Happen to Like New York" is the theme song, and the people who feel that way arrive for dinner and stay for supper. So do the combinations and permutations of Goldie Hawkins, Wayne Sanders, and Sam Hamilton, who keep one or another piano (or both of them) in a state of euphoria that is just about constant. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): At times, everybody who knows the lyrics (or even thinks he does) gets into the act when Laurie Brewis sits down at his piano in this, the plainspoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. It's for those who believe in community spirit. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander chants those Basic English ditties of the West Indies from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the work of Chuck Wayne's trio. It is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the world's a stage when your waiter suddenly decides that he is a reincarnation of Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): It's-all-in-the-family is how Rita Dimitri looks upon the song recital she does in the middle of her well-upholstered kitchen, and 'tis folly to judge her otherwise. She chants at dinner during the week, and twice Fridays and Saturdays. The dance



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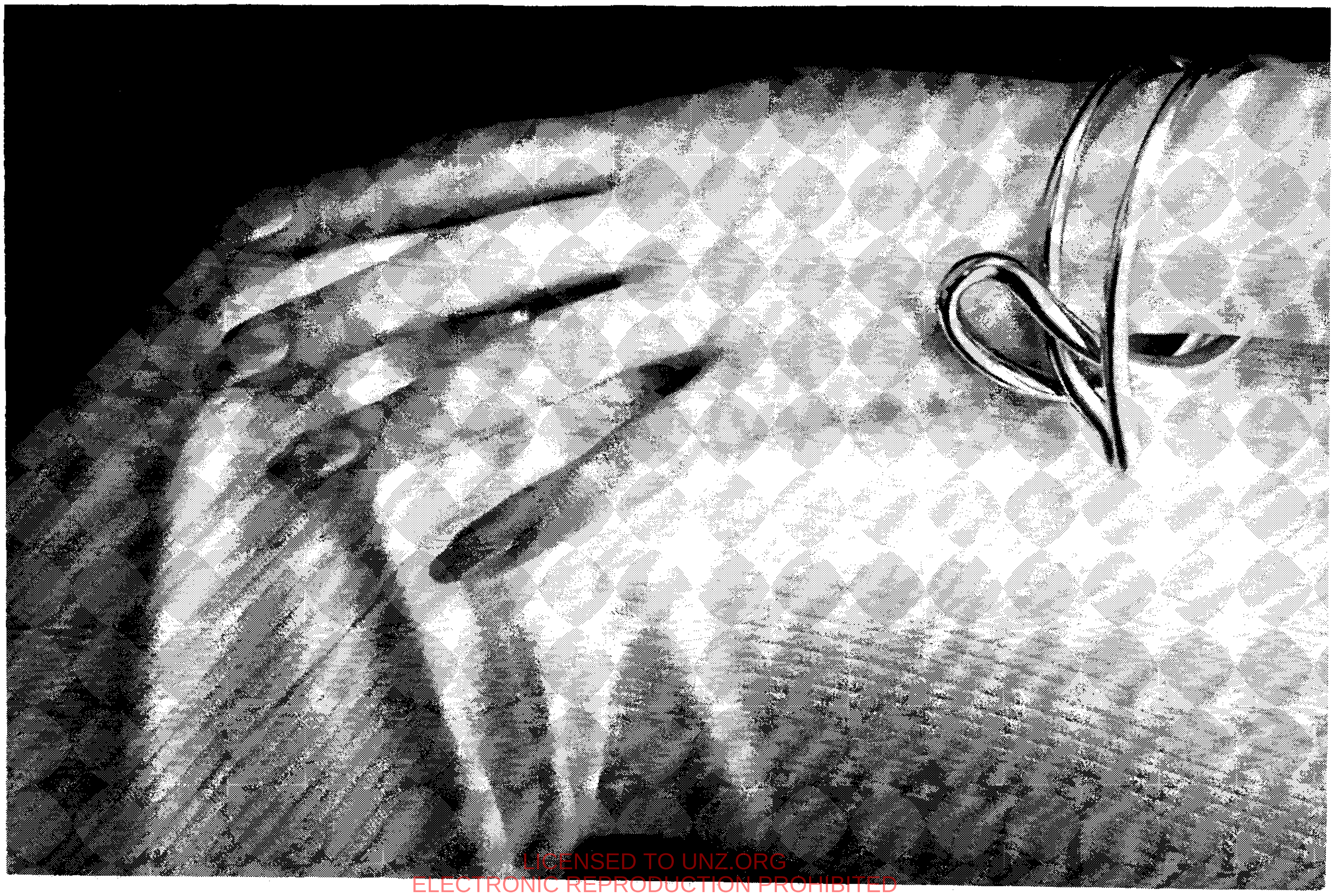

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

music begins at eight. Closed Sundays.... **CHARDAS**, 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): In this restoration of the Hungarian monarchy, the zimbalon is king. Violin, soprano, band music (this from Béla Babai's men), and tenor (the gallant Tibor Rakossy) are court favorites. Every night but Monday.... **TAMBURLAINE**, 148 E. 48th St. (PL 1-0033): You can hardly see the forest for the eerie trees in this Himalayan landscape, but from eight to one you can hear the dance music quite clearly. It's worth your while Monday evenings, when Billy Rubenstein's superlative trio is at work, and throughout the six-to-eight session, Monday through Friday, when a crew involving Allan Haig and Phil Leshin is at work. Closed Sundays.

NOTE—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee let it be one of these: **ARTHUR**, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): No-room-at-the-inn is a standing problem, so make known your coming. Brace yourself, too, against the music (whether it comes from a speaking tube or from the Wild Ones), for it has the fury of a March wind and the Ides of the same month. The reward: a look at the fashions (in clothes and in conduct) of our gilded lilies and their consorts. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays.... **IL MIO**, in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The music is constructed by strange devices untouched by human hands, and strange devices construct a large portion of the costumery worn by the participants in the ritual dances. The food provided by the management is mostly for thought. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **YELLOWFINGER'S**, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): The gateway to this charmed underworld is a needle's eye. Those who pass it find a Delphic bower in which little girls who will be goddesses if they ever grow up, or already are, disport themselves with their nimble partners in choreographic feats of daring. Nine-thirty until three-thirty night after night is the scheme.... **L'INTERDIT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is void.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, who concerns himself with the triumphs, not the trivia, of our current songwriters, has returned to the keyboard of the best-tempered piano in night life. Six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one is his agendum. Allan Haig's piano is the sole sound on Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Horatio at the drawbridge of the comfortable old castle is Norbert Faconi, who has been kissing hands and fiddling to the King's taste since the early days of our republic. He goes into retreat on Sundays.... **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another of King Henri's playhouses, also planned to bemuse the eye. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays and Mondays.... **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays.... **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday.... **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night. Supper, but no dinner.... **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the finest of its townhouse days. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays.... **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo slings a lusty guitar in the opulent bar-restaurant, and slings it until well past midnight. He does homework, though, on Tuesdays and Thursdays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse offers the desultory piano of George Feyer, whose urban base of action this place is from eight-thirty until maybe two. Closed Sundays.... **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The august Herman Honigsberg has his violin and his violinists in slow but blithe motion around this industrious Roman piazza. Closed Sundays.... **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy staffs the soothing corner piano in this particular grazing ground of the Westbury Hotel. No music Sundays and Mondays.... **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with the man from U.N.C.L.E. who dwells, appropriately, at UN 1-9494): The piano music in the innermost of the sanctuaries in this aerie should be devoted to "Constantinople" and "Dardanella" in tribute to the owlish décor. Closed Sundays.... **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): In the courtly Casino-on-the-Park, Steven Weltner's piano discourses with authority and clarity, though without ever raising its voice, from six-thirty until midnight. He stays away Saturdays and Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The people's (or, anyway, the prom-trotters') choice—the Supremes, that is, chortling and trotting themselves with a great deal of girlish glee. For devotees of one-syllable words, there is Lee Tully, humorist; for devotees of the human form, there is a new assortment of Copa ballerinas. Dancing.... ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music.... **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): No clothes for the little empresses—that is the sad story of the regal and pretty young ladies who bravely cavort in the long and heartening extravaganza. Their leader is Susan Clemm, a sort of climax of American girlhood. Added starters: the Barry Sisters, whose song-and-patter act is a sort of endurance test, and the Ramon Cadiz Ballet, fleet of foot and flamenco. Ronnie Dove, one of the newest hatches in the recording studios, replaces the Sisters on Wednesday, May 17. Showtime is dinner and supper. Dancing.... **CHEETAH**, 1680 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): All rites, including the Scandinavian, belong to the Great God Pan, none of whose subjects can be out of their twenties, though possibly out of their minds. Two incoherent bands keep pushing panic buttons for the dancers; the clamor starts at eight during the week, at three on Sunday afternoons, and late in the morning is when it ends. Silence on Mondays. No dining.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Nic Ullett and Tony Hendra (*Weltpolitik* made simple, and even simple-minded) end their causeries on Saturday, May 13, and Fredricka Weber, a small uproar from Chicago, removes her teasing soprano at the same time. Julius Monk, Master in Residence and *conférencier* of this institution of higher learning, stays on, and so does Jamie Ross, a young Scot with a winning way of speaking and singing. On Monday, May 15, the sardonic Charlotte Rae and the conversational team of Patchett & Tarses return to action. The orchestra is the upper-class pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements. Nine-thirty and onward. Closed Sundays.... **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Joaquin Robles and his covey of balletomanes are fun-loving Rover Boys and Girls as they swarm over the stage in the back room. They show up at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, the customers tread the floor in measures light and fantastic. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and Domingo Alvarado's arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. Closed Sundays.... **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The manner, the milieu, even the materials of which "Mixed Doubles" is constructed sometimes recall the antics of several earlier miniature revues, but there is enough good (and sometimes original) humor to satisfy any mid-evening thirst. Judy Graubart, an innocent minx from the late Second City troupe, leads the ring. Nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday....

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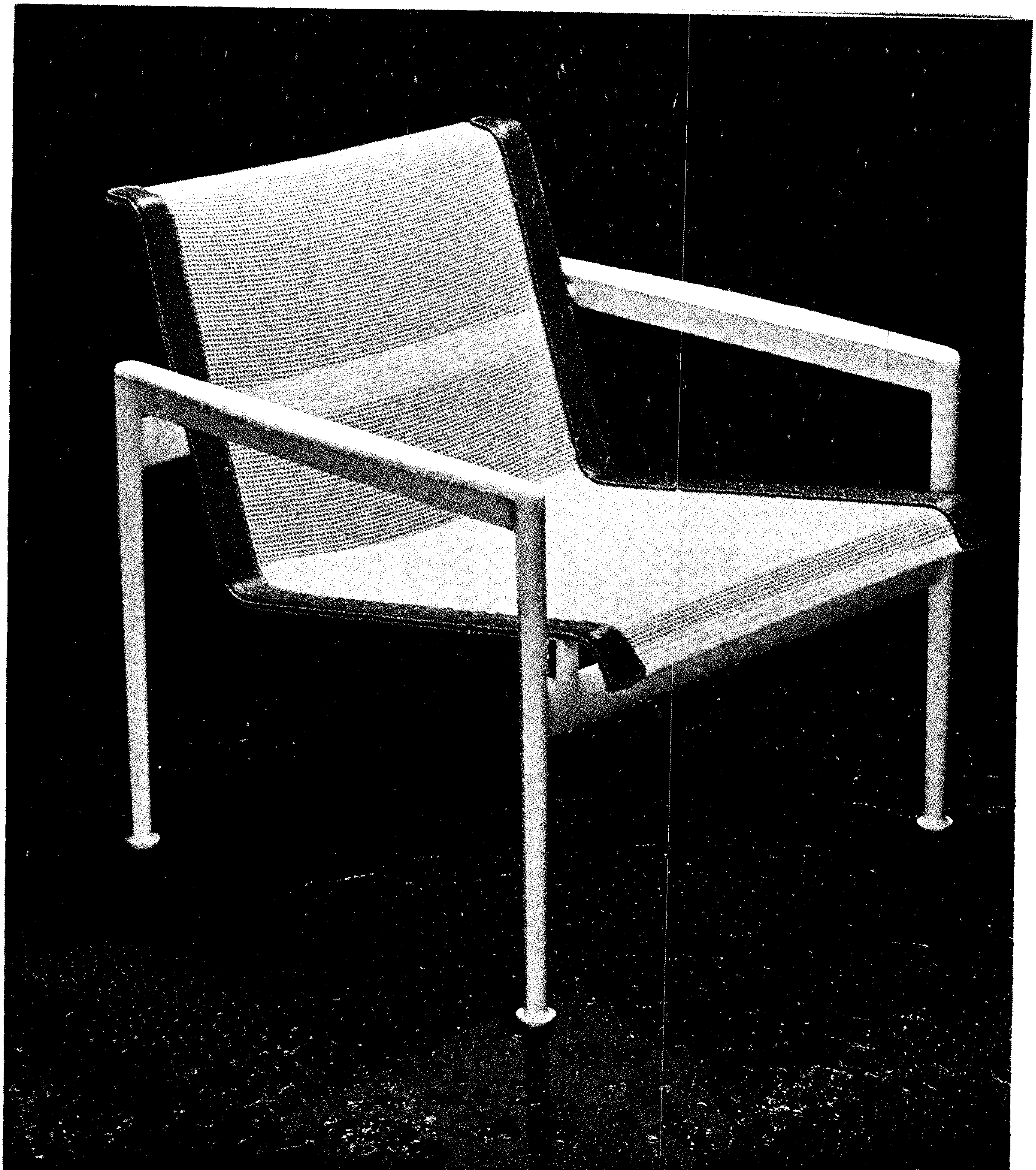

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The conversation here, always at a high pitch, is by Joan Rivers, who is really speaking not for herself but for her analyst. She has her last say on Saturday, May 13. Ten is her earliest starting time. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual entertainment.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The power and the glory of Coleman Hawkins cease for the time being on Sunday, May 14, when his quartet takes leave, along with the foursome of Roland Kirk. They'll add a matinée, four-thirty to seven, their final day. On Tuesday, May 16. the trio of Bill Evans, now with Philly Joe Jones in tow, moves in. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The quartet of Bobby Hackett (silver threads of his cornet among the gold of his sidemen) desists on Saturday, May 13, to be succeeded, on Monday, May 15, by the threesome of the long-absent Oscar Peterson. The discothèque music goes on as before. A menu of some note is also afforded. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT**, 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): On this saints-and-sinners boulevard, little is worth noting aside from this shadowy bar-and-grill. Some of the fill-in performers must be borne with fortitude, but there is always (except Mondays) Charles De Forest, who sings the moment-of-truth songs that are the rightful due of everyone who is willing to make the effort to stay up all night, and there is always (except Sundays) the threesome of Allan Haig. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): On the main floor, in a medieval inglenook, notes of cheer radiate every night but Monday from Marian McPartland and her trio. Dining of a sort. . . . ¶ Downcellar, on Friday and Saturday, May 12-13, the great and good voice of Miriam Makeba, Empress of Africa, and the inchoate philosophizings of the Horace Silver quintet; on Friday and Saturday, May 19-20, Dick Gregory and (as much in jest as in anger) his Gregorian chants about what the world is coming to, plus Josh White, who was in at the very beginnings of folk music. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Richie Kamuca's foursome, in which Jim Hall is involved, should be spieling among the hero sandwiches through Sunday, May 14. Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): The fastest guns in the East—that is, Mr. Condon and the likes of Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Cliff Leeman, Bob Wilber, and Ross Tompkins. Dining and dancing as well as just listening. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio is within the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Eddie Thompson disports himself on the piano. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'INTRIGUE**, 35 W. 56th St. (CI 7-1990): Memories stir, and so do quite a lot of estimable songs-with-piano, when Hazel Scott takes her place, which she does every night but Sunday, in this very-oddment of life after dark. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the bouncy guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) and the clatter know no bounds. Nine until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band puts the establishment in an uproar; then the washboarders take over. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (WA 4-8400): Plain as an old board fence, but the Think music is more intricate. It comes now from Freddie Hubbard's quintet. Mondays, instead, Sun Ra's squad of ten cabalists goes to work. . . . **RED GARTER**, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270): Whooping it up at another of Jack London's Malamute Cafés. The band is tinpanny tympani, the singing (Ruth Crews) is hit-them-again, the beer flows like Würzburger. Movies, too, also with the patina of years. From nine until doomsday every night. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): The quintet of Donald Byrd has decided opinions about the current state of jazz, and voices them except on Sundays, when the varying personnel of the Jazz Interactions puts in its two cents' worth. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most viable of the Village's ice-cream parlors and coffee *fincas*. The onstage activity is a grab bag, but out of it will presumably emerge, on Friday, May 12, the brace of folk devotees known as Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee. They will be off duty Tuesdays. . . . **POOKIE'S PUB**, 282 Hudson St., near Spring St. (924-1945): The catalytic foursome of the eminent Charles Mingus (a War of the Neuroses that outdoes anything York and Lancaster ever staged) is in battle formation, putatively from ten to three, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Nowadays an open-and-shut proposition. If it is open, the big, bumptious, and cheering Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band is busting out all over. Closed for sure on Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

PETER AGOSTINI—Plaster sculptures and drawings; through June 3. (Radich, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

PIERRE ALECHINSKY—Paintings, lithographs, and drawings containing Expressionist imagery by an outstanding Belgian member of the Cobra group; through Saturday, May 13. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

ANASTASI—Reproductions of the gallery walls on canvas; through May 31. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEONARD BASKIN—Figurative sculptures in bronze and wood, and drawings; through May 27. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

LARRY BELL—Glass constructions by a West Coast leader; through Saturday, May 20. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE BELLOWS (1882-1925)—Landscapes, marines, and figure paintings; through May 27. (Allison, 32 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH BINDER—Monotypes in oil by a well-known Viennese designer; through Saturday, May 13. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

SEYMOUR BOARDMAN—Hard-edge paintings; through Saturday, May 20. (Sachs, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

DORIS CHASE—Wood sculptures with movable parts for the spectator to play with; through Saturday, May 13. (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

NICOLAI CIKOVSKY—Landscapes, seascapes, still-lifes, portraits; through Saturday, May 20. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

CALVERT COGGESHALL—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 20. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBYN DENNY—Purist paintings by a British artist; through June 1. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANNE DUNN—Figurative paintings; through June 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHIGEO FUKUDA—Toys and objects, some animated, by a Japanese designer; through June 10. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

SUE FULLER—String compositions suspended in Plexiglas boxes; through Saturday, May 20. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

RUTH GIKOW—Paintings of the Mod scene; through Friday, May 12. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANTHONY GREEN—Semi-comic album pictures; through May 27. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

SARAH GRILO—Paintings featuring scribbled poems and abstract calligraphy; through May

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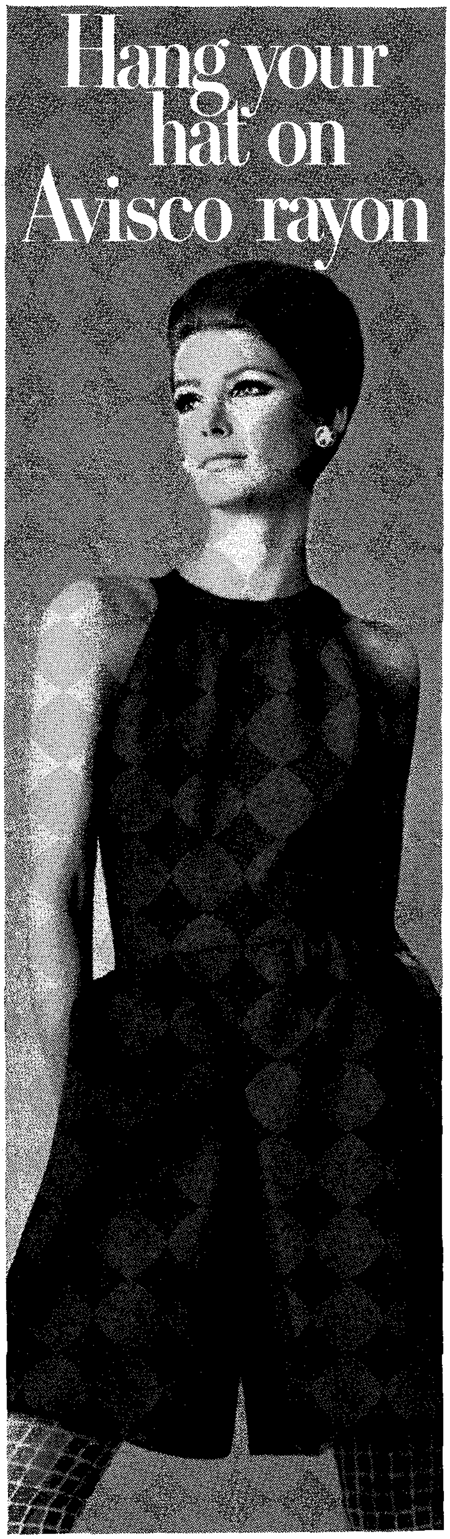
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

27. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Juan Gris—An anniversary exhibition of drawings and gouaches, many never shown here before, by a leading Cubist, who died forty years ago; through June 30. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Grosz—Collages from the twenties through the fifties; through Tuesday, May 16. (Spanierman, 50 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.)

Robert Harvey—Photo-realist portraits with archaic backgrounds; through May 27. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

John Heliker—Maine landscapes, still-lifes, and portraits; through Saturday, May 13. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

James Jarvaise—Oil paintings on leaves of metal giving an effect of motion; through May 27. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ray Johnson—Collages by an artist who works in small scale; through May 27. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Jacques Kaplan—*Fur used as a medium for* various vanguard art forms by the furrier; through May 27. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gyula Kosice—"Sculpture: Water-Light-Movement" by a European experimentalist, now a citizen of Argentina; through May 27. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernest Lawson—Paintings by the landscapist, who died in 1939; through Saturday, May 20. (ACA Heritage, 63 E. 57th St.)

Jean Linder—Soft plastic constructions; through May 26. (Graham, third floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

César Manrique—Heavily painted, volcanic abstractions; through Saturday, May 13. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.)

Gerhard Marcks—A huge show of Expressionist bronzes by this German contemporary of Klee and Kandinsky; through May 31. (Hutton, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

John Marin—A benefit showing of twenty-seven oils and watercolors from the Duncan Phillips Collection, in Washington; through May 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Charles Mattox—Kinetic sculptures by a West Coast inventor of witty motions; through May 27. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard A. Miller—Figure and portrait sculptures; through Saturday, May 20. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claes Oldenburg—Soft and hard sculptures, and drawings, by the Pop artist; through May 27. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jules Pascin (1885-1930)—Forty-two watercolors and drawings taken from the whole range of his work; through June 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michelangelo Pistoletto—Collages on stainless steel; through Thursday, May 18. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gio Pomodoro—Marble and bronze sculptures by a leading Milanese contemporary; through May 27. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sophy Regensburg—Still-lifes; through Saturday, May 13. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Dorothy Ruddick—Drawings; through June 2. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St. Closed Mondays.)

Miriam Schapiro—*Abstractions with ruled edges* and flat colors; through May 25. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Smith—Eight iron and painted-iron constructions by this abstract sculptor, recently deceased; through May 27. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Storrs (1885-1956)—Paintings, drawings, and woodcuts from the thirties, by a veteran American artist; through Saturday, May 13. (Downtown, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.)

George Sugarman—Small abstract paintings by a well-known sculptor; through May 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sidney Tillim—Still-lifes and figures by an active art critic; through Saturday, May 20. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Richard Van Buren—Abstract constructions; through Saturday, May 13. (Bykert, 15 W. 57th St.)

National Association of Women Artists—The 1967 Annual Exhibition, comprising more than three hundred paintings, graphics, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number over seven hundred; through May 28. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5.)

Sculptures; Group Shows—At the **PARK PLACE GALLERY**, 542 West Broadway, at Bleecker St.: Advanced experimental sculptures by Robert Grosvenor, Gay Glading, and Anthony Magar; through May 24. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 5.)... **PIETRANTONIO**, 26 E. 84th St.: Animals and birds in bronze by nineteenth-century French sculptors, including Barye and Rosa Bonheur; through May 31. (Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Show—Watercolors by William Thon, Hans Moller, Edward Betts, and Jason Schoener; through June 3. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A painting or sculpture apiece by each of the gallery artists; through June 9. (Closed Mondays.)... **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Paintings by Dickinson, Gwathmey, Hopper, Diebenkorn, Shahn, Hockney, and others; through May 27. (Closed Mondays.)... **EGAN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Sculptures and paintings by Hague, Nakian, Goldberg, Klein, Moynihan, and Golsinopoulos; through June 10. (Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)... **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Art—Authentic and Fake," a benefit show of paintings, sculptures, drawings, prints, and decorative objects (by such artists as Blakelock, Chagall, and Miró), half of them genuine, half fraudulent; through Saturday, May 20.... **NEW SCHOOL**, 66 W. 12th St.: A selection of paintings, sculptures, and tapestries (by Picasso, de Kooning, and Cézanne, to mention a few) from Governor Rockefeller's Albany mansion; through May 31. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **VISUAL ARTS**, 209 E. 23rd St.: "Homage to Morandi" by a group of prominent Americans (Bontecou, Brooks, Katz, Guston, Marca-Relli, Lester Johnson, Reinhardt, Thiebaud, Ortman, and others), plus a selection of paintings by Morandi; through Friday, May 19. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **ADRIA ART GALLERY**, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.: Paintings, sculptures, graphics, and tapestries by contemporary artists make up the opening exhibition of the first Yugoslavian art gallery here; through May 29.... **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Monet, Picasso, Chagall, and other French painters; through Wednesday, May 17. (Closed Mondays.)... **SELECTED ARTISTS**, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.: German Expressionist painters and sculptors, among them Jawlensky, Kolbe, and Schiele; through May 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—American paintings and decorative art acquired by the Museum during the past six years; through Sept. 24.... ¶ Royal treasures assembled from the Museum's collections of objects given to or made for a hundred rulers over five thousand years, from Queen Hat-shepsut to Queen Victoria; through June 11.... ¶ An exhibition on William Blake's method of printmaking, including illuminated books and plates and materials of facsimile making; through May 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by Jackson Pollock; through June 4.... ¶ Prints by Canadian painters and sculptors, among them Jean-Paul Riopelle, Michael Snow, and Les Levine; through June 4.... ¶ Paintings and constructions from the Museum's collection of Latin-American art; through June 4. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth

Ave., at 89th St.—Seventy-five boxes and collages by Joseph Cornell, an American well-known in the art world since the thirties; through June 25. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of paintings, drawings, and etchings by William Glackens (1870-1938); through June 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The first showing here of Japanese ink paintings and calligraphy from the Tokiwayama Foundation, in Japan; through June 25. (An admission charge of fifty cents goes to the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ Prints and posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, Bonnard, Cassatt, and other artists who lived and worked in Montmartre between 1890 and 1915; through Sept. 30. . . . ¶ Oriental carpets from the Kevorkian Foundation Collection; through May 28. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Indians of the Plains," an amalgam of paintings, recorded songs and chants, and lifelike models in settings representing their activities in the nineteenth century. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Fantastics and Eccentrics in Chinese Painting," a loan exhibit of hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, and album leaves by "Individualist" and "Eccentric" artists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—"Art Styles of Ancient Shang;" through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—French masters of the seventeenth century, Vouet to Rigaud; through June 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—A loan show of contemporary Canadian Eskimo works—more than two hundred sculptures and two hundred examples of their recent turn toward printmaking; through May 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, and a group of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to name a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish cultural and social history from 1870 to 1924; also included is a mixed-medium environmental effect by John Brockman Associates and USCO. Through July 2. . . . ¶ Four bronze sculptures on Biblical themes by Jacques Lipchitz; through May 31. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

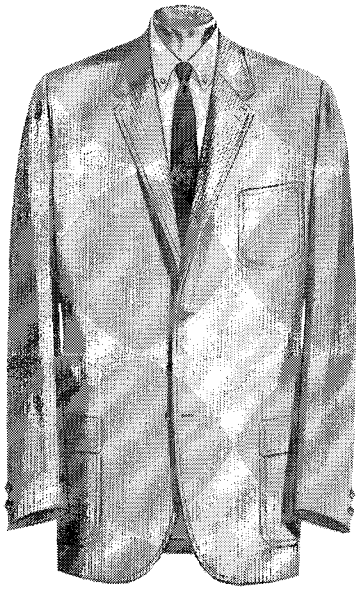
Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Flowers in books and manuscripts, and eighteenth-century French flower drawings; through July 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A survey of four hundred years of North American Indian art, comprising paintings on wood and on copper from the Northwest coast, buffalo-hide robes and shields from the Plains, renderings of murals of prehistoric Pueblo dwellers, and a reproduction of a Navajo sand painting; through Sunday, May 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Presentations of Nature in Contemporary Prints" by American, European, and Japanese artists such as Sue Fuller, Gerhard Marcks, and Shigeru Kimura; through June 30. (Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—"Sculpture: New York Scene," including "Walk-Through-Dance-Through" by Ruth Vodicka, a kinetic by the USCO group, and works by George Rickey, Marisol, and James Wines, among others; through June 4. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Note—"Merchants and Planters of the Upper Hudson Valley, 1700-50," a joint exhibition



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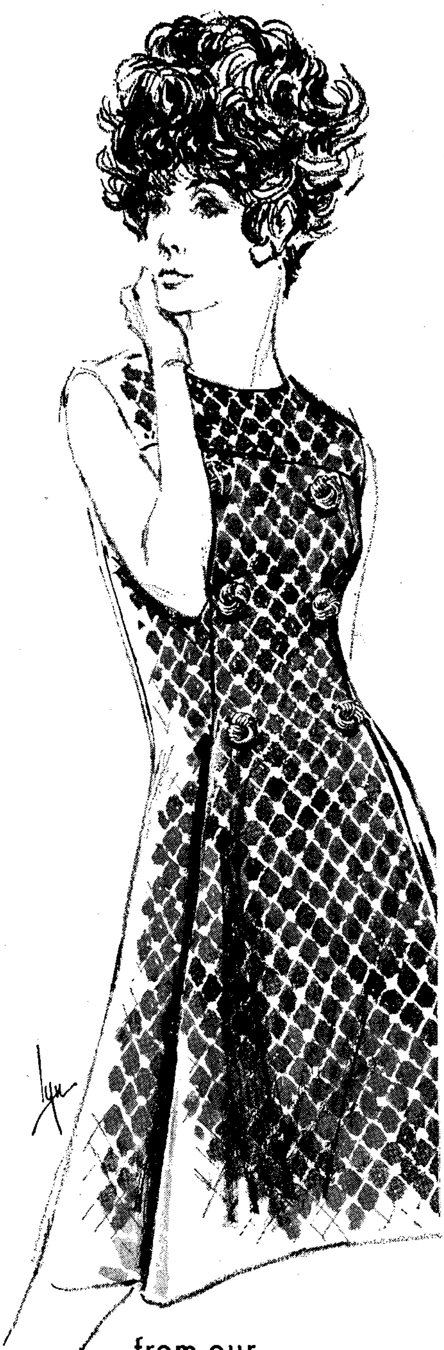

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of portraits on loan from public and private collections, is being held (through June 11) at the New-York Historical Society (170 Central Park W., at 77th St., Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5) and, along with some religious paintings, at the Museum of American Folk Art (49 W. 53rd St. Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Brooklyn Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Saturday, May 13, at 8:30: "Il Trovatore.". . . ¶ Saturday, May 20, at 8:30: "La Traviata." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Juilliard Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of Benjamin Britten's "The Rape of Lucretia." Staged by Christopher West, with members of the Juilliard Orchestra directed by Frederic Waldman. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Wednesday and Thursday, May 17-18, and Saturday, May 20, all at 8:30. For tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting the final performances of the season—A Bartók-Shostakovich program on Thursday, May 11, at 8:30; Friday, May 12, at 2:15; and Saturday, May 13, at 8:30 (all with Isaac Stern, violin); and a varied program on Thursday, May 18, at 8:30; Friday, May 19, at 2:15; and Saturday, May 20, at 8:30 (all with David Bar-Illan, piano, and Joel Spiegelman, harpsichord).

Choral-Symphony Society—David Labovitz conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one a chamber-orchestra program, with Jean and Kenneth Wentworth, piano. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 14, at 5:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing an all-Purcell program, with Robert Carwithen, organ, and a chamber orchestra. (Town Hall. Friday, May 12, at 8:30.)

Cantata Singers—Robert Hickok directing a Bach-Leonhard Lechner program, with vocal soloists. (Calvary Episcopal Church, Park Ave. S. at 21st St. Sunday, May 14, at 8:30. For tickets, call 228-1870.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing the final concert of the season, with Jerome Lowenthal, piano; the Orchestra of America; and vocal soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 19, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Yoshiko Ito—Soprano. (Town Hall. Monday, May 15, at 5:30.)

Music in Our Time: 1900-67—A concert followed by a discussion period with the program's composers, among them David Stock and Donald Erb. The last in a series. (Town Hall. Monday, May 15, at 8:30.)

Ray Lev—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 17, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin, Alexander Schneider, and Leslie Parnas—Piano, violin, and cello, in two programs of Haydn trios. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Wednesday, May 17, and Saturday, May 20, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Composers' Showcase—The last in a series of programs of twentieth-century American music, this one comprising works by Stefan Wolpe, George Antheil, Ben Weber, and others. The performers include Adele Addison, soprano; Beveridge Webster, piano; Matthew Raimondi, violin; and a chamber ensemble conducted by Arthur Bloom. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway. Wednesday, May 17, at 8:30. For information about free tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 240.)

MISCELLANY

Yale University Opera Company—Benefit first performances here of Benjamin Britten's "parable," called "Curlew River." John Mauceri is the musical director and Thomas Figenshu the stage director. (Holy Family Church, 323 E. 47th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 13-14, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 753-3425.)

Emanuel Feuermann Memorial Concert—A benefit program of music by Brahms, Fauré, Villa-Lobos, Casals, and Mstislav Rostropovich, with Mr. Rostropovich acting as cello soloist and conducting sixteen other cello soloists, and with Alexander Deduichen, piano. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, May 17, at 8:30.)

John Carter—A program of his music, performed by Adele Addison and Ruth Conway, sopranos; Stanley Hoffman, violin; William Warfield, bass-baritone; and Mr. Carter himself, piano. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Tuesday, May 16, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

Jazz/Pop—Hugh Masekela's quintet. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, May 12, at 8:30.). . . ¶ Ray Charles and his orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 13, at 8:30, and at midnight.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: Mets vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, May 11, at 2. . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday and Saturday, May 19-20, at 8. . . . YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Baltimore, Friday, May 12, at 8; Saturday, May 13, at 7; and Sunday, May 14, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Tuesday and Wednesday, May 16-17, at 8.

Boxing—Dick Tiger vs. José Torres, 15 rounds, for the World Light-Heavyweight Championship. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Tuesday, May 16. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. Saturday, May 13.)

Dog Show—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. Saturday, May 20.)

Horse Show—Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 12-14.)

Hunt Racing—Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 13.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Withers, Saturday, May 13, and the Top Flight Handicap, Saturday, May 20. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2; last day Tuesday, May 30. . . . PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 20.

Sports-Car Racing—At LIME ROCK PARK, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, May 13, at 1. . . . WATKINS GLEN: Saturday, May 20, at noon.

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 13, at 11.)

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Wednesday, May 24. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 25.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated version of "The Mikado." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, May 13, at 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By BIL BAIRD'S MARIONETTE THEATRE: "Davy Jones' Locker." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 3:45, and Saturdays at 3. Children under five not admitted.). . . GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "The Princess and the Frog," Saturday, May 13, at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.). . . HALFPENNY COMPANY: "Cinderella." (Renata Theatre, 53 E. 11th St. 254-4370. Saturday, May 13, at 1.). . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.). . . STORYLAND THEATRE: "Daniel Boone." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:30.). . . TAU-

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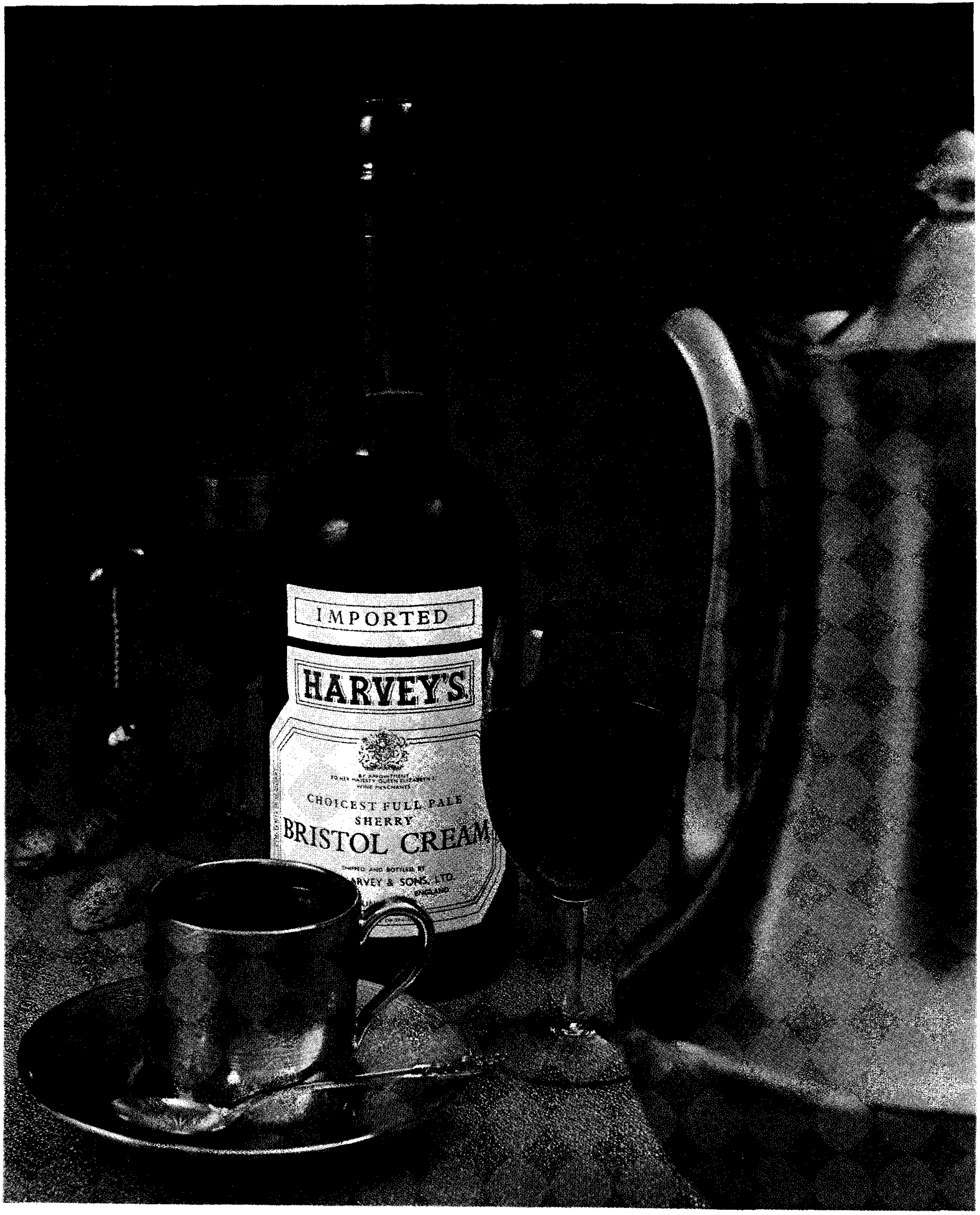
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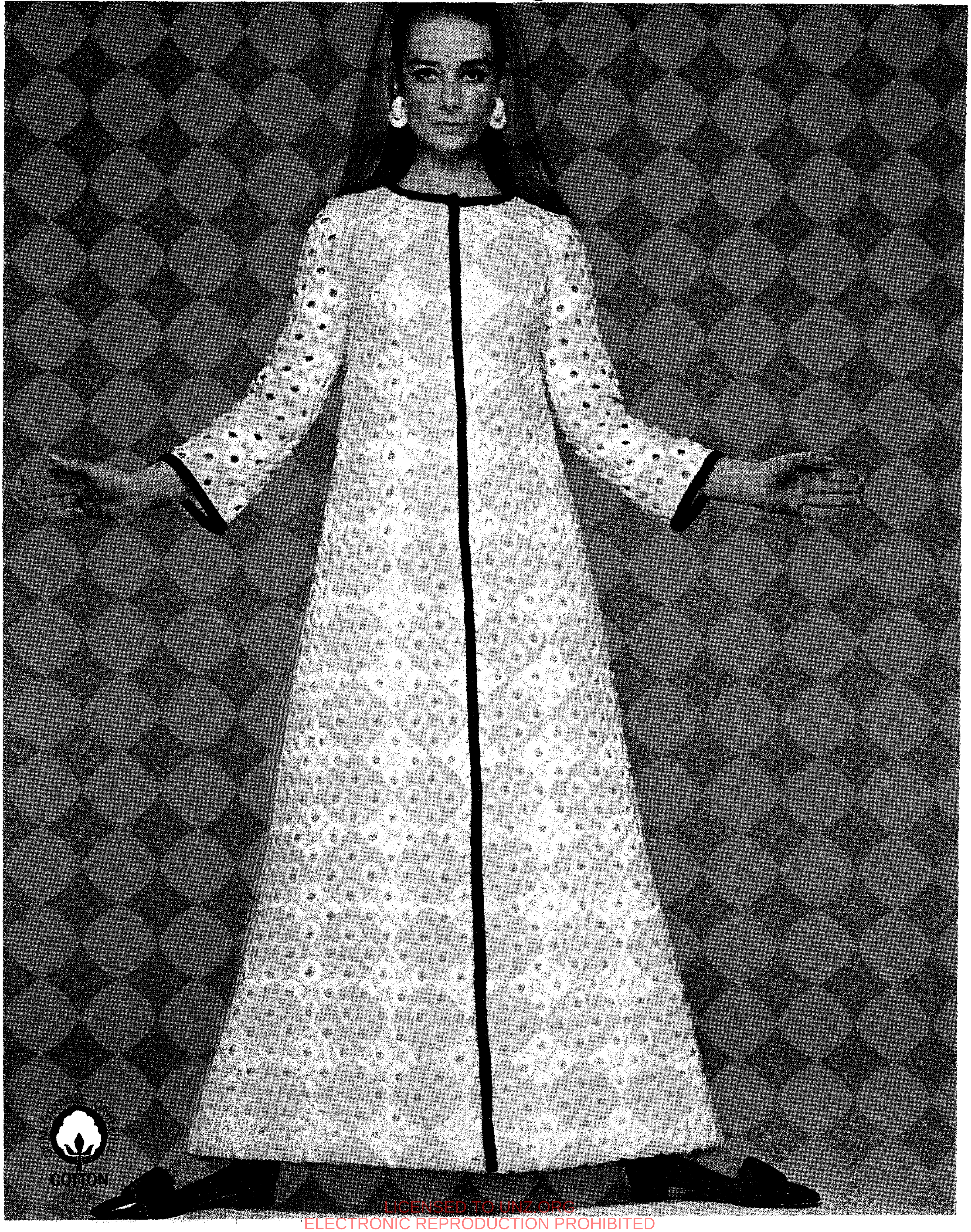

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

BENSLAG PRODUCTIONS: "Comedy of Magic." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2:30.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The new show is called "Rhythms of the Sun." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK:** Where the youngsters may visit a pond inhabited by ducks and geese, a Jonah's Whale (with an aquarium inside), a storybook castle, and so on. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.)...¶ At the **BRONX ZOO:** Junior-size fauna—lambs, kids, mice, prairie dogs, and such—for junior-size zoologists. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Economic and Social Council, periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)...¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Andrei Voznesensky reading from his own poetry, in Russian, and Stanley Kunitz, Richard Wilbur, and W. J. Smith reading their translations and those of W. H. Auden, Jean Garrigue, Stanley Moss, and Louis Simpson. (Town Hall. Tuesday, May 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

FLOWER SHOW—The May Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, May 17, from 12:30 to 4.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 11, at 1:45: American and other modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Norman Rockwell, Jean Dufy, Mondrian, and Malvina Hoffman; from many sources....¶ Friday and Saturday, May 12-13, at 1:45: French furniture, tapestries, rugs, and objects of art, belonging to several collectors, together with a three-hundred-and-thirty-one-piece eighteen-karat-gold dinner service for twelve, by Cartier, from the estate of Josiah K. Lilly....¶ Tuesday, May 16, at 10:30 and 11:30: American historical manuscripts, including autograph letters and documents by signers of the Declaration of Independence; the property of John Clarkeson and others....¶ Tuesday, May 16, at 1:45: More than thirteen hundred daguerreotypes, ambrotypes, and tintypes; collodion prints by Cameron, Fenton, Gardner, and others; stereoscopes and stereograms; magic lanterns, cameras, and related devices; and manuscript letters on early photography. From the collection of the late Will Weissberg....¶ Wednesday, May 17, at 1:45: Platinum, gold, and silver cigarette boxes, some jewelled, formerly owned by Cole Porter; from the New York Public Library Theatre Collection....¶ Wednesday, May 17, at 2:45: *Objets de vertu*, from the estate of Adelaide Millar and from other sources.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

Accident—Dirk Bogarde, Stanley Baker, and Vivien Merchant, in a distinguished melodrama about the pleasures and pains of domesticity. Directed by Joseph Losey from a screenplay by Harold Pinter. (Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-0774.)

The Bible—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Blow-Up—A beautiful, lyrical, but disappointing melodrama about contemporary London, written and directed by Michelangelo Antonioni. With Vanessa Redgrave and David Hemmings. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Casino Royale—David Niven, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Deborah Kerr, Orson Welles, Ursula Andress, and a dozen other playful types have a fine time skittering through a farce of surpassingly silly complexity. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060; and Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

A Countess from Hong Kong—Charlie Chaplin has made a sad mess of what was not a very bright comic notion to begin with. The wretched stars are Marlon Brando and Sophia Loren. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through May 14.)

The Fortune Cookie—Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon in a sour, funny comedy about a crooked lawyer and his last-minute comeuppance. Directed by Billy Wilder. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 16.)

Georgy Girl—Lynn Redgrave, James Mason, Alan Bates, and Charlotte Rampling in an excellent English tragicomedy. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through May 16.)

Grand Prix—John Frankenheimer's virtuoso account of what it feels like to be the driver of a tiny car that goes a hundred and eighty miles an hour. Fantastically adroit camerawork and sound recording, and among the cast are Yves Montand, James Garner, Toshiro Mifune, and Eva Marie Saint. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

La Guerre Est Finie—Yves Montand is the superb star of this sombre Existentialist tale about an aging Spanish revolutionary. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through May 16.)

Hawaii—In which a deadly script crushes Max von Sydow, Julie Andrews, gorgeous scenery, history, and the director, George Roy Hill. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

How to Succeed in *Business* Without Really Trying—David Swift has done a fine job of directing this movie version of the celebrated Broadway musical. With Robert Morse and Rudy Vallée. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting May 17.)

The Hunt—A terrifying allegory about the most dangerous game in the world, which is taking life. Directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Loves of a Blonde—A Czechoslovakian comedy about how hard it is to be young and in love. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 16.)

Made in Italy—A delightful assortment of picture-postcard views of the Italian landscape, thickly peopled. Directed by Nanni Loy and starring, among others, Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, and Sylva Koscina. In Italian. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; and Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

A Man for All Seasons—Paul Scofield gives a sensationally good performance in this admirable adaptation of the Broadway success of a couple of years ago. Robert Bolt, who wrote the play, is the author of the screenplay, and Fred Zinnemann produced and directed. Others in the cast include Wendy Hiller, Leo McKern, Orson Welles, and Robert Shaw. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030. Daily at 2:30, 5:45, and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Marat/Sade—Peter Weiss's play, transferred to the screen by Peter Brook and more a director's field day than ever. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

My Sister, My Love—A gifted Swedish director, Vilgot Sjöman, and a cast that includes Bibi Andersson, Per Oscarsson, and Jarl Kulle make this tale of family woe well worth seeing. In Swedish. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; through May 16.)

The Taming of the Shrew—The director, Franco Zeffirelli, has loaded this light skiff of a comedy to the gunwales, and it has sunk. Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton go down with the skiff most valiantly. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1664. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

Thoroughly Modern Millie—A funny but overlong satiric falsification of the Golden Twenties. Directed by George Roy Hill, with Julie Andrews, James Fox, Mary Tyler Moore, Carol Channing, and Beatrice Lillie. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Ulysses—A version of the Joyce novel that ably preserves the comic spirit of the author. Directed by Joseph Strick and starring Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The War Game—A powerful tract against the Third World War, directed by Peter Watkins. On the same bill is a French movie, "Chickamauga," which is a tract against all wars, past, present, and future. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

You're a Big Boy Now—Francis Ford Coppola's love letter to New York. With Peter Kastner, Geraldine Page, Rip Torn, Julie Harris, and Elizabeth Hartman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

REVIVALS

Girl with Green Eyes (1964)—The hardships of young love on the Old Sod, starring Rita Tushingham and Dublin's fair city. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 17.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Ikiru (1960)—The last days of a Japanese Everyman doomed by cancer. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 12-15.)

Let's Talk About Women (1964)—A multiple-episode comedy, with Vittorio Gassman. In Italian. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through May 16.)

Morgan! (1966)—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about present-day London, directed by Karel Reisz. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Scorpio Rising (1966)—An account of the leather-jacketed motorcycle cult, directed and photographed by Kenneth Anger. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting May 17.)

The Spanish Earth (1937)—The Ivens-Hemingway picture about war around Madrid. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 12-15.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of the Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, and Martin Balsam. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting May 17.)

To Bed . . . Or Not to Bed (1963)—Alberto Sordi plays a Don Juan among a bevy of Swedish beauties. In Italian and Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting May 16.)

To Die in Madrid (1965)—A documentary about the Spanish Civil War, compiled by Frédéric Rossif. With an English narration. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 17.)

The Train (1965)—How the Nazis attempt to steal a whole trainload of French art. Burt Lancaster and Paul Scofield. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 17.)

The Wages of Fear (1955)—Two trucks full of nitroglycerin on a three-hundred-mile journey across some rough South American roads. In French and English. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? (1966)—A movie of that hard night's night. Richard Burton, Elizabeth Taylor, Sandy Dennis, and George Segal, and directed by Mike Nichols. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting May 17.)

Zorba the Greek (1964)—Anthony Quinn and Alan Bates in a melodrama set in a village in Crete. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through May 16.)

Film Libraries—At the **museum of modern art**, 11 W. 53rd—Through May 15: A program of Canadian short films. . . . ¶ May 16: "Skylark" (1965), in Hungarian. . . . ¶ May 17: Three Chaplin comedies—"The Bank" (1915), "Behind the Screen" (1916), and "The Adventurer" (1917). (Showings Sundays through Fridays at 2 and 5:30, and Saturdays at 11:30, 3, and 5:30, plus additional showings on Thursday evenings at 8.) . . . **gallery of modern art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Six programs in a series called "A Tribute to Mervyn Leroy." May 11 at 3 and 5:30: "Five Star Final" (1931), with Edward G. Robinson. . . . ¶ May 12 at 3 and 5:30: "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" (1931), with Paul Muni. . . . ¶ May 13 at 3 and 5:30: "They Won't Forget" (1937), with Claude Rains and Lana Turner. . . . ¶ May 14 at 2 and 4: "Sweet Adeline" (1935), with Irene Dunne and Louis Calhern. . . . ¶ May 16 at 3 and 5:30: "Oil for the Lamps of China" (1935), with Pat O'Brien and Josephine Hutchinson. . . . ¶ May 17 at 3 and 5:30: "Waterloo Bridge" (1940), with Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor. . . . **note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				11	12	13
14	15	16	17			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Eight on the Lam," Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
CASINO ROYALE.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THOROUGHLY MODERN MILLIE.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HAWAII.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Two for the Road," Audrey Hepburn, Albert Finney.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
BLOW-UP.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sand Pebbles," Steve McQueen, Richard Attenborough. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Through May 16: "Hurry Sundown," Michael Caine, Jane Fonda.
From May 17: "The Happening," Anthony Quinn, George Maharis.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
GRAND PRIX.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
MARAT/SADE.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
MORGAN!, revival; and **HELP!**, revival.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through May 16: "Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters; and "Rotten to the Core," revival, Anton Rodgers.
From May 17: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson; and "The Lovemakers" (in Italian), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo, Claudia Cardinale.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 16: "Hotel," Rod Taylor, Catherine Spaak; and "The Liquidator," Rod Taylor, Trevor Howard.
From May 17: "In Like Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb; and another feature, to be announced.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through May 16: **LA GUERRE EST FINIE** (in French).
From May 17: "The Happening," Anthony Quinn, George Maharis.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through May 14: **A COUNTESS FROM HONG KONG.**
From May 15: "The Jokers," Michael Crawford, Oliver Reed.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
THE HUNT (in Spanish).

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 15: "The Viscount," Kerwin Mathews, Edmond O'Brien; and "The Cool Ones," Roddy McDowall, Debbie Watson.
From May 16: Theatre closed.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
THE WAGES OF FEAR (in French and English), revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
YOU'RE A BIG BOY NOW.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
CASINO ROYALE.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
ACCIDENT.

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through May 16: **GEORGY GIRL**; and "The Professionals," Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin.
From May 17: **SCORPIO RISING**, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," a Robert Downey film.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
BLOW-UP.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Hombre," Paul Newman, Fredric March.

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
Through May 16: **MY SISTER, MY LOVE** (in Swedish).
From May 17: To be announced.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 16: "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.
From May 17: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (in Italian, with a cast of non-professionals), revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
ULYSSES.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 16: "The Viscount," Kerwin Mathews, Edmond O'Brien; and "The Cool Ones," Roddy McDowall, Debbie Watson.
May 17-18, at 2, 4:30, and 8:30: "Bolshoi Ballet 67."

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 16: **ZORBA THE GREEK**, revival; and "A Patch of Blue," revival, Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.
From May 17: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.**

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
SCORPIO RISING, revival; and "Chafed Elbows," a Robert Downey film.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 16: **LET'S TALK ABOUT WOMEN** (in Italian), revival; and "I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.
From May 17: **A THOUSAND CLOWNS**, revival; and **GIRL WITH GREEN EYES**, revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 16: "In Like Flint," James Coburn, Lee J. Cobb; and "The Quiller Memorandum," George Segal, Alec Guinness.
From May 17: To be announced.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
LA GUERRE EST FINIE (in French).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 16: **ZORBA THE GREEK**, revival; and "A Patch of Blue," revival, Sidney Poitier, Shelley Winters.
From May 17: **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.**

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 16: **LOVES OF A BLONDE**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo.
From May 17: **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?**, revival; and **TO DIE IN MADRID**, revival.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through May 16: "The Viscount," Kerwin Mathews, Edmond O'Brien; and "The Cool Ones," Roddy McDowall, Debbie Watson.
May 17-18, at 2, 4:30, and 8:30: "Bolshoi Ballet 67."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Welcome to Hard Times," Henry Fonda, Janice Rule.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
MADE IN ITALY (in Italian).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
THE WAR GAME.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

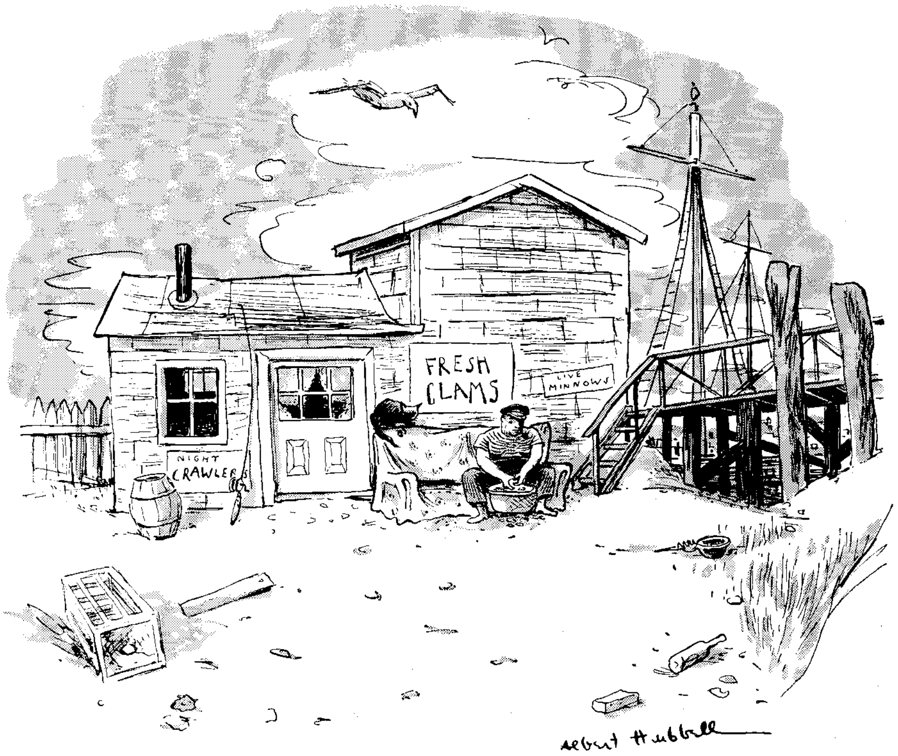
PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 17: "Cat in the Sack" (in French); and "You and Me," revival, Sylvia Sidney, George Raft.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 16: **THE FORTUNE COOKIE**; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," revival, Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.
From May 17: **THE TRAIN**, revival; and "Eight on the Lam," Bob Hope, Phyllis Diller.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
May 11: "Orpheus" (in French), revival, Jean Marais; and "Bizarre, Bizarre" (in French), revival, Louis Jouvet, Françoise Rosay.
May 12-15: **IKIRU** (in Japanese), revival; and **THE SPANISH EARTH**, revival.
From May 16: **TO BED . . . OR NOT TO BED** (in Italian and Swedish), revival; and "Seduced and Abandoned" (in Italian), revival.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
LOVES OF A BLONDE, a Czechoslovakian film.



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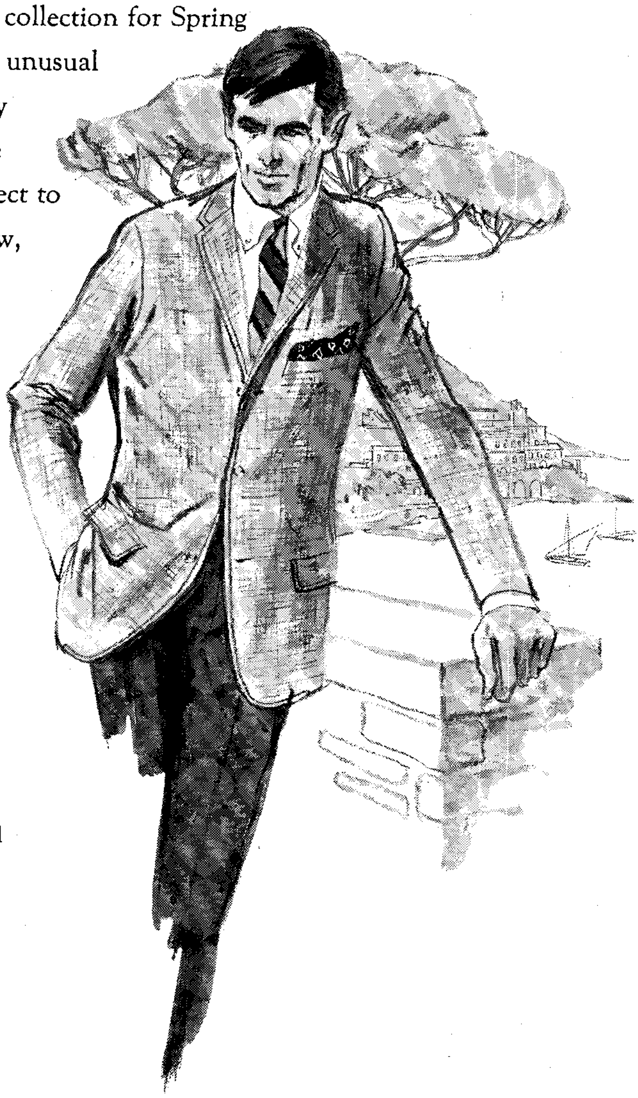

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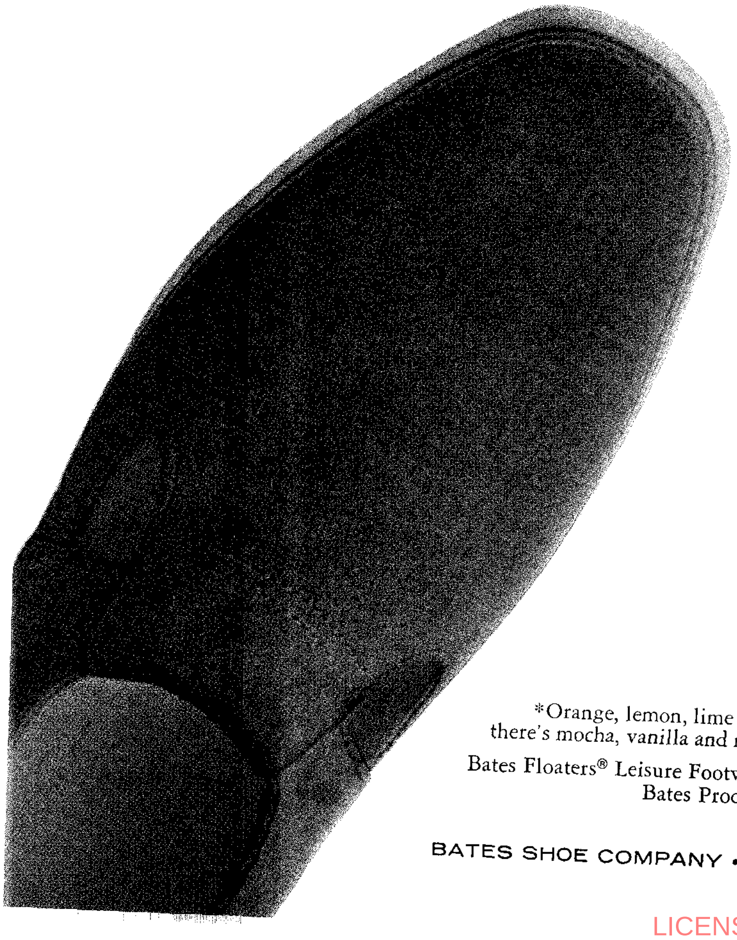

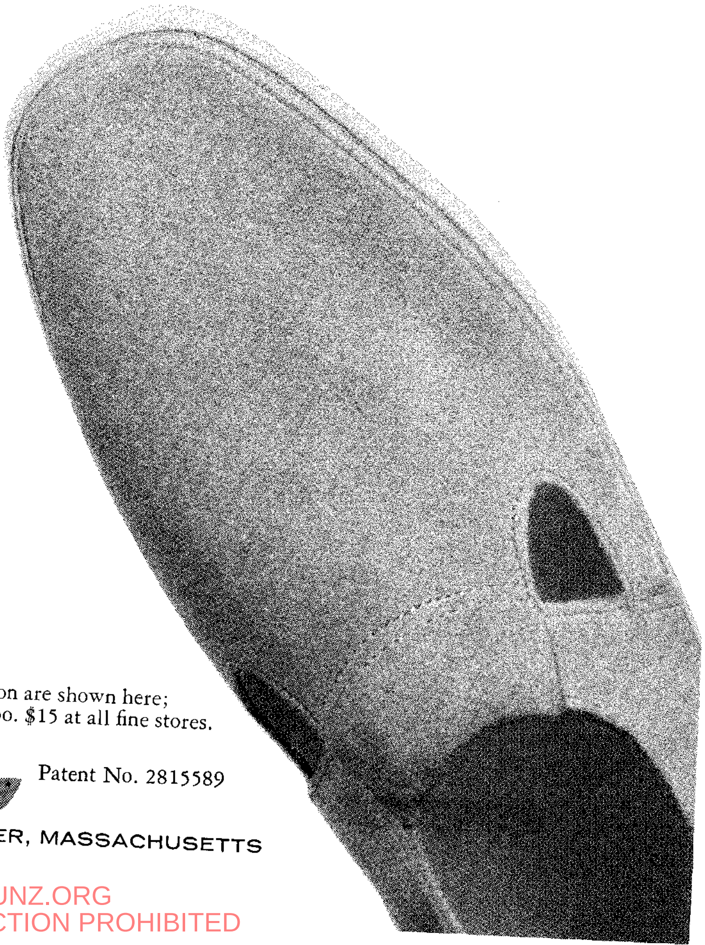

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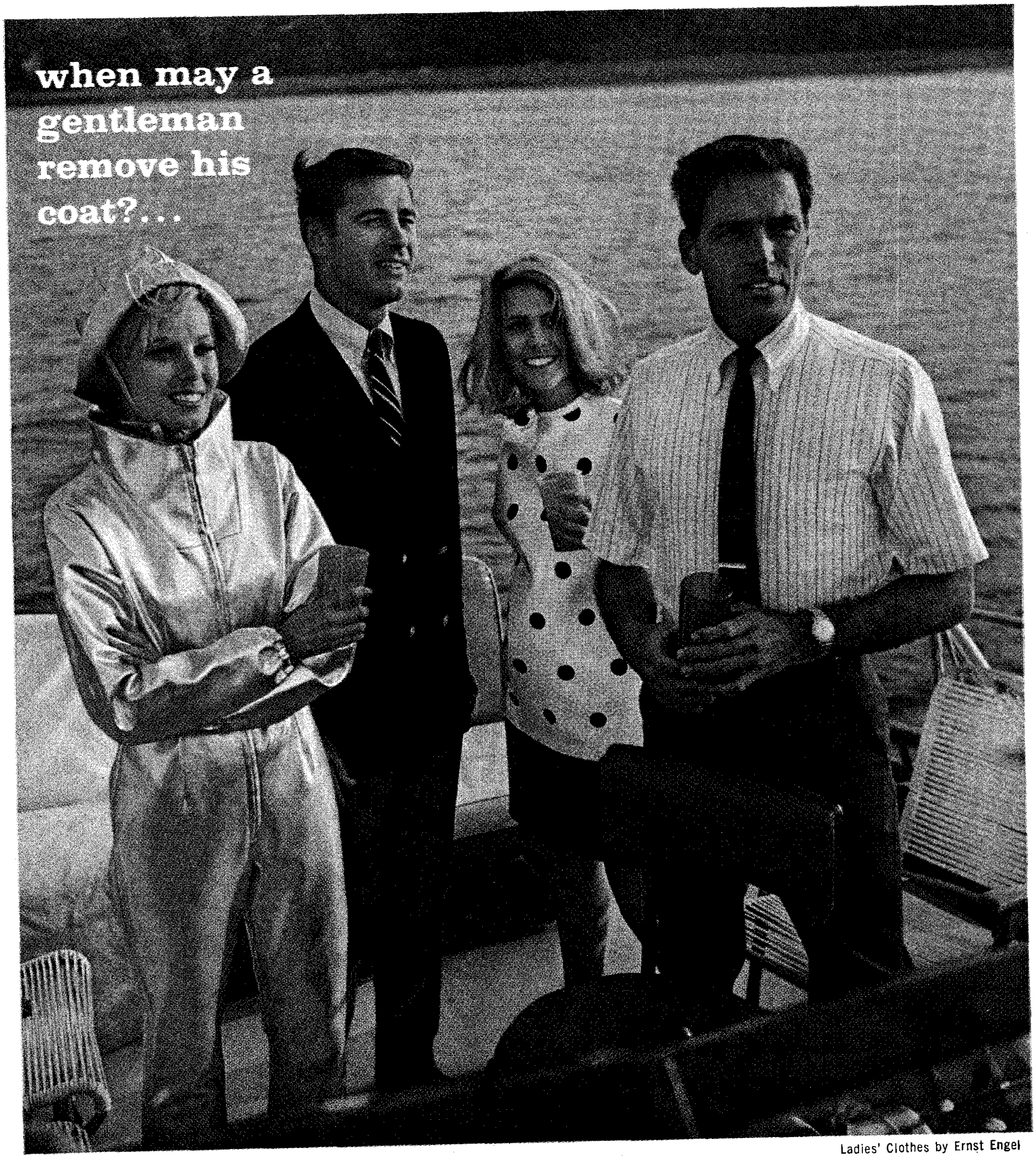
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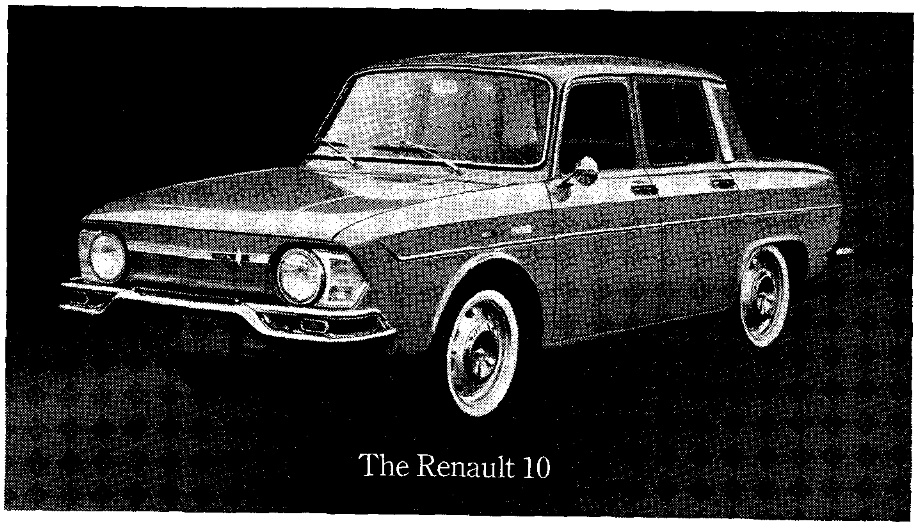

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If you locked up the kitchen
And threw away the key.
Then took Mom for dinner
Up in the sky,
It's almost as good
As her own apple pie.

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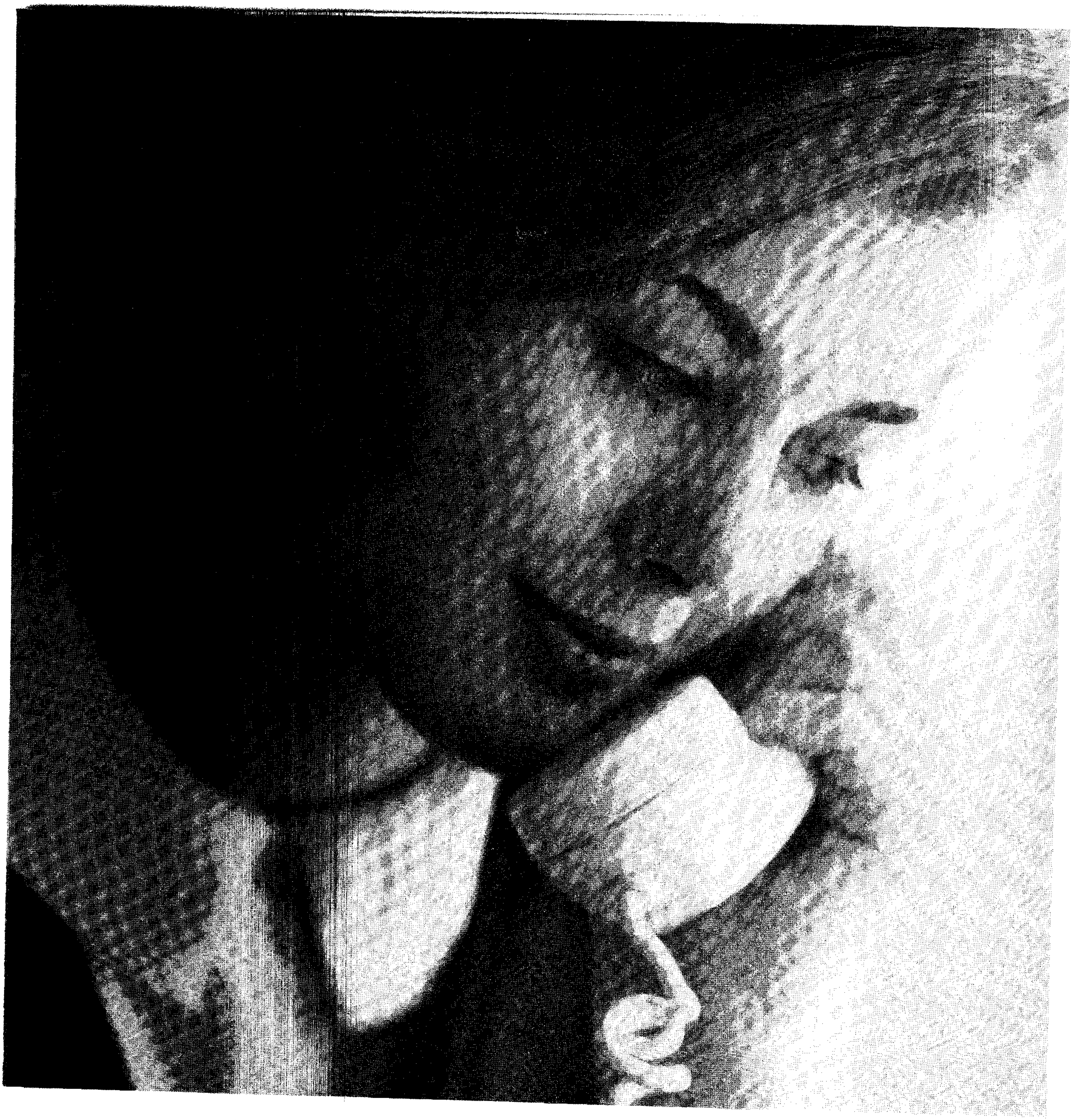

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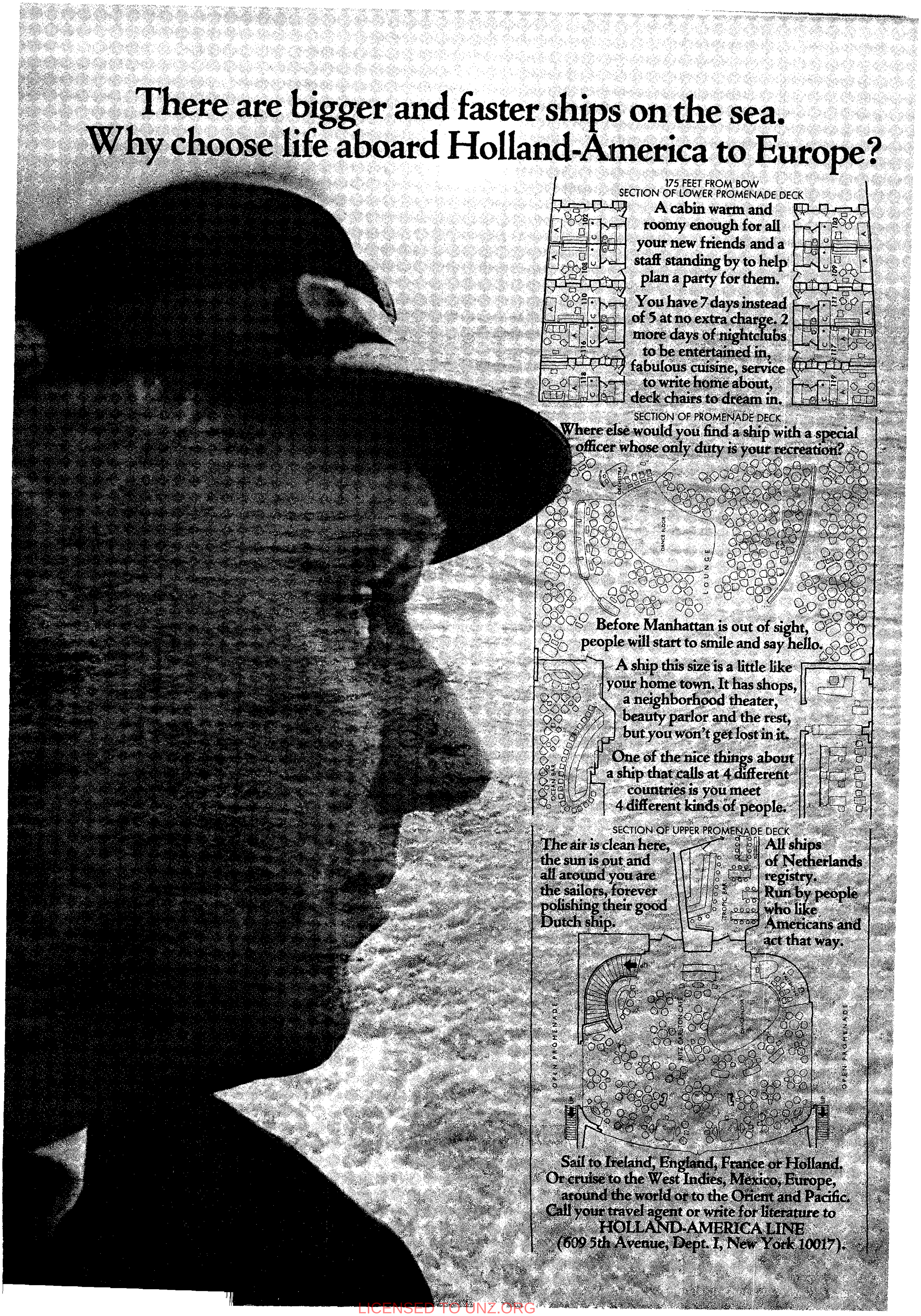
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This spacecraft is piloted by men who never leave the laboratory.

This unmanned, automated spacecraft is called Transtage. It stops and starts itself, changes orbits, maneuvers precisely, performs the toughest jobs in space. To date, it has placed 38 satellites and experiments into orbit, ranging from 100 to 21,000 miles in space.

Transtage has been very busy.

Last June, it carried seven 100-pound communications satellites and one research instrument package aloft, then deftly deposited them in the synchronous corridor 21,000 miles above the earth's equator.

It repeated this nimble feat in January with eight communications satellites, preparing the way for an eventual world-wide U.S. communications network.

Two months before, scientists mounted a Gemini spaceship and a 34-foot-long test chamber containing eight experiments plus three research satellites atop Transtage.

After separating from its Titan III launch vehicle at 127 miles altitude, Transtage sent the Gemini on a fiery re-entry trajectory toward the South Atlantic Ocean. Then restarting its engines, the spacecraft headed farther into space and orbited the experiments chamber and research packages on the opposite side of the earth.

Transtage, which Martin Marietta designed and builds for the Air Force Space Systems Division, is 15 feet long and 10 feet in diameter, exclusive of payloads. Packed into it are 22,870 pounds of propellant, eight attitude control engines totaling 30,000 pound-seconds impulse, the inertial guidance system, flight and thermal controls, seven batteries, two transmitters and receivers, seven antennas, and tracking, telemetry and flight safety systems, plus eight miles of electrical wiring.

Even in the hostile vastness of space, the versatile Transtage knows its way around. It takes start-stop, steering and maneuvering commands from a computer on board.

It has super insulation and controls that keep the propellant and pressure gases at usable temperatures despite the thermal extremes of space. Its radios and antennas constantly report progress to earth.

What's ahead for Transtage? Besides its usefulness now for space missions in the orbit of our planet Earth, Transtage typifies the kind of sophisticated technology and systems engineering that have convinced space planners it will be feasible in coming years to undertake interplanetary exploration—like flights to Venus and Mars.

The several divisions of Martin Marietta produce a broadly diversified range of products, including missile systems, space launchers, nuclear power systems, spacecraft, electronic systems, chemicals and construction materials. Martin Marietta Corporation, 277 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

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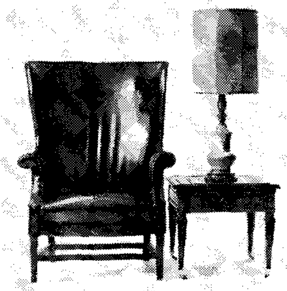

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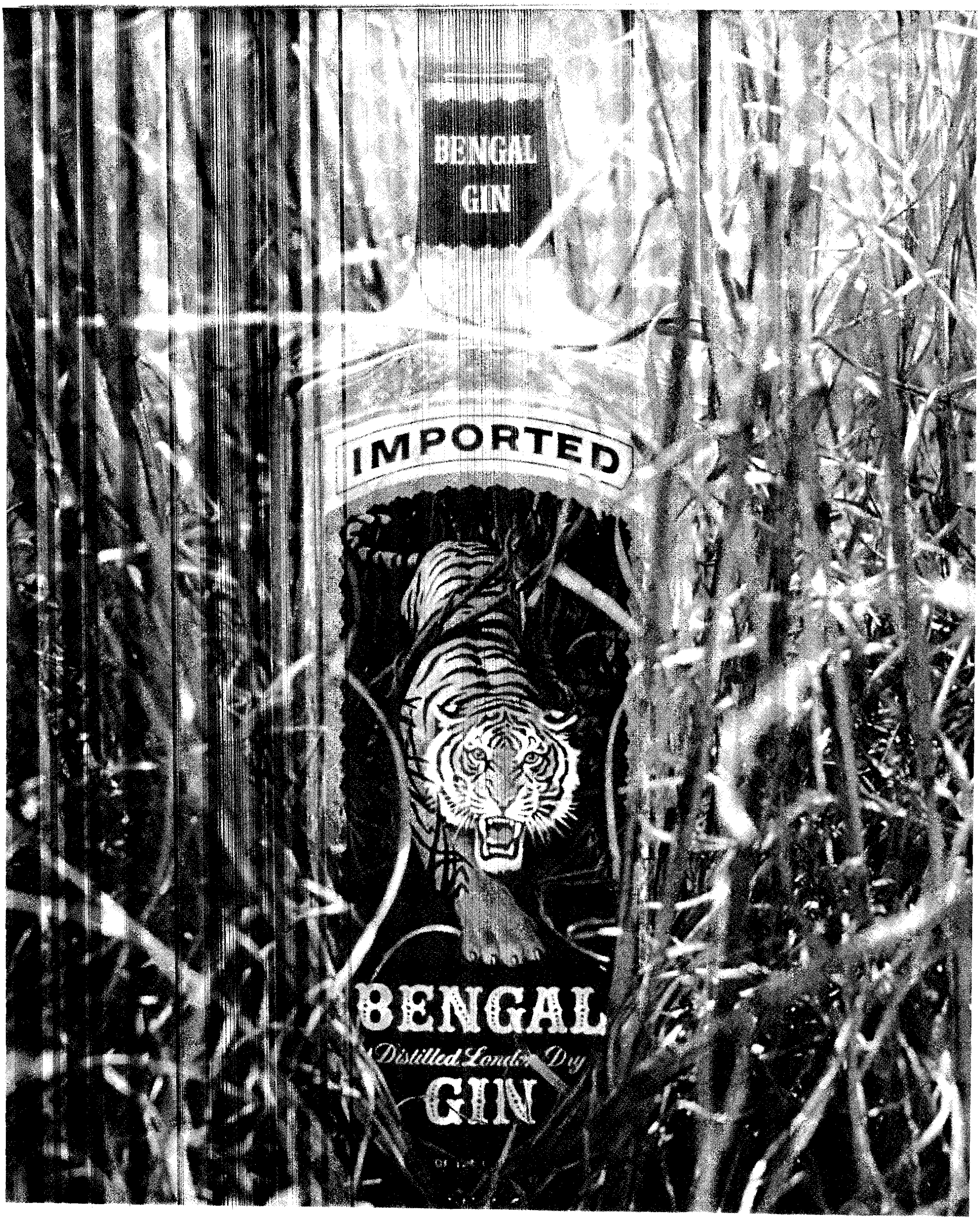
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Don't ask for "a martini." Ask for "a maneater."
Bengal Gin. Imported (and undomesticated). Grrrr! 94 proof.

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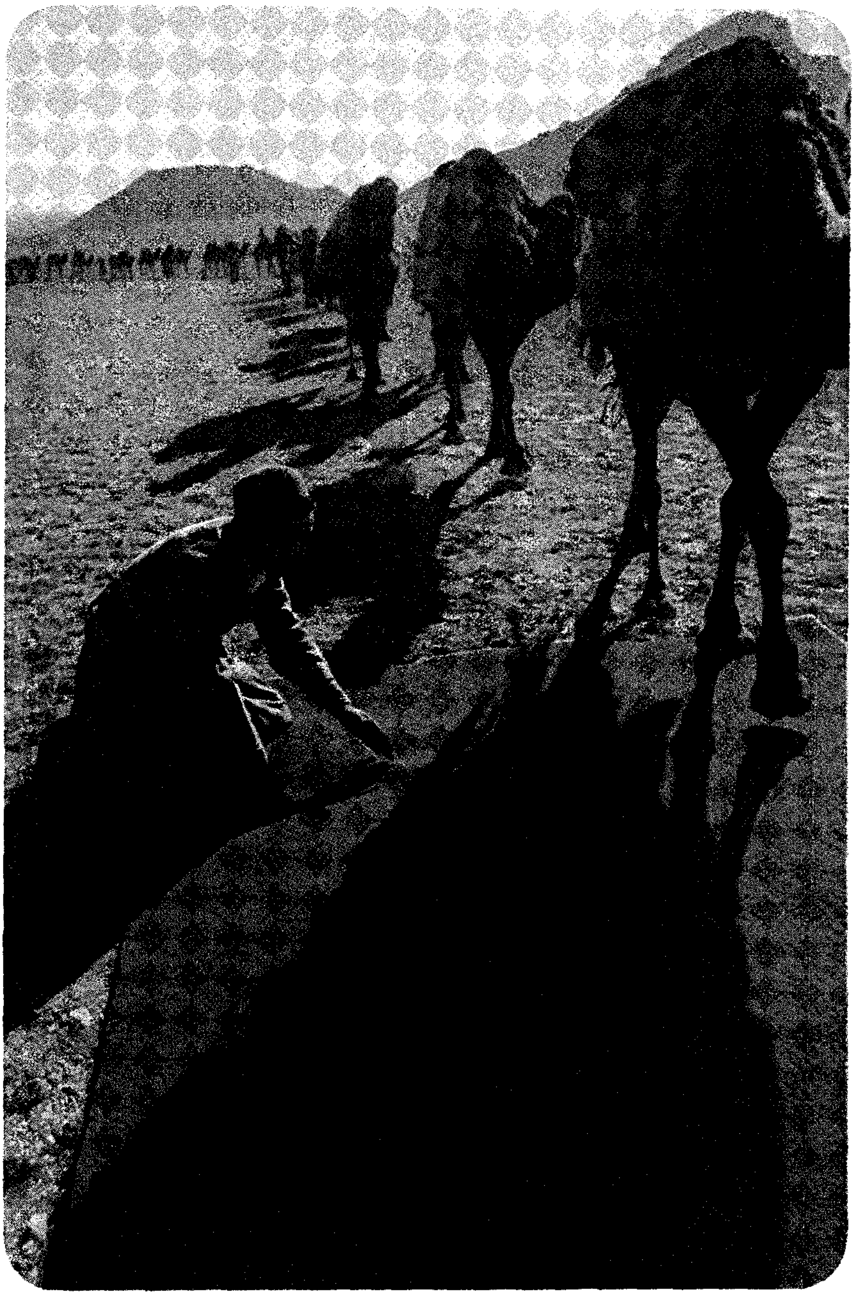
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

Polycrest.® The carpet fiber tested in Persia.

Cabin Craft's "Tellura" carpet pile is 100% Polycrest olefin fiber.



Cabin Craft's "Tellura" photographed in the Dasht-e-lut desert.

"A caravan of camels leaves no sign of wear," said Rahimi.

The Persians have been making fine carpets for 3,000 years, but when they saw Polycrest olefin, they were impressed.

A caravan of camels trudged over Polycrest from sunrise until almost high noon. When it was all over there were no holes, no worn spots, no loose threads or frayed edges. Rahimi could hardly believe his eyes. We explained that Polycrest is the most stain- and wear-resistant carpet fiber in the world.

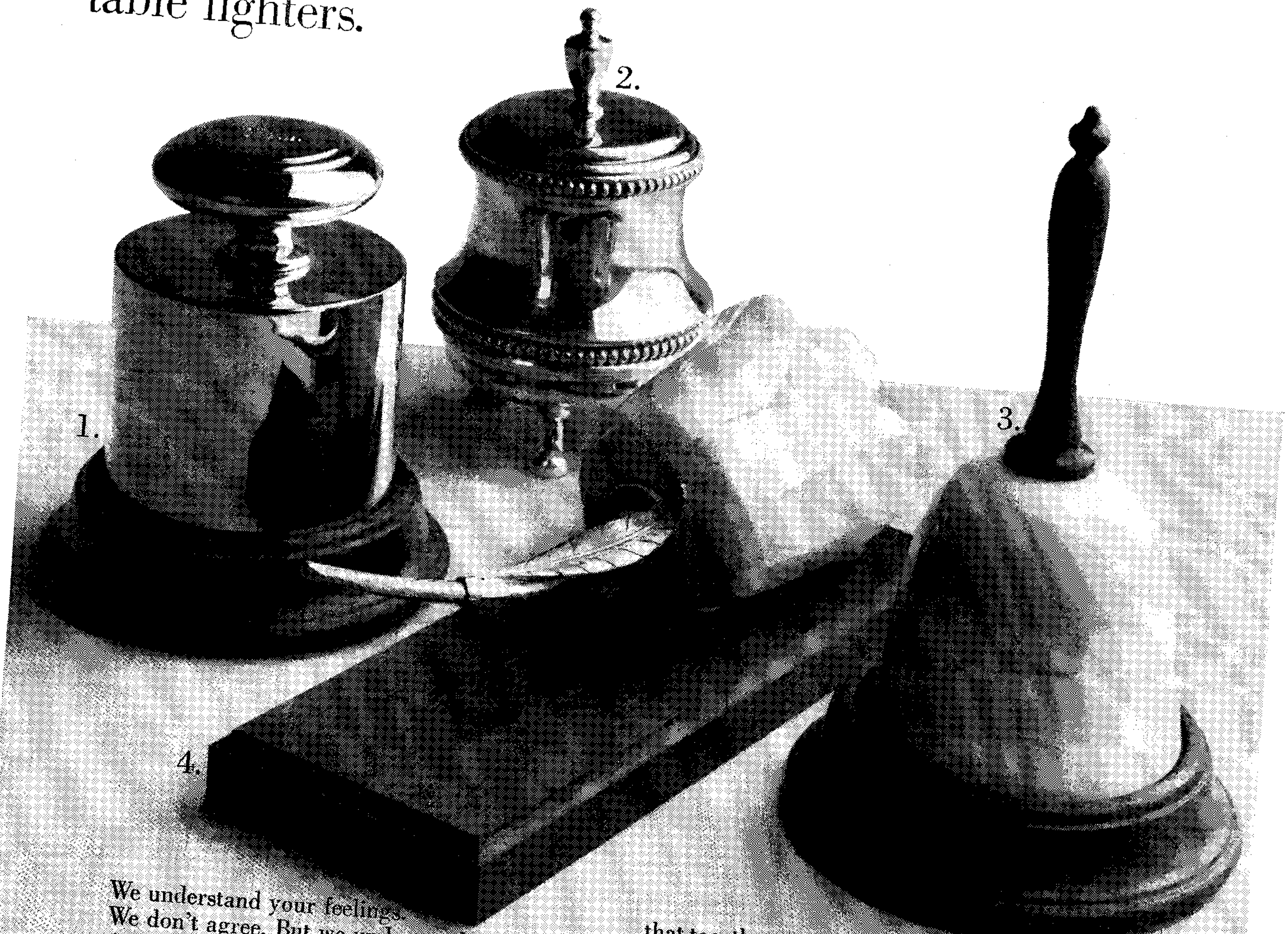
But, what impressed the Persians most was the luxurious Polycrest pile. "I have seen America's miraculous fibers before," said one rug merchant, "but none so fine as this."

Nobody knows more about fine carpets than the Persians.

They were impressed. You will be, too.

POLYCREST®
Olefin Fiber by UNIROYAL

The table lighters for people who hate table lighters.



We understand your feelings.

We don't agree. But we understand.

A long time ago, someone gave you a table lighter. The trouble was, it looked too much like a table lighter. But didn't work at all like a cigarette lighter. Not after a carton or two of cigarettes, anyway.

Well, that was a long time ago.

And we don't think you should carry a grudge. Especially now that you can have table lighters that do work.

And don't look like table lighters. (That's right. Those delightful little table ornaments in the photograph are Ronson table lighters.)

You see, sometime after you had your bad experience, Ronson perfected the butane lighter.

We did it by designing an ingenious system of patented valves: an inlet valve and a burner valve that together, make our lighters leak-free and evaporation proof.

It's an intricate bit of engineering which you needn't concern yourself about except to know that if you buy a Ronson butane lighter today, you won't have to refill it until about November, 1970.

And then, you'll need only be concerned for about the ten seconds it will take you to refuel it with a clean Ronson Multi-Fill® injector. (You buy that anywhere.)

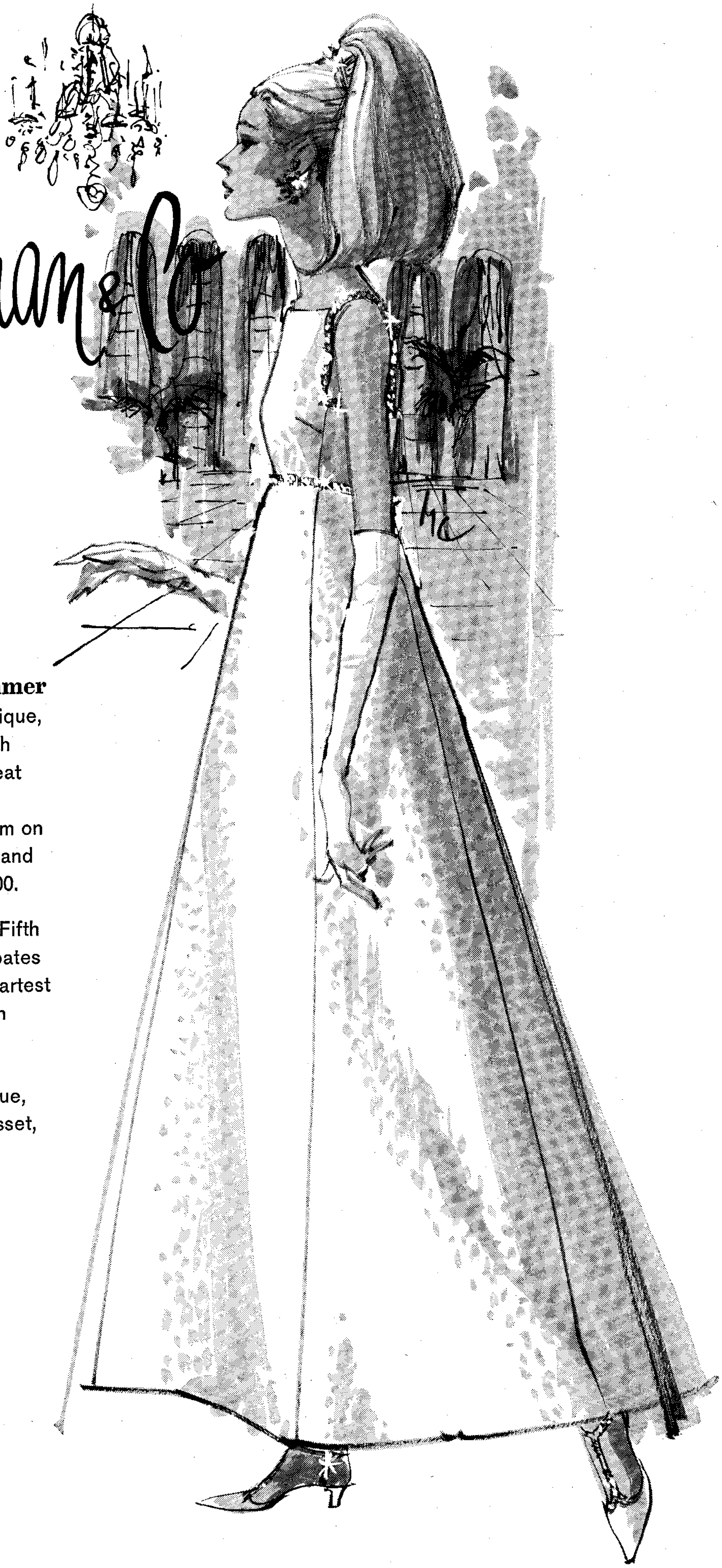
So now everything you hated about table lighters is just the opposite, isn't it?

In fact, there isn't a thing to stop you from getting one. And loving it.

RONSON®

The people who keep improving flame.

SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES: 1. ANTIQUE WEIGHT, $27.50 / 2. EMPIRE, $30.00 / 3. BELL, $30.00 / 4. TULIP, $25.00. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA.



B Altman & Co

Dance through the Summer

...in this cool white cotton pique, ever-so dazzingly etched with fiery rhinestones. From a great collection of evening stars; misses' sizes. You'll find them on our third floor, Fifth Avenue, and in all our branch stores. 80.00.

Please note how beautifully Fifth Avenue's great store anticipates the whims of New York's smartest women...and always with an unfailing tradition of friendly service. Come see us.
B. Altman & Co., Fifth Avenue,
and at White Plains, Manhasset,
Short Hills, St. Davids, Pa.,
and Ridgewood/Paramus.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SPRING, so long awaited this year, arrived at last on a Saturday in a soft explosion of sunshine, and early that afternoon we joined the immense welcoming delegation in Central Park. It was a day for baseballs and infielders' gloves, a day for new sneakers, a day for sunglasses-for-the-whole-family. A bright, unceasing cascade of northbound bicyclists streamed up the roadway behind the Metropolitan Museum, banked into a right turn, banked into a left, and then picked up speed for the long straightaway past the reservoir. Each bicycle pursued its own complicated pool of shadow on the pavement, and most of the cyclists rode with their heads tilted back, splitting the wind with their chins as they squinted up at the first smudges of green on the branches overhead. A lean, elegant young woman—a model, by the look of her—pedalled coolly downstream, against the traffic, with a small cocoa-colored poodle riding in the wire basket on her handlebars. A tiny female tricyclist plugged along in the middle of the road, jerkily followed by a red balloon whose string was tied to her wrist; she was followed at a little distance by a female photographer—tan sneakers, wheat jeans, blue work shirt, Hasselblad—intent on the picture. The photographer ran a few steps, half knelt in a wonderfully awkward and feminine movement, focussed and snapped, and then ran after the balloon girl again. Behind the museum, three boys in blue jeans were jumping into the air, trying to bring down the last high blossoms on a magnolia tree. Farther south, a wildly mixed company of unleashed terriers, poodles, German shepherds, and Great Danes raced and rolled around on the slopes of Dog Hill. There was more racing on the patchy, flat lawn at the foot of the hill, where a dozen or so teen-age boys and girls had invented a game of Frisbee baseball. The batter would sail the yellow dish in a great arc into the outfield, where two or three boys and girls pursued it. All the girls had long hair, down to their shoulders or lower, and their hair streamed out behind them as they chased the Frisbee; when one of the girls caught up with it, she sometimes bumped into one of the boys, and they would both fall down, and often the base runner came all the way around and scored while the boy and girl rolled on the grass and laughed helplessly. All this time, there was a parade in progress on Fifth Avenue, and the thump of drums and the cry of trumpets came cleanly through the soft air. Now and then, one of the dogs would stop and prick up his ears at this noise and stare off at the bobbing shakos and the banks of flags moving down the Avenue. Many of the strollers in the Park carried small American flags they had bought at the parade.

This was a special day in a special spring, and we tried to remember what it had been like on other days of spring in wartime. We could recall past years when we had to live with the ancient, tormenting irony of a vernal war, when every view of an adjacent, perfect magnolia or a foolish ball game was darkened by our knowledge that countrymen, members of our own family, were engaged in distant bloodletting and death. But this was different. Even the parade was different. It was in observance of Loyalty Day, which once was as easily celebrated or ignored as spring sunshine. But there had been another parade in the city two weeks before—a protest parade—and everyone in the Park on this Saturday understood that in some way and to some degree he had been asked to choose between the two. In the time between the two parades, American fighter-bombers had made attacks two miles from the center of Hanoi, and General Westmoreland had come home to tell us that the war in Vietnam would increase in range and violence, and to suggest that those who continued to oppose it and feared and hated its new manifestations were now doing damage to our combat troops and subverting their cause. No one in the Park that day was free of the anxieties and difficulties of that choice.

The long, almost insupportable strain of fighting an inadvertent, limited, immeasurably complicated, and morally degrading war has produced in all of us a powerful urge for certitude. One night earlier that week, we watched a television news program and saw a reporter in Vietnam interview an American pilot just back from one of the new raids. "Where did you go today?" the reporter asked. The pilot, a small, old-looking young man who was standing beside the flank of his sleek machine, tried to look serious, but suddenly he broke into an immense grin. "Today we went right to Hanoi," he said. The reporter corrected him at once, for there were still rules, of a sort, for this war, and the pilot understood and said, "Well, not *exactly* to Hanoi." He went on to say that he hoped this bombing would help end the war quickly. The exchange was horrifying, but at that moment we thought we could understand the pilot's grin, his look of exultant relief at having been permitted to use his skill and his quick apparatus to more certain purpose, and we found ourself wishing for one instant, against all reason and conscience, that his hope could be ours.

The pressures toward simplification in a long crisis of irresolution and bottomless complexity grow more enticing with time. The pain of casualties, the knowledge of power as yet unused, the old and inevitable self-righteousness of patriotism, an impatience with problems beyond our understanding, a cynicism bred by too many past positions elaborately justified and then suddenly abandoned, the mystery of an obdurate and as yet unhated enemy whom we have no wish to destroy, the awareness of the distrust and hatred that we have brought on ourselves—all these impel us toward action, almost any action, that will somehow bring us a less troubled spring next year. We are unaccustomed in this country to unrelieved interior qualification, and it is difficult for us to withhold some part of our support for an earnest, upright general who tells us of the bravery of our troops and asks us for an equal single-mindedness. Yet there is evidence, not only sensed within ourselves or seen in the paradox of the two parades, that single-mindedness cannot be the right answer. In recent days, there have been many indications that the interior, private struggle between the desire for simplicity and the continued tolerance of complexity is very widespread. The attempt to silence dissent, it seems to us, does not come as much from Washington as from inside our own heads, and various voices on various sides show how intently that struggle absorbs us. There was the voice of Representative L. Mendel Rivers, of South Carolina, who is a simplifier; speaking of the war, he said, "It's too late to question whether it's right or wrong." There was the voice of Senator George McGovern, of South Dakota, whose lengthy, thoughtful, and politically risky indictment of our Vietnam policies must have convinced even his opponents that dissent cannot be mistaken for lack of courage. There was the forthright and non-partisan position paper on Vietnam issued by the Senate Republican Policy Committee—and an immediate countering effort by Senator Dirksen and Representative Ford to disavow it in the interest of national unity. This surprising document at one point addressed itself in a most curious fashion to the problems of certitude and self-justification in our foreign policy. ". . . Much more can be cited," it read, "to confound the best of minds in resolving the Vietnamese conflict. The West divides good and evil, and thinks that evil can be conquered. Yet in Asia a man is generally capable of believing that something is simultaneously good and bad, right and wrong, black and white, in such a manner as to render most difficult real understanding by Western mentality." We read and reread this statement, and we were unable to rid ourself of the conviction that it was not in fact a statement about the Oriental mind but a troubled, unconscious recognition of the pained, almost convulsive contradictions now vexing the American mind. It almost seemed a backhanded paraphrase of part of a notable speech delivered at Harvard in April by George F. Kennan. Speaking of the underlying impulses of American foreign policy, Mr. Kennan said, "It was inconceivable that the issues of any war in which *we* were involved could be less than momentous and decisive for the entire future of humanity. And out of this grew, then, the characteristic emotionalism of militancy—an emotionalism to which the democratic society, with its incorrigible tendency to self-love, is particularly prone: a state of collective hysteria in which you see your own side as the repository of all virtue, the adversary, on the other hand, as the embodiment of all that is evil and inhuman. From this there logically flows, in turn, a conviction that victory, precisely because it will be the triumph of all that is good over all that is bad, will make all things possible [and that] anything less than total victory would be a shameful compromise. . . ."

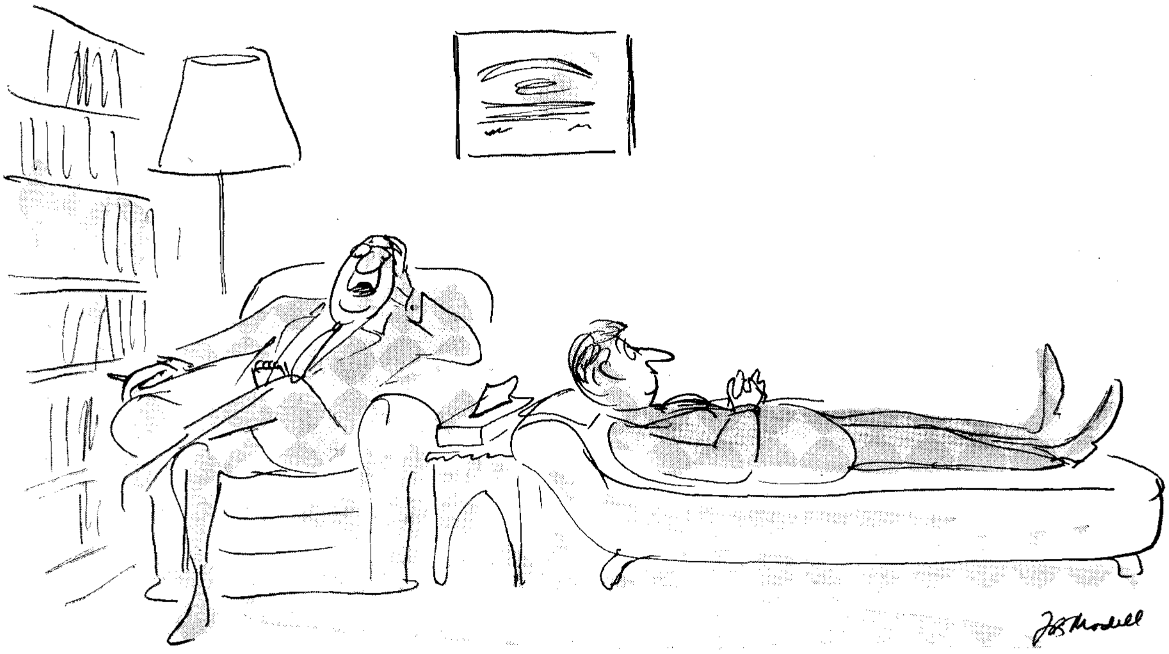
The recent multiple escalations of the war in Vietnam—the bombings outside Hanoi and Haiphong, the attacks on fighter bases, the shelling of North Vietnam from the sea and across the Demilitarized Zone—are, in our view, ill-conceived and morally wrong. We profoundly doubt that they will bring peace closer, or that many of us want the kind of peace they would impose. They are, of course, acts of simplification. Escalations invite us all toward the relief to be found in emotionalism, self-righteousness, unity, and unquestioning conviction; and now they invite us to put aside our belief that unrelieved bombing of a small and relatively weak country is a particularly repugnant form of military coercion. Yet even as this country edges toward the alluring, dangerous clarity of wholehearted commitment, there remains within us—within most of us, perhaps—the suspicion that single-mindedness is not appropriate to this war in this time, or adequate to its resolution. We feel the need to be divided among ourselves and within ourselves. We sense in recent events a loss of relevance that is both national and personal, for we are being deprived of the continuing, difficult interior dialogue that sustains sanity in modern men. It's as if we had to cling to the complexities and the confusions and the contradictions, lest some grand simplification make this green spring the last.

Rare Rugs

We received, the other day, an unobtrusive invitation from the Brooklyn Museum asking us to come and look at a collection of Oriental rugs. It was accompanied by a more flamboyant communication written on stationery belonging to the New York 1964-65 World's Fair Corporation (Office of the Chief of Protocol), which we recognized as the work of a young friend of ours. "RUGS ESSENTIAL—*for your own good*," it read. "Champagne reception. *Decent* dinner clothes will be worn. No Shawl Collars." Taking heed, we put aside our recently acquired tuxedo, whose shawl collar, we had been told, was personally approved by Mr. Igor Cassini, borrowed something thirty years its senior from a gentleman known to have been a popular extra man during the last days of the British raj ("Lord Mountbatten knew this suit well," he said), and set out for Brooklyn.

When we arrived, our friend explained the reasons (there were three, he said) for his summons. "First," he told us, proceeding without a glance past the woman who was collecting invitation cards and checking names, "the Brooklyn Museum is a *very good* museum, and this is a *very good* show. Secondly, there is to be an elephant, which makes up for a lot. Thirdly"—he threw this enigmatically over his shoulder as he moved resolutely into the throng in the museum's entrance hall—"the Appleton girls have promised to come."

He did nothing to explain either the elephant or the Appletons, assuming—charitably, perhaps—that we knew about them already, and instead talked to us for a great while about rugs. "*Theoretically*," he said, "everyone has come to look at the rugs." We learned that the rugs being unveiled by the museum were Oriental, that they were very old, that they constituted, in fact, one of the most impressive collections of very old Oriental rugs in the world, and that they were being shown in New York for the first time that night. The collection, our friend explained, was the property of the Kevorkian Foundation, an organization established by a remarkable archeologist named Hagop Kevorkian which, among other things, arranges travelling exhibitions of Middle Eastern art. There are some forty rugs in the collection, among them seventeenth-century Persian animal carpets, eighteenth-century Persian garden carpets, seventeenth-century Indian floral-medallion carpets, and floral and arabesque carpets from the royal loom of Isfahan. These last were special favorites of our friend's. "It would be impossible to dislike a rug that comes from something calling itself the 'royal loom of Isfahan,' " he said.



"I would suggest that you have two means of ridding yourself of that guilt. One, stop watching Channel 13. Two, send them some money."

• •

We were then introduced to Dr. Maurice S. Dimand, who is curator emeritus of Near Eastern art at the Metropolitan Museum. Dr. Dimand is a small man with abundant gray hair and a very lively wit. He told us that he had written the catalogue for the Kevorkian exhibition, and that he thought that it was certainly the most impressive show of Oriental rugs ever put together. The McMullan collection, he said, which was its only possible rival, was "basically Turkish," and lacked the breadth of the Kevorkian collection. He also told us that the collection had been exhibited in Philadelphia, where there had been belly dancers on opening night; in Dallas, where people had never seen an Oriental rug and were very enthusiastic; and in Cincinnati, where nothing in particular happened.

We finally asked bluntly where the rugs were, and were told they were on the third floor and that we would see them later in the evening.

We noticed that the champagne reception was by this time going full tilt, but our friend said that it was time to go and see the elephant. He was fairly keen on the elephant, since, he said, he had been to *very few* museum parties that had an elephant, and he more or less insisted that we go and see her unloaded from her truck. We arrived too late to see her unloaded, but we did watch her being put in the freight elevator. She was a small elephant, and she was attended by two men. One of the men was wearing a cowboy outfit. In the freight elevator, both the men put on Arab costumes over their other clothes. In the case of the fellow in the cowboy outfit, this meant that his Texas tie showed through his Bedouin robes. The elephant was led through the champagne reception, and we followed her to the third floor, where a number of people were looking at the rugs before sitting down for dinner.

"Now," said our friend, "for the Appletons." In a trice, we were escorted across the room and introduced to two delightful ladies, each with white hair, each in a dark dress trimmed with white lace. They were Miss Marie Appleton and Mrs. Helen Appleton Read. Miss Appleton has worked at the Whitney Museum since it was founded, and Mrs. Read worked for the Brooklyn *Eagle* and is now president of Portraits, Inc. Both sisters are close to eighty, and they live together in an old (1826) wooden house in Brooklyn Heights, where they were brought up. "Everyone in Brooklyn calls us the Appleton Girls," said Miss Appleton, with a lovely laugh. "They've *always* called us the Appleton Girls."

We left the ladies briefly to see if we could catch a glimpse of the rugs. They were indeed very impressive.

•

WEST INDIAN INTELLIGENCE: The cafeteria at the Minivielle & Chastanet Department Store, in Castries, St. Lucia, is closed for lunch every day between twelve-thirty and two.

Abolafia for President

TIRED of all the cagey Presidential candidates who refuse to admit that they want the job, we hurried downtown last week to shake the hand of our nation's first openly declared candidate for 1968—Louis Abolafia, who is running on the Love ticket. It was a sunny morning with a cool breeze, and as we walked down Second Avenue toward Sixth Street we could read, two blocks away, giant red-and-black letters on the marquee of the Village Theatre:

LOUIS ABOLAFIA
COSMIC LOVE-IN

The Love-In—a kind of campaign kickoff—had started the day before and was supposed to continue, day and night, for at least four days, but nobody seemed to be around at ten in the morning. "Louis Abolafia for President 1968," urged one of many campaign documents on display by the door. "What Have I Got to Hide?" it asked, as a caption to a photograph of Abolafia ("Artist, Poet, Philosopher") standing naked but dignified, holding a prudently placed hat. "Vote for Abolafia," it continued. "Lift the values of the world—Bring justice to a world of disorder!!!!!! Independent Democrat. Write-ins should go to Board of Elections. Louis Abolafia smuggled his oil ptg. into Metropolitan Museum of Art—N.Y.C.—& hung it next to Rodin's 'The Thinker' in 1964, touching off the Underground Movement—for American Art & a complete World Renaissance. In his recent efforts to run for Governor of N.Y. State, he received 2,500 signatures. It is time for complete awareness in the country. Your child's art should be developed to the fullest, so that his eyes might see what yours were not allowed to see. Abolafia is descendent of the Abolafias—writers of the Kabbala—e.g. Mitchner's 'The Source.' ”

Two small boys joined us, one of them saying, “I wish they'd hurry up and open up.” We tried one of the doors, found it unlocked, and strolled inside. The theatre was deserted, dim, and gloomy. On the empty stage was one standing light, but the orchestra was black. A distant phone rang and rang, and finally stopped. The two boys came wandering into the lobby, and then four firemen, with pads and pencils, marched in.

One of the firemen spoke to the boys. “This is no place for you,” he said. “You should be in school.”

“No school today,” said one of the boys. “It's a Holy Day of Obligation.”

The fireman shook his head. “Tomorrow's the Holy Day of Obligation,” he said firmly.

The boys wandered out. The firemen went upstairs. A bearded man in boots ambled in from the street. “I just wanted to see if it was still going on,” he said. “I was here last night till two.” He peered into the darkness, and then, hesitantly, left.

A few minutes later, a girl of about twenty walked briskly in. “Nobody here?” she said.

“Just firemen,” we replied.

“I guess I'll go over and see if Louis's awake,” she said. “Maybe pump some coffee into him.”

We went outside with her and walked along to 129 East Fourth Street, where a large white sign hung over the sidewalk, saying, “Headquarters Louis Abolafia for President,” in black letters. The ground-floor window was covered with news clippings and campaign material, and the door was locked. “Volunteers for Campaign & Cosmic Love-In May 2nd Leave Name & No. in Mail Slot. Thank You,” said a sign on the door. The girl knocked, rattled the door, knocked again, and then called softly, “Louis—you awake?” There was no answer. As we walked west with the girl, she told us that she was an enthusiastic Abolafia campaign worker. “He's got animal magnetism,” she said. “People just give him things. He got the theatre free.” She said she loved the East Village. “This is the scene I've been looking for all my life. I was in the West Village for years, but over here there's less of a credibility gap.” We stopped at a gallery-poetry center, and the girl asked if anyone had seen Louis. Several of the people in the center appeared to have just recently risen—one barefooted young man was still sound asleep in an armchair—and no one had seen Louis. We stood on the sidewalk, and the girl said, “A lot of people are worn out from last night, especially the juicers. The difference between the juicers and the heads is that the juicers sometimes get a little obstreperous but the heads go sit quietly in a corner someplace.” She said she guessed the Love-In might not begin until around two o'clock, so we said we'd come back then.

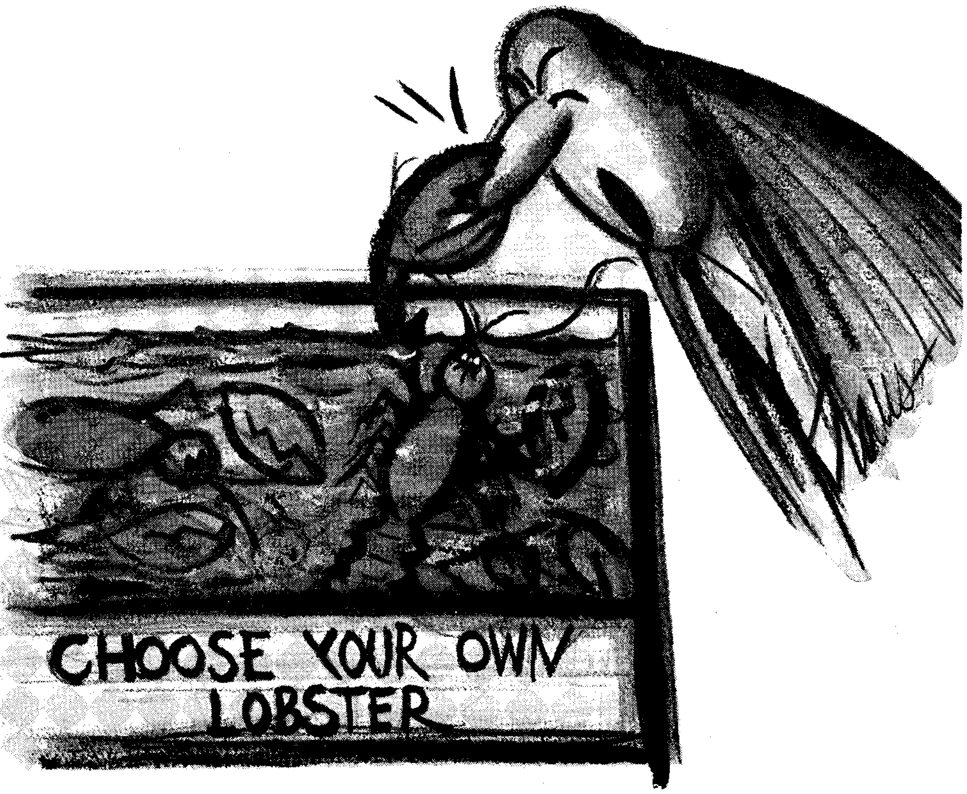
By two o'clock, the lobby of the theatre was full of people with beards, dark glasses, bright discs on their foreheads, and a variety of dress. There was an air of joyful celebration and good cheer. A young man was setting up a display of bananas near one wall, volunteers were arranging piles of campaign literature and buttons on a table, and there was a good deal of guitar-playing and singing. We asked if Louis had arrived, and, in an instant, there he was: a pleasant-looking man of about twenty-five, with a black mustache, a short black beard, and fairly long black hair, striding toward us with a big smile and his hand outstretched. He was wearing a dark suit, a conventional tie with horizontal stripes, and a cape that was black on one side and flowered white silk on the other. “In running for the Presidency, I'm trying to bring about a world unity,” he told us as a group of admirers stood listening attentively. “We should be a country of giving and giving and giving. The way we're going now, we're all wrong. We could be giants; we should be ten times above what the Renaissance was. The other candidates are all products of public-relations staffs. Johnson is not doing what he could do. The country is not happy with him. Kennedy doesn't have the youth behind him, and Romney and Reagan—ridiculous! My program is a complete renaissance: emphasis on the arts to bring up the values in the country—a higher level of American society, which will be able to extend itself and bring peace around the world.”

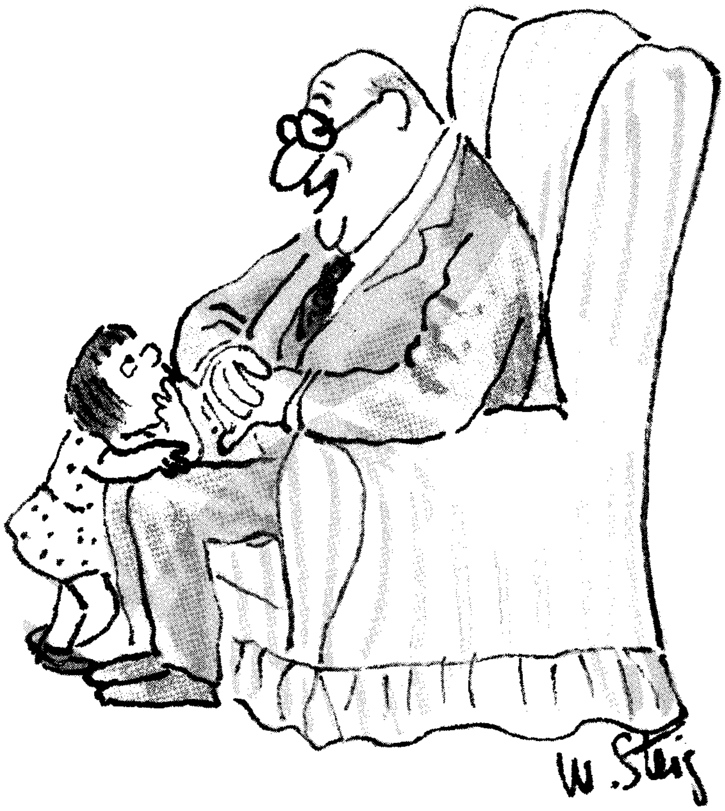
An aide rushed up to say, “They're shipping us a hundred crates of bananas free. Beautiful!”

“Beautiful!” said Louis. He turned back to us. “We could be the leaders in peace and in creation,” he continued. “Compared to the wealth of the country, we are not giving. A guy becomes President and he has to think only of the United States, which has many drawbacks. The U.S. is not the entire world. A prophet could do more for the world.”

A youth wearing a gold helmet covered with plastic green leaves walked by. We asked Louis about the purpose of the Love-In.

“I want to bring all the arts together,” he said. “Not only name groups. Bring 'em all together for an audience, or perhaps no audience, and





"How much is two and two?"

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bring art everywhere. Into the streets. Everywhere. You take a kid to a parade and all they see is soldiers, and it stinks. I want an end to war toys. No more fights, guns, cops-and-robbers. When a child comes here, he goes away involved in the arts, much happier, and perhaps with a direction. I want to do this all over the country. I have people in many cities. People commit themselves to me on a faith-consignment basis. I want the people behind me. It's a show of faith." He told us he was a painter—"heavy, Expressionistic; attitudes of man"—and said, "I had a scholarship at ten years old at the People's Art Center at the Museum of Modern Art, and at seventeen I surpassed van Gogh and Gauguin. My work was the work of a young master. Here I was well into it, and being given a hard time by the Establishment. The museums want to take one painting and they're doing you a favor. I don't want any favors. I could handle three floors. I was on a hunger strike for eighteen days last winter, and I've picketed the Modern Museum and the Huntington Hartford. Artists are being held back by the Establishment and lack of money. I'm trying to set up cultural centers. If a ten-year-old kid's talent is lost and he has to become a truck driver, this is a great crime."

A lady with a crew from a television network came in, and Louis greeted them. The lady said, "Just go ahead as you normally would and let us pitter-patter around."

As Louis turned back, we complimented him on his cape.

"It was made by Trina of Broccoli for somebody in Haight-Ashbury who never showed up," he said. "She gave it to me."

A young man interrupted to say, "The tallest man in the world just called; he wants to come down."

"Tell him to come down!" said Louis. "Beautiful!"

A group with more guitars arrived, and Louis excused himself to direct them to the stage. A cheerful, middle-aged Negro wearing a red tie, a business suit, and an "Abolafia for President" button was watching the crowd assemble and beaming. "It's funny," he said. "People getting high off L.S.D. when you can get high like this off of love. Beautiful!" He said he worked with Louis. "There are about fifty of us. We go around and be his agents and publicity men, and we preach love and stop all the fighting. We have no hate in our hearts. I've never seen a man I can hate. I've seen some that were boring, but . . ." He smiled. "We help each other. I love the bums; I love the poor; I love them all. We try to bring the good out of the bad, and make them love something. Some of the most brilliant people in the world are right over here in the Bowery. Sometimes we will take a bum and bathe him and clothe him, and then he will say, 'Will you sponsor me in a bottle of wine?' And we say, 'If you need the wine, then that's what you shall have,' and we try to help him find love." He smiled again, and went to help out at the campaign table.

The lobby was now filled with the sound of guitar music, and people were hurrying toward the stage. We stepped over to the banana concession and said hello to a thin young man in charge.

"We're trying to bring people to the Banana Rebellion," the man told us. "We call ourselves the Banana Trippers. Everyone wants to escape for a while, but if there was some way to do it without drugs or alcohol it would be beautiful. So we tell people, 'Smoke bananas.' They haven't proved it's harmful—it's like breathing air—and if you find you can turn on with bananas, it proves you can turn on without anything! You can get high on just existing! Besides, no senator is going to sign the 'Banana Control Bill of 1967'! We're selling these bananas for fifteen cents, with a three-cent deposit on the skin. Bring back the skin, you get your three cents back."

We went down into the orchestra, and by now almost everyone was on the stage, singing and dancing. A rock group was leading the singing, Abolafia was playing the drums, and four children—including the two small boys who had arrived in the morning—were downstage center, dancing and jumping and waving Abolafia posters.

"Who's going to be our next President?" somebody yelled.

"Abolafia!" everyone shouted.

The din was extraordinary. A good-looking blonde was dancing with her small child in her arms, near a man in a blue cellophane mask and transparent shirt. We sat down and tapped our feet to the pounding music, watching the stage fill up with people of all ages and costumes. The girl we had met earlier came over and offered us some soup in a cardboard carton. "From Ratner's!" she called. "Very good!" We declined, and she yelled, "Pax!" over the music, waved, and went away. On the stage now, several people were shaking tambourines, one man was waving a banana skin, and two tiny children with curly golden hair were dancing to one side of the stage, then crawling on their stomachs, then jumping to their feet and dancing again. A few minutes later, we glanced over and saw Louis sitting alone in the fourth row, looking thoughtful and spooning soup from one of the cardboard cartons. But as the music grew louder and louder, almost shaking the walls, he was suddenly back on his feet and up on the stage, weaving through the happy crowd, smiling at everybody, his cape flying, spooning soup from his carton as he danced.

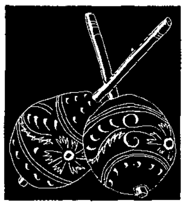
THE LOVE OBJECT

HE simply said my name. He said "Martha," and once again I could feel it happening. My legs trembled under the big white tablecloth and my head became fuzzy, though I was not drunk. It's how I fall in love. He sat opposite—the love object. Elderly. Gray eyes. Dull blond hair. The hair was graying on the outside and he had spread the outer gray ribs across the width of his head as if to disguise the blond, the way some men disguise a patch of baldness. He had what I call a religious smile—an inner smile that came on and off, governed, as it were, by his private joy in what he heard or saw: a remark I made, the waiter removing the cold dinner plates that served as ornament and bringing warmed ones of a different design, the nylon curtain blowing inward and brushing my bare, summer-ripened arm. It was the end of a warm London summer.

"I'm not mad about them, either," he said. We were engaged in a bit of backbiting, discussing a famous couple we both knew. He kept his hands joined all the time, as if they were being put to prayer. There were no barriers between us. We were strangers. I am a television announcer; we had met to do a job, and out of courtesy he asked me to dinner. He told me about his wife—who was thirty, like me—and how he knew he would marry her the very first moment he set eyes on her. (She was his second wife.) I made no inquiries as to what she looked like. I still don't know. The only memory I have of her is of her arms sheathed in big mauve crocheted sleeves, and the image runs away with me and I see his pink, praying hands vanishing into those sleeves and the two of them waltzing in some large, grim room, smiling inwardly at their good fortune in being together. But that came much later.

We had a pleasant supper, and figs for afters. The first figs I'd ever tasted. He tested them gently with his fingers, then put three on my side plate. I kept staring down at their purple-black skins, because with the shaking I could not trust myself to peel them. He took my mind off my nervousness by telling me a little story about a girl who was being interviewed on the radio and admitted to owning thirty-seven pairs of shoes and buying a new dress every Saturday, which she later endeavored to sell to her friends and family. Somehow I knew that it was a story he had especially selected for me, that he would not risk telling it to many people. He was in his way a serious man, and famous, though that is hardly of interest when one is telling about a love affair. Or is it? Anyhow, I'd peeled the figs and I bit into one. How do you describe a taste? They were a new food and he was a new man, and that night in my bed he was both stranger and lover, which I used to think was the ideal bed partner.

In the morning, he was quite formal but unashamed; he even asked for a clothesbrush, because there was a smudge of powder on his jacket left when we had embraced in the taxi coming home. At the time, I had no idea whether we would sleep together, but on the whole I felt that we would not. I have never owned a clothesbrush. I own books and records and various bottles of scent and beautiful clothes, but I never buy cleaning stuffs or aids for prolonging property. I expect it is improvident, but I just throw things away. He dabbed the powder smear with his handkerchief, and it came off quite easily. The other thing he needed was a piece of sticking plaster, because a new shoe had cut his heel. I looked, but there was none left in the tin. My children had cleared it out during the long summer vacation. In fact, for a moment I saw my two sons throughout those summer days, slouched on chairs, reading comics, riding bicycles, wrestling, incurring cuts, which they promptly covered with Elastoplast, and afterward, when the plasters fell off, flaunting the brown-rimmed remains that traced their shapes. In that instant, I missed them badly and longed to hold them in my arms—another reason I welcomed his company. "There's no plaster left," I said, not without shame. I thought he would consider me neglectful, and I also wondered if I ought to explain why my sons were at boarding school when they were still so young. They were eight and ten. But I couldn't. I had ceased to want to tell people the sorry tale of how my marriage had ended and my husband, unable to care for two young boys, insisted on boarding school in order to deprive me of the constant pleasure of their company. It was an unsavory story, and would not have helped.



We had breakfast out-of-doors. The start of another warm day. The dull haze that precedes heat hung from the sky, and in the garden next door the sprinklers were already on—my neighbors are fanatic gardeners. He ate three pieces of toast and some bacon. I ate also, just to put him at his ease, though normally I skip breakfast. "I'll stock up with plaster, clothesbrush, and cleaning fluids," I said. My way of saying "You'll come again?" He saw through it straightaway. Hurrying down a mouthful of toast, he put one of his prayer hands over mine and told me solemnly and nicely that he would not have a mean and squalid little affair with me but that we would meet in a month or so and he hoped we would become friends. I hadn't thought of us as friends, but it was an interesting possibility. I remembered the earlier part of our evening's conversation and his referring to his first wife and his older, grown-up children, and I thought how honest and unnostalgic he was. I was really sick of lies and people multiplying their sorrows, even to themselves. Another thing he did that endeared him was to fold back the green silk bedspread—a thing I never do myself.

When he left, I felt quite buoyant and, in a way, relieved. It had been nice and there were no nasty aftereffects. My face was pink from kissing, and my hair tossed from our exertions. I looked a little wanton. Feeling tired from such a broken night's sleep, I drew the curtains and got back into bed. I had a nightmare. The usual one, where I am being crushed to death by a giant of a man. People tell me that a nightmare is healthy, and from that experience I believe it. I wakened calmer than I had been for months, and passed the remainder of the day happily.

TWO mornings later, he rang and asked was there a chance of our meeting that night. I said yes, because I was not doing anything, and it seemed appropriate to have supper and seal our secret decently. But the current between us started recharging.

"We did have a very good time," he said. I could feel myself making little petrified moves denoting love, shyness—opening my eyes wide to look at him, exuding trust. This time he peeled the figs for both of us.

He brought me home. I noticed when we were in bed that he had put cologne on his shoulder and that he must have set out to dinner with the hope—if not the intention—of sleeping with me. I liked the taste of his skin better than the chemical, and I had to tell him so. He just laughed. Never

had I been so at ease with a man. For the record, I had slept with four other men, but there always seemed to be a distance between us where conversation was concerned. I mused for a moment on their various smells as I inhaled his, which reminded me of an herb garden. It was not parsley, not thyme, not mint, but some nonexistent herb compounded of these three smells. On this second occasion, our lovemaking was more relaxed.

"What will you do if you make an avaricious woman out of me?" I asked.

"I will pass you on to someone very dear and suitable," he said.

With my head on his shoulder, I thought of pigeons under the railway bridge nearby, who passed their nights nestled together, heads folded into mauve breasts. In his sleep, we kissed and murmured. I did not sleep. I never do when I am overhappy, overunhappy, or in bed with a strange man.

NEITHER of us said, "Well, here we are, having a mean and squalid little affair." We just started to meet. Regularly. We stopped going to restaurants, because of his being famous. He would come to my house for dinner. I'll never forget the flurry of those preparations—putting flowers in vases, changing the sheets, thumping pillows, trying to cook, putting on makeup all the time, and keeping a hairbrush nearby, in case he arrived early. The agony of it! It was with difficulty I answered the doorbell when it finally rang.

"You don't know what an oasis this is," he would say, and then in the hallway he would put his hands on my shoulders and squeeze them through my thin dress and say, "Let me look at you," and I would hang my head, both because I was overwhelmed and because I wanted to be. We would kiss, often for a full five minutes. Then we would move to the sitting room and sit on the chaise, still speechless. He would touch the bone of my knee and say what beautiful knees I had. He saw and admired parts of me that no other man had ever bothered with. Soon after supper, we went to bed.

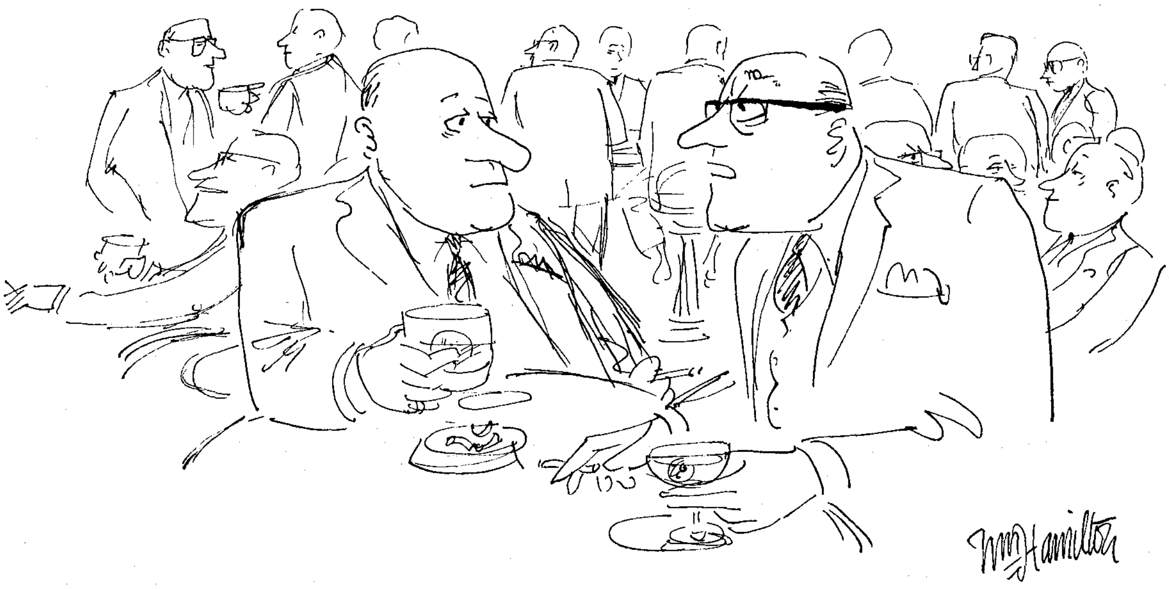
Once, he came unexpectedly in the late afternoon when I was dressed to go out. I was going to the theatre with another man.

"How I wish I were taking you," he said.

"We'll go to the theatre one night?"

He bowed his head. We would. It was the first time his eyes looked sad. We did not make love, because I was made up and had my false eyelashes on. It seemed too troublesome. But all through the play I felt angry for our not having done so, and later I regretted it even more, because from that evening onward our meetings became more difficult. His wife, who had been in France with their children, returned. I knew this when he arrived one evening in a motorcar and in the course of conversation mentioned that his small daughter had that day scribbled over an important document. I can tell you now that he was a lawyer. From then on, it was seldom possible to meet at night. He made afternoon dates, and at very short notice. Any night he did stay, he arrived with a travelling bag containing toothbrush, clothesbrush, and the few things a man might need for an overnight, loveless stay in a provincial hotel. I expect that his wife packed it. I thought, How unnecessary. I felt no pity for her. In fact, the mention of her name—it was Helen—made me quite angry. He said it very harmlessly. One time, he said they'd been burgled in the middle of the night and he'd gone down in his pajamas while his wife telephoned the police from the extension upstairs.

"You must have a rich house—they only burgle the rich," I said hurriedly,



"It may be a figment of my imagination, Herb, but I thought I just felt another shock wave go through the business community."

to change the conversation. It was reassuring to find that he wore pajamas with her, when he didn't with me. My jealousy of her was extreme, and of course grossly unfair. Still, I would be giving the wrong impression if I said her existence blighted our relationship at that point. Because it didn't. He took great care to speak like a single man, and he allowed time after our lovemaking to stay for an hour or so and depart at his leisure. In fact, it is one of those after-love sessions that I consider the cream of our affair.

We were sitting on the bed, naked, eating smoked-salmon sandwiches. I had lit the gas fire, because it was well into autumn and the afternoons got chilly. The fire made a steady, purring noise. It was the only light in the room. This was the first time he noticed the shape of my face; he said that up to then my coloring had drawn all of his admiration. His face and the pictures and the mahogany chest also looked enriched. Not rosy, because the gas fire did not have that kind of glow, but resplendent with a whitish light. The goatskin rug underneath the window had a special, luxurious softness. I remarked on it. He happened to say that he had a slight trace of masochism, and that often, unable to sleep at night in a bed, he would go to some other room and lie on the floor with a coat over him and fall fast asleep. A thing he'd done as a boy. The image of the little boy sleeping on the floor moved me to extraordinary compassion, and without a word from him I led him across to the goatskin and lay down with him. Afterward, remarking on our achievement—a thing he always did—he reckoned it was the most intimate of all our intimate moments. I was inclined to agree. As we stood up to get dressed, he wiped his sweat with the white blouse I had been wearing and asked which of my lovely dresses I would wear to dinner that night. He chose my black one for me. He said it gave him great pleasure to know that although I was to dine with others my mind would ruminate on what he and I had done. A wife, work, the world might separate us, but in our thoughts we were betrothed.

"I'll think of you," I said.

"And I of you."

We were not even sad at parting.

WHEN something has been perfect, as our last actual encounter in the gaslight had been, there is a tendency to try hard to repeat it. Unfortunately, the next occasion was clouded. He came in the afternoon and brought a suitcase containing all the paraphernalia for a dress dinner he was attending that night. When he arrived, he asked if he could hang up his tails, as otherwise they would be very creased. He hooked the hanger on the outer rim of the wardrobe, and I remember being impressed by the row of war medals along the top pocket. Our time in bed was pleasant but hasty. He worried about getting dressed. I just sat and watched him. I wanted to ask about his medals and how he had merited them, and if he remembered the war, and if he'd missed his then wife, and if he'd killed people, and if still he dreamed about it. But I asked nothing. I sat there as if I were paralyzed.

"No braces," he said as he held the wide black trousers around his middle. His other trousers must have been supported by a belt.

"I'll go to Woolworth's for some," I said. But that was impractical, because he was already in danger of being late. I got a safety pin and fastened the trousers from the back. The pin was not really sturdy enough, and it was a difficult operation. "You'll bring it back?" I said. I am superstitious about giving people pins.

He took some time to reply, because he was muttering "Damn" under his breath. Not to me but to the stiff, inhuman starched collar of the new shirt he was wearing, which would not yield to the little gold studs he wanted to pierce through. I tried. He tried. Each time one of us failed, the other became impatient. He said if we went on the collar would be grubby from our hands. And that seemed a worse alternative. I thought he must be dining with very critical people, but of course I did not express my thoughts on the matter. In the end, we each managed to get a stud through, and he had a small sip of whiskey as a celebration. The bow tie was another ordeal. He couldn't do it. I didn't dare try.

"Haven't you done it before?" I said. I expect that his wives, in their turns, had done it for him. I felt such a fool. Then I felt a lump of hatred toward him. I thought how ugly his legs were, how repellent the shape of his body, which did not have anything in the way of a waist, how deceitful his eyes, which congratulated him in the mirror when he succeeded in making a clumsy bow. As he put on the coat, the sound of the medals tinkling was happy and enabled me to remark on their music. Lastly, he donned a white silk scarf that came below his middle. He looked like someone I did not know. He left hurriedly. I ran with him down the road to help get a taxi—trying to keep up with him—and chatter was not easy. All I remember is the ghostly sight of the very white scarf swinging back and forth as we rushed. His shoes, which were patent leather, creaked unsuitably.

"Is it all-male?" I asked.

"No. Mixed," he replied.

So that was why he hurried. To meet his wife at some appointed place. The lump of hatred began to swell.

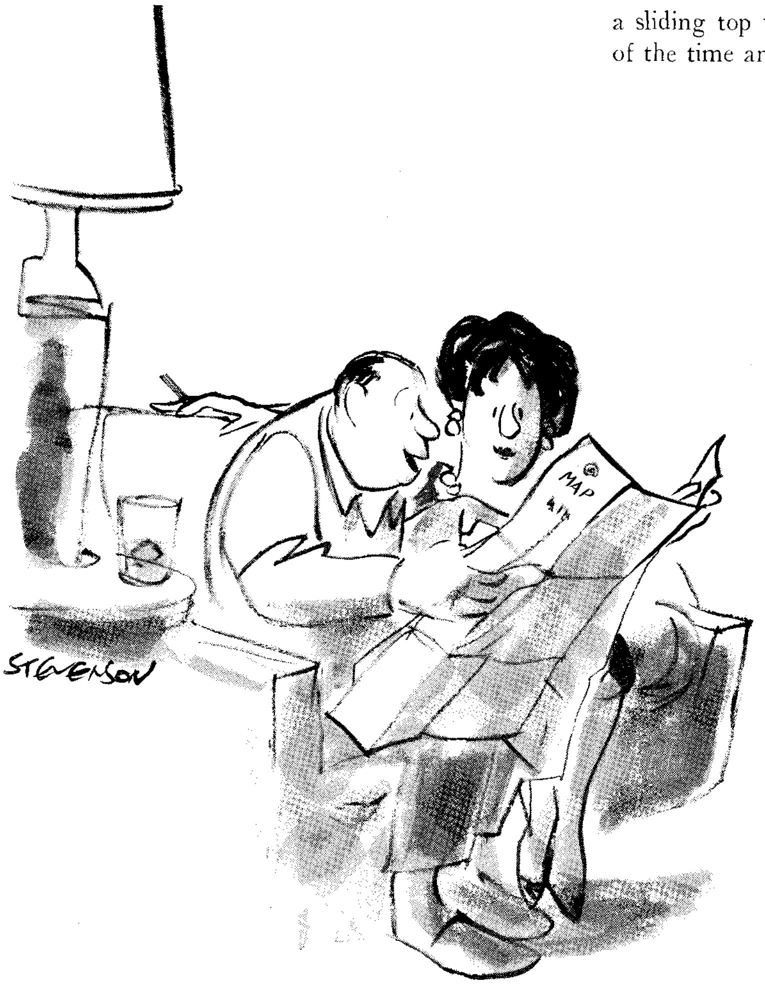
A few days later, he did bring back the safety pin, but my superstition remained, because four straight pins with black round tops that had come off his new shirt were on my window ledge. He refused to take them. *He* was not superstitious.

Bad moments, like good ones, tend to be grouped together, and when I think of the dress occasion I also think of the other time that we were not in utter harmony. It was on a street; we were searching for a restaurant. We had to leave my house because a friend had come to stay and we would have been obliged to tolerate her company. Going along the street—it was October and very windy—I felt that he was angry with me for having drawn us out into the cold, where we could not embrace. My heels were high and I was ashamed of the hollow sound they made. In a way, I felt we were enemies. He looked in the windows of restaurants to see if any acquaintances of his were there. Two restaurants he decided against for reasons best known to himself. One looked to be very attractive. Orange bulbs were set into the walls, and the light came through small squares of iron grating. We crossed the street to look at places on the opposite side. I saw a group of rowdies coming toward us, and for something to say—what with my aggressive heels, the wind, traffic going by, the ugly, unromantic street, we had run out of agreeable conversation—I asked if he ever felt apprehensive about encountering noisy groups like that late at night. He said that, in fact, a few nights earlier he had been walking home very late and saw such a group coming toward him, and before he even registered fear he found that he had splayed his bunch of keys between his fingers and had his hand, armed with the sharp points of the keys, ready to pull out of his pocket should the boys threaten him. I suppose he did it again while we were walking along. Curiously enough, I did not feel that he was my protector. I only felt that he and I were two people; that there was in the world trouble, violence, sickness, catastrophe; that he faced it in one way and that I faced it—or, to be exact, that I shrank from it—in another. We would always be outside each other. In the course of that melancholy thought, the group went by, and my conjecture about violence was all for nothing. We found a nice restaurant and drank a lot of wine.

Later, our lovemaking, as usual, was perfect. He stayed all night. I used to feel especially privileged on the nights he stayed, and the only thing that lessened my joy was spasms of anxiety from thinking he might have told his wife he was at such-and-such a hotel and she might be telephoning there and not finding him. More than once, I raced into an imaginary narrative in which she came and discovered us and I acted silent and ladylike and he told her very crisply to wait outside until he was ready. I felt no pity for her. Sometimes I wondered if she and I would ever meet, or if in fact we had already met on an escalator or in a lift—though that was unlikely, because we lived at opposite ends of London.

THEN, to my great surprise, the opportunity to meet her came. I was invited to a Thanksgiving party given by an American magazine. He saw the invitation on my mantel and said, "You're going to that, too?," and I smiled and said maybe. Was he? "Yes," he said. He tried to make me reach a decision there and then, but I was too canny. Of course I would go. I was curious to see his wife. And for the first time I would meet him in public. It shocked me to think that I had never met him in the company of any other person. It was like being shut off—a little animal locked away. I thought distinctly of a ferret that someone used to keep in a wooden box with a sliding top when I was a child, and of the time another ferret was brought to mate with it. The memory made me shiver; I thought of those two white ferrets with their little pink nostrils in the same instant as I thought of him sliding a door back and slipping into my box from time to time.

"I haven't decided," I said, but when the day came I went. I took a lot of trouble with my appearance—had my hair set, and wore a virginal attire. Black and white. The party was held in a large room with panelled walls of brown wood; blown-up magazine covers were distributed along the panels. The bar was at one end, under a balcony. The barmen, in white, looked shrunken, lost underneath the cliff of the balcony, which seemed in danger of collapsing on them. A more unlikely room for a party I have never seen. There were women going around with trays of champagne, but I had to go



"We cross the broad Mississippi, rich with history; then Kansas, and waving fields of yellow wheat. The soaring Rockies next, and majestic, multicolored canyons. Then painted deserts, and onward to the mighty redwoods, standing in silent solitude. And then a swinging week with Jack and Gloria at Malibu."

to the bar, because I have a preference for whiskey. A man I knew conducted me there, and on the way another man placed a kiss on my back—the neckline of my blouse curved fairly low. I hoped that my friend witnessed this, but it was such a large room, with hundreds of people around, that I had no idea where he was stationed. I noticed a dress I quite admired—a mauve dress with very big mauve crocheted sleeves. Looking up the length of the sleeves, I saw their owner's eyes directed on me. Perhaps she was admiring my outfit. People with similar tastes often do admire each other's clothes. I have no idea what her face looked like, but later, when I asked a girl friend which was his wife, she pointed to this woman with the crocheted sleeves. The second time, I saw her in profile. I still don't know what she looked like, nor do those eyes into which I looked speak to my memory with anything special.

Finally, I searched him out. I had a mutual friend walk across the room with me and apparently introduce us. He was unwelcoming. He looked strange, the flush on his cheekbones vivid and unnatural. He spoke to the mutual friend and virtually ignored me. Possibly to make amends, he asked, at length, if I was enjoying myself.

"It's a chilly room," I said. I was referring, of course, to his manner. Had I wanted to describe the room, I would have used "grim," or some such adjective.

"I don't know about your being chilly, but I'm certainly not," he said with aggression. Then a very drunk woman in a sack dress came and took his hand and began to slobber over him. I excused myself and went off. He said most pointedly that he hoped he would see me again sometime.

I caught his eye as I left the party, and I felt both sorry for him and angry. He looked stunned, as if important news had just been delivered to him. He saw me leave with a group of people, and I stared at him without the whimper of a smile. Yes, I was sorry for him. I was also piqued. The very next day, when we met, he did not even remember that a mutual friend had introduced us. "Clement Hastings!" he said, repeating the man's name. Which goes to show how nervous he must have been.

IT is impossible to insist that bad news will have a less awful effect if it is delivered in a certain manner and at a certain time. But I feel that I got my walking papers from him at the wrong moment. For one thing, it was morning. The alarm went off and I sat up wondering when he had set it. Being on the outside of the bed, he was already attending to the clock.

"I'm sorry, darling," he said.

"Did you set it?" I said, indignant. There was an element of betrayal here, as if he'd wanted to sneak away without saying goodbye.

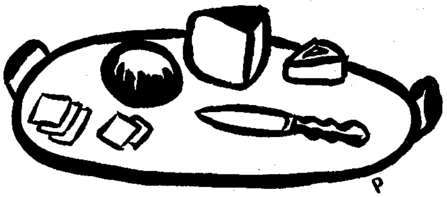
"I must have," he said. He put his arm around me, and we lay back again. It was dark outside and there was a feeling—though this may be a memory feeling—of frost.

"Congratulations. You're getting your prize today," he whispered. I was being given an award for my announcing.

"Thank you," I said. I was ashamed of the award. It reminded me of being back at school and always coming first in everything and being guilty about this but not disciplined enough to deliberately hold back. "It's beautiful that you stayed all night," I said.

He said he had never known anyone so sweet or so attentive.

The compliment caused me to grip his hand. There is something about holding on to things that I find safe, therapeutic. I was holding it in both of mine, smothering it, him, with the loving urgency of a clasp. At first, I was unaware of his speaking voice.



"Hey!" he said jocularly, just like that. "This can't go on, you know."

I thought he meant, of course, that it was late and he would have to get up shortly. Then I raised my head and looked at him through my hair, which had fallen over my face. I saw that he was serious.

"It just occurred to me that possibly you love me," he said.

I nodded and pushed my hair back so that he would read it—my testimony—clear and clean upon my face.

He put me lying down so that our heads were side by side, and he began, "I adore you, but I'm not in love with you. With my commitments, I don't think I could be in love with anyone. It all started gay and lighthearted . . ."

Those last few words offended me. This was not how I saw it or how I remembered it—the numerous telegrams he sent me saying, "I long to see you," or "May the sun shine on you," the first few moments each time we met and were overcome with passion, shyness, and the shock of being so disturbed by each other's presence. We had even searched in our dictionaries for words to convey the specialness of our regard for each other. He came up with "cense," which means "to adore or cover with the perfume of incense." We used it over and over again. Now he was negating all this. He was talking about weaving me into *his* life—his family life, that is—becoming a friend. He said it, though, without conviction.

SEVILLE

Where bleached riverbones simmer beneath massed clouds
A dry stew of cactuses and swart men
dungarees and bedsheets prostrate in the arid afternoon
As through one drooping eyelid
Still life ponders our inchworm progress to Seville
Here we come with the mail to Las Mellizas
The only moving   sounding   happening stitch
in a tapestry of stillness
Here we come with the mail on terrible iron feet to mute El Chorro
Uttering terrible iron moans in the throat of the mountain
Through Sierra Morena to Seville
Past *abuelas* with black beetle bodies
Staring with faces frozen with horror
from doorway and doorway and doorway
And the land tautens into green sheets spread out to warm
Our train faints   revives   faints and faints again
And the mail comes late to La Roda
And the mail comes late to Osuna
And later still to Seville
Hard west through a shower of emerald dusk
Seville stirs
turning on.

—STANLEY KOVEN

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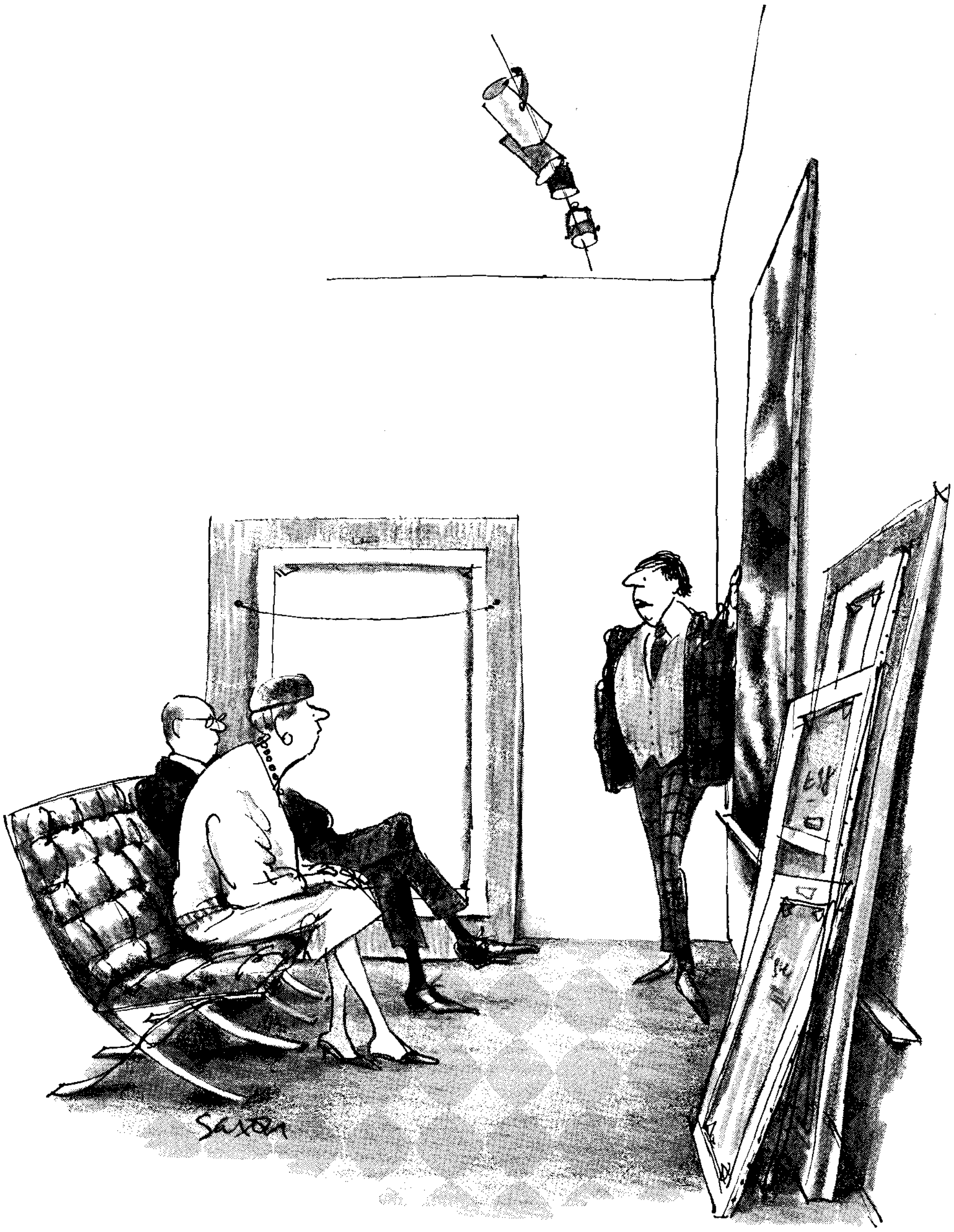
I could not think of a single thing to say. I knew that if I spoke I would be pathetic, so I remained silent. When he'd finished, I stared straight ahead at the split between the curtains, and, looking at the beam of raw light coming through, I said, "I think there's frost outside," and he said that possibly there was, because winter was upon us. We got up, and, as usual, he took the bulb out of the bedside lamp and screwed in his razor. I went off to get breakfast. That was the only morning I forgot about squeezing orange juice for him, and I often wonder if he took it as an insult. He left just before nine.

The sitting room held the traces of his visit. Or, to be precise, the remains of his cigars. In one of the blue, saucer-shaped ashtrays, there were thick clumps of dark-gray cigar ash. There were also three stubs, but it was the ash I kept looking at, thinking that its thickness resembled the thickness of his unlovely legs. And once again I experienced hatred for him. I was about to tip the contents of the ashtray into the fire grate when something stopped me, and what did I do but get an empty lozenge box and with the aid of a sheet of paper lift the ash in there and carry the tin upstairs. With the movement, the clumps lost their shapes, and whereas they had reminded me of his legs, they were now an even mass of dark-gray ash, probably like the ashes of the dead. I put the tin box in a drawer underneath some vests.

Later in the day, I was given my award—a very big silver medallion with my name on it. At the party afterward, I got drunk. My friends tell me that I did not actually disgrace myself, but I have a humiliating recollection of beginning a story and not being able to go ahead with it—not because the content eluded me but because the words became too difficult to pronounce. A man brought me home, and after I'd made him a cup of tea I said good night circumspectly; then, when he was gone, I staggered to my bed.

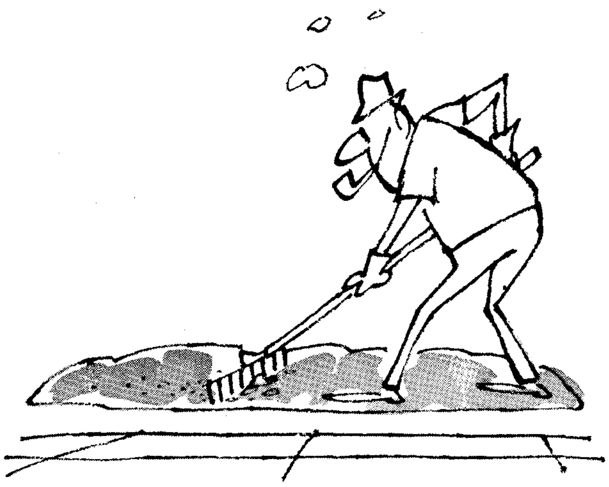
When I drink heavily, I sleep badly. Wakening, I saw that it was still dark, and my memory went back straightaway to the previous morning and the suggestion of frost outside and his cold warning words. I had to agree. Although our meetings were perfect, I had a sense of doom impending, of a chasm opening up between us, of someone telling his wife, of souring love, of destruction. And still we hadn't gone as far as we should have gone. There were peaks of joy and of its opposite that we should have reached, but the time was not left to us. He had said, "You still have a great physical hold over me," and that in its way I found degrading. To have made love after he had discarded me would have been too hurtful. We had come to the end. The thing I kept thinking of was a violet in a wood and how the time had come for it to drop off and die. The frost may have had something to do with my thinking—or, rather, my musing. I got up and put on a dressing gown. My head hurt from a hangover, but I knew that I must write to him while I had some resolution. I know my own failings, and I knew that before the day was out I would want to see him again, to sit with him, coax him back with sweetness and my overwhelming helplessness.

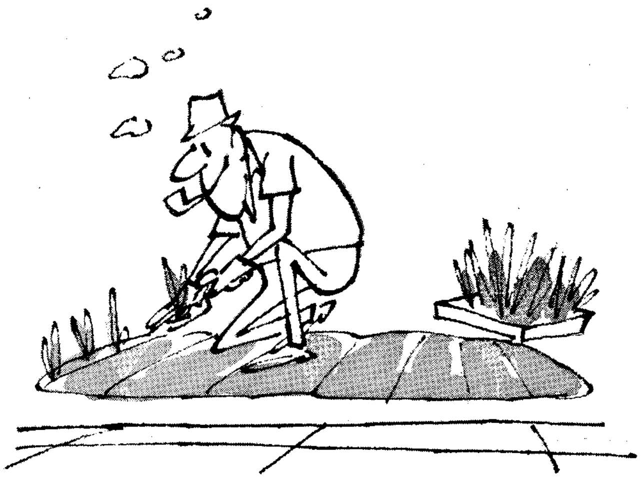


"Actually, he has never wanted to sell his paintings, but we've been able to convince him that the search for a responsive echo is part of the creative experience."

• •

I wrote the note, leaving out the bit about the violet. It is not a thing you can put down on paper without seeming fanciful. I said if he didn't think it prudent to see me, then not to see me. I said it had been a nice interlude and that we must entertain good memories of it. It was a remarkably controlled letter. He wrote back promptly. My decision came as a shock, he said. Still, he admitted that I was right. In the middle of the letter, he said he must penetrate my composure, and to do so he must admit that above and beyond everything he loved me and would always do so. That, of course, was the word I had been snooping around for for months. It set me off. I wrote a long letter back to him. I lost





my head. I oversaid everything. I testified to loving him, to sitting on the edge of lunacy in the intervening days since I had seen him, to hoping for a miracle.

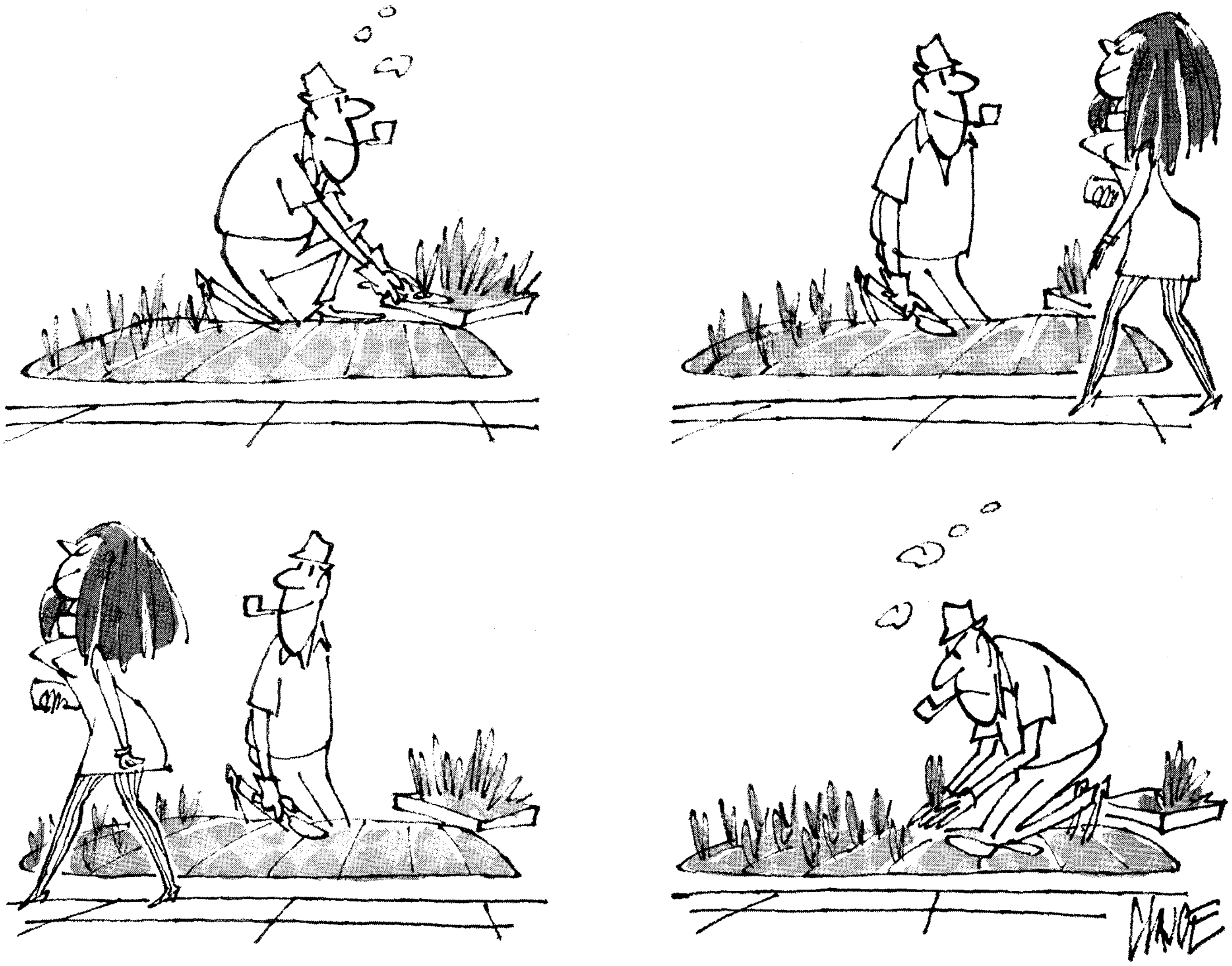
It is just as well that I did not describe the miracle as I saw it in my mind, because possibly it is—or was—rather inhuman. It concerned his family. He was returning from the funeral of his wife and children, wearing black tails. He also wore the white silk scarf I had seen him with, and there was a black mourning tulip in his buttonhole. When he came toward me, I snatched the black tulip and replaced it with a white narcissus, and he, in turn, put the scarf around my neck and drew me toward him by holding its fringed ends. I kept moving my neck back and forth within the embrace of the scarf. Then we danced divinely on a wooden floor that was white and slippery. At times, I thought we would fall, but he said, "You don't have to worry. I'm with you." The dance floor was also a road, and we were going somewhere beautiful.

For weeks, I waited for a reply to my letter, but there was none. More than once I had my hand on the telephone, but something cautionary—a new sensation for me—in the back of my mind bade me wait. To give him time. To let regret take charge of his heart. To let him come of his own accord. And then I panicked. I thought that perhaps the letter had gone astray or had fallen into other hands than his. I'd posted it to the office in Lincoln's Inn where he worked. I wrote another. This one was a formal note, and with it I enclosed a postcard bearing the words "Yes" and "No." I asked him to kindly let me know if he had received my previous letter by crossing out the word that did not apply on my card and sending it back to me.

It came back with the "No" crossed out. Nothing else. So he had received my letter. I think I looked at the card for hours. I could not stop trembling, and to calm myself I took several drinks. There was something so brutal about the card—but then you could say that I asked for it by approaching the situation as I had. I took out the box with his ash in it and wept over it, and both wanted to toss it out the window and preserve it forevermore. In general, I behaved very strangely. I rang someone who knew him and asked, for no reason at all, what she thought his hobbies might be. She said he played the harmonium, which I found unbearable news altogether. Then I entered a black patch, and on the third day I lost control.

WELL, from not sleeping, and taking pep pills and whiskey, I got very odd. I was shaking all over and breathing very quickly, the way one does after witnessing an accident. I stood at my bedroom window, which is on the second floor, and looked at the concrete underneath. The only flowers left in bloom were the hydrangeas, and they had faded to a soft russet, which was much more fetching than the harsh pink they had been all summer. In the garden next door, there were frost hats over the fuchsias. Looking first at the hydrangeas, then at the fuchsias, I tried to estimate what the consequences would be if I were to jump. I wondered if the drop was great enough. Since I am physically awkward, I could only conceive of injuring myself severely, which would make matters worse, because I would then be confined to my bed and imprisoned with the very thoughts that were driving me to desperation. I opened the window and leaned out, but quickly drew back. I had a better idea. There was a plumber downstairs installing central heating—an enterprise I had embarked upon when my lover began to come regularly and we liked walking around naked eating sandwiches and playing records. I decided to gas myself, and to seek the help of the plumber. Because I wanted to do it efficiently. I am aware—someone must have told me—that there comes a point in the middle of the operation when one regrets it and tries to withdraw but cannot. That seemed like an extra note of tragedy, which I had no wish to experience. So I decided to go downstairs to this man and explain to him that I *wanted* to die, that I was not telling him simply for him to prevent me or console me, that I was not looking for pity—there comes a time when pity is of no help—and that I simply wanted his assistance. He could show me what to do, settle me down, and—I know this is absurd—be around to take care of the telephone and the doorbell for the next few hours. Also to dispose of me with dignity. Above all, I wanted that. I even decided what I would wear. A long dress that was the same color as the hydrangeas in their russet phase—one that I've never worn except for a photograph, or on television. Before going downstairs, I wrote a note, which simply said, "I am committing suicide through lack of intelligence, and through not knowing, not learning to know, how to live."

You will think I am callous not to have taken the existence of my children into consideration. But, in fact, I did. Long before the love affair began, I had reached the conclusion that they had been snatched from me irrevocably by their father's insistence on boarding school and his total governing of their habits and their education. If you like, I felt I had let them down years before. I thought—and this was an unhysterical admission—that my being alive or my being dead would not particularly alter the course of their lives. I ought to add that I had not seen them for months,



and it is a shocking fact that although absence does not make us love less, it certainly cools down our physical concern for the ones we love. They were due home for their midterm holiday that very day, but since it was their father's turn to have them, I knew that I would only see them for a few hours on alternate afternoons. And in my despondent state that seemed worse than not seeing them at all.

Well, of course, when I went downstairs the plumber took one look at me and said, "Do you want a cup of tea?" He actually had tea made. So I took it and stood there warming my child-sized hands around the barrel of the brown mug. Suddenly, swiftly, I remembered my lover's measuring our hands when we were lying in bed and saying that mine were no bigger than his daughter's. And then I had another and less edifying memory about hands—the time we met when he was visibly distressed because he'd caught that same daughter's hand in a motorcar door. The fingers were badly bruised, and he felt awful about it and hoped his daughter would forgive him. Upon being told the story, I bolted off into an anecdote about almost losing *my* fingers in the door of a new Jaguar I had bought. It was pointless, although a listener might infer from it that I was a boastful and heartless girl. I would have been sorry for any child whose fingers were caught in a motorcar door, but at that moment I was trying to recall him to the hidden world of him and me. Perhaps it was one of the things that made him like me less. Perhaps it was then he resolved to end the affair. I was about to say this to the plumber, to warn him about states of so-called love hardening the heart, but, like the violet, it is something that can miss awfully, and when it does two people are mortally embarrassed. He'd put sugar in my tea and I found it sickly.

"I want you to help me," I said.

"Anything," he said. I ought to know that. We were friends. He would do the pipes tastefully. They would be little works of art, and the radiators painted to match the walls. "You may think I will paint these white, but actually they will be light ivory," he had told me. The whitewash on the kitchen walls had yellowed a bit.

"I want to do myself in," I said hurriedly.

"Good God!" he said, and burst out laughing. Then he looked at me, and obviously my face was a revelation. For one thing, I could not control my breathing. He put his arm around me and led me into the sitting room, and we had a drink. I knew he liked drink, and thought, It's an ill wind that doesn't blow some good. The maddening thing was that I kept thinking live person's thoughts. He said I had so much to live for. "A young girl like you—people wanting your autograph and everything, and a lovely new car," he said.

"It's all . . ." I paused to find the word. I had wanted to say "meaningless" but said "heartless" instead.

He became seized with suspicion. "And your boys," he said. "What about your boys?" He had seen photographs of them, and once I'd shown him a letter one of them had written. The word "heartless" seemed to be spinning around in my head. It was screaming at me from every corner of the room. To avoid his glance, I looked down at the sleeve of my angora jersey and methodically began picking off pieces of its fluff and rolling them into a little ball.

There was a moment's pause.

"This is an unlucky road—you're the third," he said at random.

"The third?" I said, industriously piling the black fluff into the palm of my hand.

"A woman further up, her husband was a bandleader, and he used to be out late. One night, she went to the dance hall and saw him with another girl; she came home straightaway and did it."

"Gas?" I asked, genuinely curious.

"No, sedation," he said, and was off on another story about a girl who'd gassed herself and how he was the one who found her because he was in that house treating dry rot at the time. "Naked except for a jersey," he said, and speculated once again on why she was attired like that. His manner changed quite considerably as he recalled how he went into the house and smelled gas and searched her out.

I looked at him. His face was grave. He had swollen eyelids. I had never looked at him so closely before. "Poor you," I said. A feeble apology. I was thinking that if he had abetted my suicide he would then have been committed to the eternal remembering of it.

"A young girl," he said.

"Poor girl," I said, mustering up pity for her.

There seemed to be nothing else to say. He had shamed me out of it. I stood and made some kind of effort at domesticity—that is, I took some glasses off a side table and moved in the direction of the kitchen. If glasses are any proof of drinking, then quite a lot of it had been done by me over the past few days.

"Well," he said, and rose and sighed. He admitted to feeling quite pleased with himself.

As it happened, there would have been a secondary crisis that day. Although my children were due to return to their father, he rang to say that the older boy had a temperature, and since—though he did not say this—he couldn't take care of a sick child, he would be obliged to bring them to my house. They came in the afternoon. I was waiting inside the door, with my face heavily made up to disguise my distress. The sick boy had a blanket draped over his tweed coat and one of his father's scarves around his face. The first thing he did when I embraced him was to cry. The younger boy went around the house to make sure that everything was as he had last seen it. Normally, I had presents for them on their return home, but I had neglected it on this occasion, and consequently they were a little downcast.

"Tomorrow," I said.

"Why are there tears in your eyes?" the sick boy said as I undressed him.

"Because you're sick," I said, telling half a truth.

"Oh, Mamsies," he said, calling me by a name he had not used for years. He put his arms around me and we both began to cry. He was my less favorite child, and I felt he was crying for that as well as for the various unguessed afflictions that the circumstances of a broken home would impose upon him. It was strange and unsatisfying to be holding him in my arms when over the months I had got used to my lover's size—the width of his shoulders and the exact height of his body, which caused me to stand on tiptoe so that our limbs could correspond perfectly. Holding my son, I was conscious only of how small he was and how he was using the angora jersey as a handkerchief and how he must be put to bed quickly. The younger boy and I sat in the bedroom, and we all played a game that entailed reading out questions such as "A river?" "A famous footballer?" and then spinning a disc until it steadied down at one letter and using that letter as the first initial of the river or the famous footballer, or whatever the question called for. I was quite slow at it, and so was the sick boy. His brother won easily, although I had asked him to let the invalid win. But you know how unsentimental children are.

We all jumped when the new heating came on, because the boiler, from the basement just underneath, gave an almighty churning noise. As a special surprise, and to cheer me up, the plumber had called in two of his colleagues, and among them they got the job finished early. To make us warm and happy was the way he put it when he came to the door to tell me. It was an awkward moment; I'd avoided him since our morning's conversation. At teatime, I'd even put his tea, on a tray, out on the landing. Would he tell other people how I had asked him to be my murderer? Would he have recognized it as that? I gave him and his friends a drink, and they stood uncomfortably in the children's bedroom and looked at the little boy's flushed face and said that he would soon be better. What else could they say! I concluded that he had told them.

For the remainder of the evening,

THE CROSSING

The stream
piles out of the pile-
up of earth—
we call them mountains.

It
runs west to east,
roughly, or
from where it starts in the
pileup of earth, it runs
ESE
to be very exact. &
in spring the birds cross it
heading north.

Thousands and thousands of birds
heading north cross it heading
north .
Singing . It makes everyone
very happy. The
stream is reasonably happy by itself
running ESE
as it does
& is basically unaffected
by all those migrations
of thousands and thousands of birds.

—PAUL BLACKBURN

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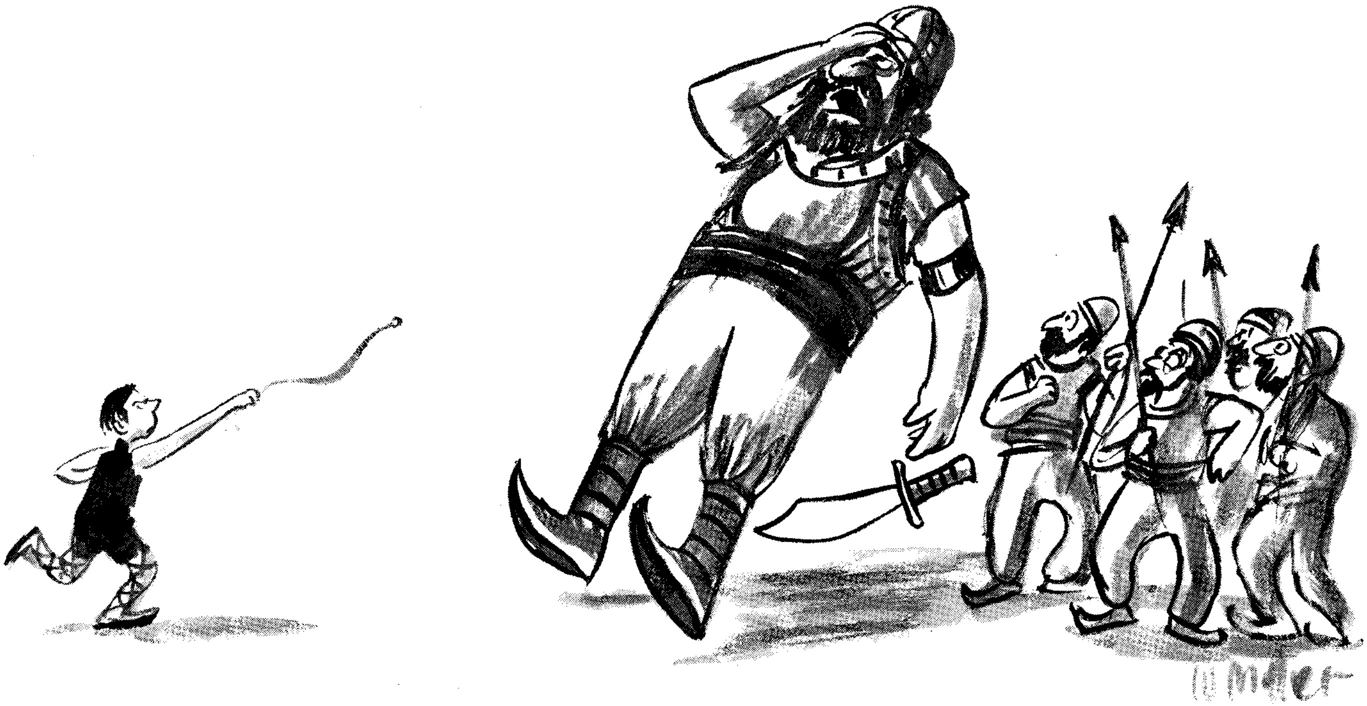


"Och! I've never felt so mortified!"

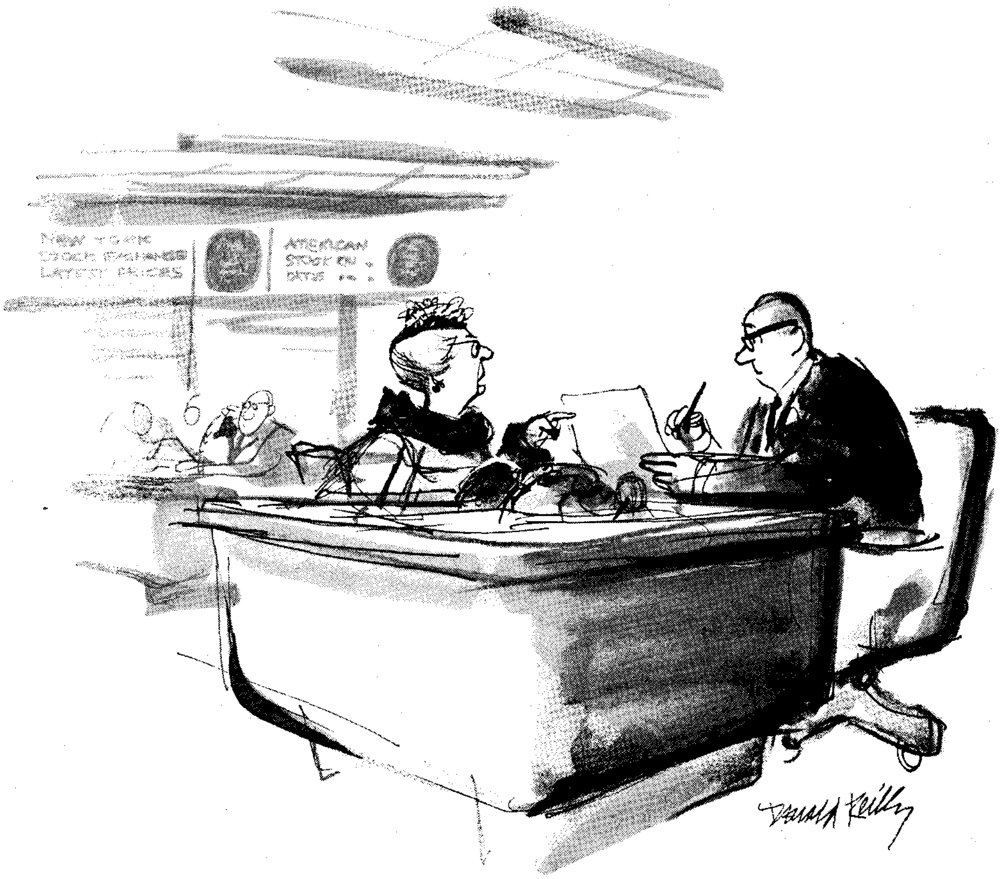
• •

the boys and I played the quiz game over and over again, and just before they went down to sleep I read them an adventure story. In the morning, they both had temperatures. I was busy nursing them for the next couple of weeks. I made beef tea a lot and broke bread into it and coaxed them to swallow those sops of savory bread. They were constantly asking to be entertained. The only things I could think of in the way of facts were particles of nature lore I had gleaned from one of my colleagues, a man in the television canteen. Even with embellishing, they took not more than two minutes to tell my children: a storm of butterflies in Venezuela; animals called sloths, which are so lazy they hang from trees and become covered with moss; the sparrows in England singing differently to the sparrows in Paris. "More," they would say. "More, more." Then we would have to play that silly game again or embark upon another adventure story.

At these times, I did not allow my mind to wander, but in the evenings, when their father came, I used to withdraw to the sitting room and have a drink. Well, that was disastrous. The leisure enabled me to brood. Also, I have very weak bulbs in the lamps, and the dimness gives the room a quality that induces reminiscence. I would be transported back. I enacted various kinds of reunion with my lover, but my favorite was our meeting unexpectedly in one of those tiled, inhuman, pedestrian subways and running toward each other and finding ourselves at a stairway that said (one in London actually does say), "To central island only," and laughing as we leaped up those stairs like people propelled by wings. In less indulgent phases, I regretted that we hadn't seen more sunsets, or cigarette advertisements, or something, because in memory our numerous meetings became one long, uninterrupted state of lovemaking without the ordinariness of things in between to fasten those peaks. The days, the nights with him seemed to have been sandwiched into a long, beautiful, but solitary night instead of being stretched to the seventeen occasions they actually were. Ah, white vanished peaks! Once, I was so sure that he had come into the room that I tore off a segment of an orange I had just peeled and handed it to him.

But from the other room I heard the low, assured voice of the children's father delivering information with the self-importance of a man delivering dogmas, and I shuddered at the degree of poison that now lay between him and me when once we'd admitted to love. Plagued love. Then some of the feeling I had for my husband transferred itself to my lover. In considering the death of the earlier love, I began to think of the more recent one and to wonder if it, too, could be called by something else. I was a stranger to myself for the questions I proposed and the answers I was obliged to admit to. Reason told me that the letter in which he had professed to love me was sham, that he had merely written it when he thought he was free of me, but, finding himself saddled once again, he withdrew and let me have the postcard. Hate was welling up. I wished multitudes of humiliation on him. I even plotted a dinner party that I would attend, having made sure that he was invited, and snub him throughout. My thoughts teetered between hate and the hope of something final between us so that I would be certain of his feelings toward me. Even as I sat in a bus, an advertisement that caught my eye was immediately related to him. It said, "DON'T PANIC, WE MEND, WE ADAPT, WE REMODEL." It was an advertisement for pearl stringing. I resolved that I would mend, and with a vengeance.

I CANNOT say when it first began to happen, because that would be too dramatic—and anyhow I do not know. The children were back at school, and we'd got over Christmas, and he and I had not even exchanged cards. But I began to think less harshly of him. The thoughts I had about him were silly thoughts, really. I hoped he was having little pleasures, like eating in restaurants, and clean socks, and red wine the temperature he liked it, and even—yes, even ecstasies in bed with his wife. These thoughts made me smile to myself inwardly, the kind of smile I had learned from him. I shuddered at the risk he'd run by seeing me at all. Of course, the earlier, injured thoughts battled with these new


NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE LATEST PRICES

"Now mind, I don't want to be caught in any industry that some young whippersnapper is about to blow the lid off of."

• •

ones. It was like carrying a taper along a corridor where the drafts are fierce and the chances of its staying alight pretty meagre. I thought of him and my children in the same instant; their foibles became his—my children telling me elaborate lies about how many sweets they'd eaten, his slight puffing when we climbed steps and his trying to conceal it. The age difference between us must have saddened him. It was around then, I think, that I really fell in love with him. His courtship of me, his telegrams, his eventual departure—even our lovemaking—were nothing compared with this new sensation. It rose like sap within me; it often made me cry—the fact that he could not benefit from it! The temptation to ring him had passed away.

His phone call came quite out of the blue. It was one of those times when I debated about answering, because mostly I let it ring. He asked if we could meet, if—and he said this so gently—my nerves were steady enough? I said my nerves were never better. That was a liberty I had to take. We met in a café for tea. Toast again. Just like the beginning. He asked how I was, remarked on my good complexion. Neither of us mentioned the incident of the postcard. Nor did he say what impulse had moved him to telephone. It may not have been impulse at all. He talked about his work and about how busy he'd been, and related a little story about taking an elderly aunt somewhere in the car and driving so slowly that she asked him to please hurry up because she could have walked there quicker.

"You're over it?" he said then, suddenly.

I looked at his face. I could see the question was on his mind. "I'm over it," I said, and dipped my finger into the sugar bowl and let him lick the white crystals off the tip. Poor man. I could not have told him anything else; he would not have understood. In a way, it was like being with someone else. He was not the one who had folded back the bedspread and brought a reservoir of love and finally left his cigar ash for preserving. He was the ghost of that one.

"We'll meet from time to time," he said.

"Of course." I must have looked dubious.

"Perhaps you don't want to?"

"Whenever you feel you would like to." I neither welcomed nor dreaded the thought. It would not make any difference to how I felt. That was the first time it occurred to me that all my life I had feared imprisonment—the nun's cell, the hospital bed, the places where one faced the self without distraction, without the crutches of other people—but, sitting there feeding him white sugar, I thought, I now have entered a cell, and this man cannot know what it is for me to love him the way I do, and I cannot weigh him down with it, because he is in another cell, confronted with other difficulties.

The cell reminded me of a convent, and for something to say I mentioned my sister the nun. "I went to see my sister."

"How is she?" he asked. He had often asked about her. He used to take an interest in her and ask what she looked like.

"She's fine," I said. "We were walking down a corridor, and she asked me to look around and make sure that there weren't any other sisters about, and then she hoisted her skirts up and slid down the bannisters."

"Dear girl," he said. He liked that story. The smallest things gave him such pleasure.

I enjoyed our tea. It was one of the nicest afternoons I had had in months, and, coming out, he gripped my arm and said how perfect it would be if we could get away for a few days. He meant it, too.

In fact, we kept our promise. We do meet from time to time. You could say things are back to normal again. By normal I mean a state wherein I notice the moon, trees, blobs of spit like jade upon the pavement; I look at strangers and see in their expressions something of my own predicament. I am part of everyday life, I suppose. There is a lamp in my bedroom that gives out a dry crackle each time a train goes by, and at night I count those crackles, because that is when he comes back. I mean the real he—not the man who confronts me from time to time across a café table but the man that dwells somewhere within me. He rises before my eyes—his praying hands, his sly eyes, his inner smile, the veins on his cheeks, the calm voice speaking sense to me. I suppose you wonder why I torment myself like this with details of his presence, but I need it; I cannot let go of him now, because if I did all our happiness and my subsequent pain—I cannot vouch for his—will have been for nothing, and in my experience nothings are two a penny these days.

—Edna O'Brien

THE PREDATOR

YESTERDAY, while mousing in the meadow, Ezra saw a car drift down the road and, remembering that cars now carry men with guns, he ran toward the barn. Looking into the meadow from an upstairs window, I saw his body extended in the graceful forward motion that for almost twelve years had set him apart from the clumsy men who come to the farm with dogs and guns to kill. One of these men, having appeared at our back door some years ago to explain his intention to kill the mourning doves that were feeding in our cornfield, said, "A dove is one of the fastest targets we have. So you needn't be afraid we'll shoot all of them. The average hunter is happy if he gets a dozen of the weak and the old—birds that will be killed by predators anyway." I had believed him, knowing that for each one of us there is a predator; the game of living is nothing more than an attempt to postpone the day when predator and prey meet. But even so I had said, "Please don't. I don't want to see them when they're dead." Laughing, this hunter left the house and took his party to other, presumably greener, cornfields.

That was the fall Ezra was born. And now it was spring, more than eleven years later, the time of the year again when only red squirrels, raccoons, woodchucks, grackles, opossums, skunks—and cats—must be wary of men with guns. Remembering this, I was wary, too. Certainly the caution with which the driver of the car slowed down and stopped where Ezra, with his fur bristling in all directions, had taken flight a moment earlier was strange enough to make me wonder why the car had stopped. Unable to see the driver, I could not guess what was in his mind. Perhaps, I thought, the car, which belonged to a neighbor who often hunted on the farm, was being used by his wife or a mutual acquaintance in the neighborhood who, knowing Ezra, had stopped to say a comforting word and praise him for having lived so long. In fact, the words "They have stopped to admire him" had taken shape in my thoughts and blocked my natural reaction to Ezra's fear: running from the house in the hope of protecting him.

Then I hear the rifle's report and begin to run, like Ezra, toward the barn. And there, in the shadow of the barn, I see Ezra—dying.

"Oh, Ezra. Ezra." I try to believe that he heard me.

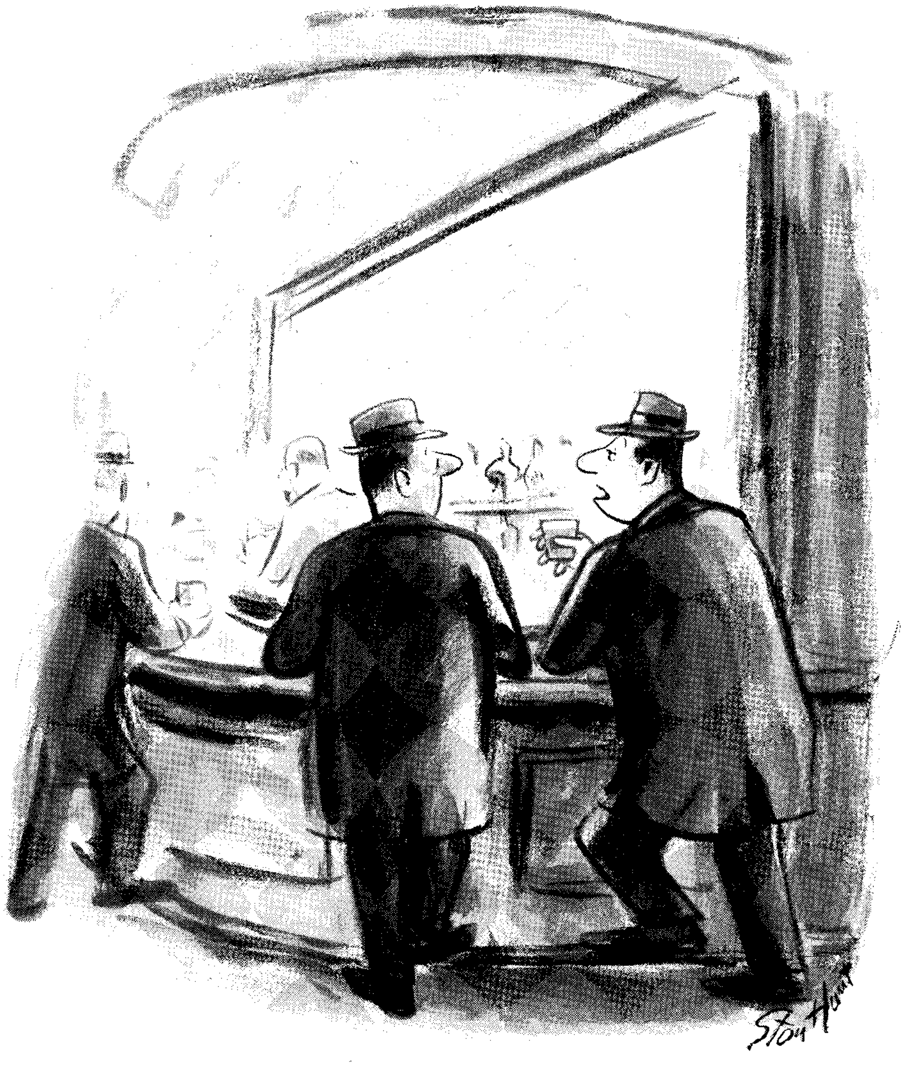
In the summer, when we mow the grass that will grow over his grave under the holly tree, we may be grateful that the man in the car could shoot so well, sparing us and Ezra the humiliation of slow death and mutilation. I remember now what our son, Eric, said when my father died at my feet: "He died well." Ezra also died well. And, aside from his premature weaning and later castration, Ezra lived well, too.

Sometimes, after a nap or a meal, Ezra came to the sofa where I was catnapping and began to "nurse." Sometimes he presented himself to feminine callers and suggested that they take him in their arms and hold him while he pretended to be a very young kitten. Then we set him on the floor and said, "Poor Ezra thinks you are his mother."

Today, I wonder why we laughed at Ezra, who, having survived the torments of his weaning and gelding, was able to go on living with grace and good humor. Why was I angry when he brought the young quail to the kitchen door for me to admire? It was his quail and he would have given it to me. Why did Eric sob so that I thought the telephone connection had broken when I told him that Ezra had been shot? Is it because he gave Ezra to me when he married and left home to go on the long trip from which both of us knew there could be no return—hurried visits and letters, but no homecoming? Ezra, however, had enjoyed the freedom that Eric's going gave him and, although a city cat, took to the farm and brought back to the house presents of cardinals and indigo buntings until, on the first morning of his stay in the country, the lawn was abloom with birds.

NOW, why do I weep for Ezra? The predator and I will meet one day. Until then, Eric will bring me presents and words of gratitude, and take whatever comfort he can from me. I must tell him that Ezra died well and there is no need to weep for him.

—LINDA GRACE HOYER

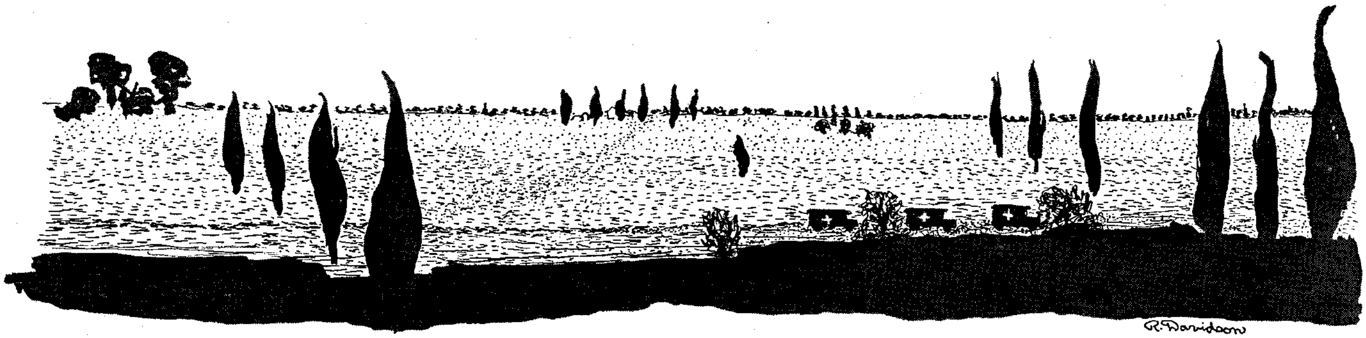


"You know what I am, Mac? I'm a mute inglorious goddam Milton."

PROFILES

A PRELUDE~III

LANDSCAPES, CHARACTERS, AND CONVERSATIONS FROM THE EARLIER YEARS OF MY LIFE



EDITORS' NOTE: This is the last of a series of autobiographical articles by Edmund Wilson.

THE ARMY
1917~1919

[When war was declared, I did not know what to do. I did not want to be drafted, but unless I enlisted I should be. Most of my friends were training to be officers. They did this as a matter of course, but I knew I could never be an officer and had little or no enthusiasm for the war. The most painful moments of my life have been due to indecision. I usually know exactly what I want to do, and it has been only when I could not make up my mind that I have really gone to pieces. But David Hamilton, a Yale friend of mine, wrote me from Detroit that he was enlisting in a hospital unit and suggested that I might come out there and do the same. Base Hospital 36 went into camp on the fair grounds in September, but we were not sent to France till November. These weeks were incredibly boring. I was to remain in the Army almost two years—I enlisted in August, 1917, and was not mustered out till July, 1919.]

BLANCHARD'S laughter was like the silly incessant yapping of a pup.

State Fair, Detroit: The rockets bloomed against the black in monstrous flowers that would float for a moment and then fade.

The aeroplane was seen high up under the blue dome, like a fly on a ceiling.

Along the Mile Road, when we came from Grosse Pointe in the morning, the straw-cocks streaked the yellow meadows to the west, and when we returned in the late afternoon the shadows lay toward the east.

I asked Sergeant Baker in the recreation tent what day of the month it was. He was brooding morosely with head in his hands—presumably upon his long weeks of work as director of the latrine-cleaning. "I don't know," he answered, and then after a long silence, "I don't know how long I been dead."

[At the fair grounds, I had a good deal of time on my hands, so wrote a good deal of verse. I feel apologetic toward the reader for including a few of my juvenile poems, but they are part of the record, too. My broodings were expressed in verse.]

SEPTEMBER, 1917

I

A second autumn since that sharpest day
When all the Princeton bells had ceased to sound,
And, as I looked, before I turned away,
The sunny street was like a sudden wound
And empty night hung heavy o'er the ground
Where first, beside a far forgotten shrine,
The gods of Hellas and of France I found,
And read of Dante, made through love divine;
Where first I came to know what high place might be mine.

II

And now September makes the autumns four
Since in the London streets I wandered late
And saw the silly mob go mad for war,
And, knowing not what powers wrote its fate,
Learned only to contemn alike its hate
And gross desires that beer and shouting fed.
Ironic lesson! I had but to wait
Four autumns ere its voice struck Princeton dead;
And I were glad of that old grief in this dull dread.

III

Meanwhile I watched the faces, merry and kind,
That talked and laughed with me and took their flight
And, laughing, left the bitter life behind
Where there is neither learning, art, nor light;
And the bright walls of friends shut from my sight
The streets of wretched towns, forever mean
(For all the sun can never make them bright
And all the rain can never make them clean),
Till sometimes friendly walls seemed but a flimsy screen.

IV

Ah! you with whom I used to jest and sing,
Adrift in a boat beneath the stardecked sky,
I sat among you, sad and wondering
That ever song should cease or laughter die,
And, standing on your hilltop, clear and high
(Now the last day our freest youth fulfills;
Nor did we mark how swift the summers fly),
See the last sunset strewn along the hills
In broken gold and rose its splendid breaking spills.

V

Gold we have spent and roses that are dead!

Ah, pardon me! most merry and most kind,
Beneath whose roof I soothed a troubled head,
And do not think me hard or think me blind,
Because, upon your hills, I could not find,
Among your loves and ways of life, my own,
But searched afar with eager restless mind.
Your laughter dies but still I search alone
For that great oldest thing that I have ever known.

VI

How should your love be mine? how should your mirth
Be mine, whose ship, from bitter tempest come,
Dropped anchor for a day at your dear perth;
But there was one from oldest years wherefrom
I heard brave words when all the world was dumb,
Whose face I saw when all men's else were shade,
And swore to live without the rule of thumb
That binds the mob and makes the mean afraid,
Knowing I should be strong with truth's unshattered blade.

VII

—Brave words to hear but broken words and few;
And I may never see his face again,
For he who, through his eyes, made all roads new—
A splendid thing the very autumn rain!—
Takes now a road whose end makes black my brain;
And I, detesting that which I have been,
My service unperformed, my skill made vain,
Go silent with the foolish and obscene.
Patience! my heart, and forge your sword and keep it clean.

[I knew even then that this was much too grandiloquent and that it sometimes fell into banality, and I never attempted to publish it.]

The Trains

[I composed the first version of the following while on sentry duty at night in Detroit.]

I heard the trains in Michigan
Go wailing through the autumn night;
Their swift diminished ringing ran
And faded fast in eager flight.

I heard the news their shouting told
And oldest romance knew again,
Whose voice disturbed my dreams of old:
Strange cities and the work of men:

"From Jersey City to the Sault
Our wake is scotched in smoke and spark,
And dowdy people hurry through,
Like gods with something great to do—
By fields in all-effacing dark,
By bridges rattling in the dark,
By bridges in the dark!"

I thought of stations where, entombed
In frigid sheds or marble halls,
I paced, reflected and consumed
Books never bought at station stalls;

Kind trains that were to carry me,
Rocking above the brick-red town—
So fine to look below and see,
So grimly mean—and set me down

Where skies are bleak and hills are bare
And molten slag makes red the night;
I found them rich nor was that flare
The only fire that lent them light.

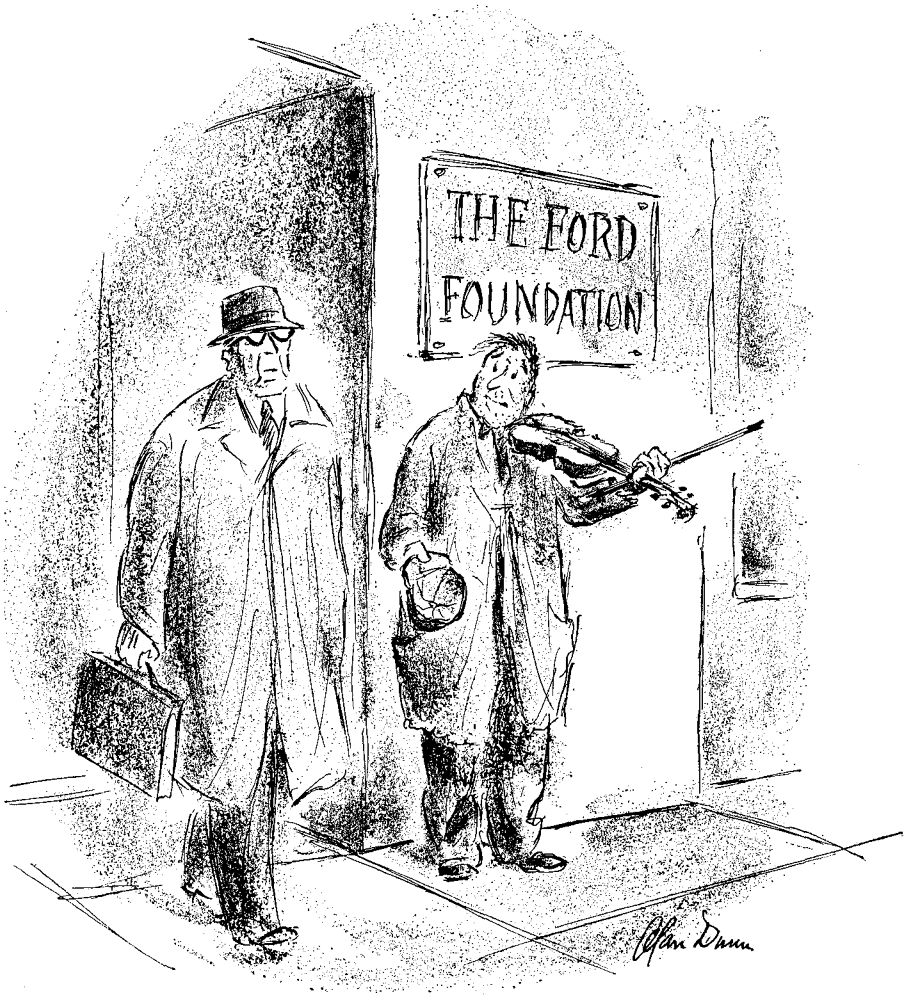
(Yet, grimy trains! I should do ill,
In playing your apologist,
To hold less dear, remembering still,
The evening lights of Lambertville,
The Delaware in morning mist,

The air with April orchards sweet,
That wore their bridal dress so soon,
The hamlets where we stopped to eat
And found a railing for our feet
And watched the oafs pitch quoits at noon.

Ah, smooth red roads that had no ends!
The morning fades; the spring is past;
No more I follow you with friends,
With friends to meet me at the last!)

—Swift trains along the Hudson's shore,
Which left the city's faceless walls
For prouder cliffs and hills that score
The thunder of the goblin balls—

A spirit rugged and austere,
Yet fresher than the times can fade,
Which stands behind and stands so near
That vast and empty world of trade;



Trains middle-class across the marsh,
The oily gloom of Newark Bay,
Passing Elizabeth the harsh
And Perth Amboy the less than gay,

New Brunswick, whom her river shames—
The changeless list that Princeton crowns—
So many noble ancient names!
So many sordid modern towns!—

Till finials prick above the trees
From Gothic roofs in gentle fogs,
Where even iron Cyclopes
Shuffle and pant as tame as dogs;

Trains men may overtake on foot,
That clank and jerk, stop short, start on,
Yet, comfortless and filled with soot,
Still stagger through to Washington—

That Washington whose candid peace
No smoke could stain or whistle break,
But only children's ecstasies
Of laughter on a little lake—

Where, sleeping in the summer wood
Or chambers open to the stars,
My mind was calm and ceased to brood
The sting and ache of its own scars.

Yet distant engines hooted still:
"You shall not buy repose so cheap!
You must return for good or ill!
We were not fashioned through your will,
But who are you that you should sleep?
You needs must fashion ere you sleep,
Must fashion ere you sleep!"

PRINCETON: APRIL, 1917

There runs the high gray line of tower and tree,
Which like a sharp-drawn shadow now appears,
Screened by the mist that comes so quietly,
As if spring's happy rain were turned to tears.

There flies a flag no bigger than a midge;
Below my train the placid lake is dun,
Where no bare oarsmen pierce below the bridge
And no white-hatted paddlers take the sun.

Ah, might I come to Princeton now as then,
A year ago, on some clear April day!—

(Now April makes the meadows green again,
Before the trees have felt the touch of May)—

And smell the little courtyard dashed with bloom;
And, winning sight to know my brothers blind,
Wear out the night with Plato in my room
To meet the morning with a crystal mind;

And ride again along the dripping lane
And feel the silver sharpness of the stars—
When, mocking life and unannealed by pain,
We hardly heard the crash of distant wars.

All order acquiesced in our desires;
All history was acted for our sport.
Surely the moon was set to light our spires;
Surely the stars were shut in Holder Court.

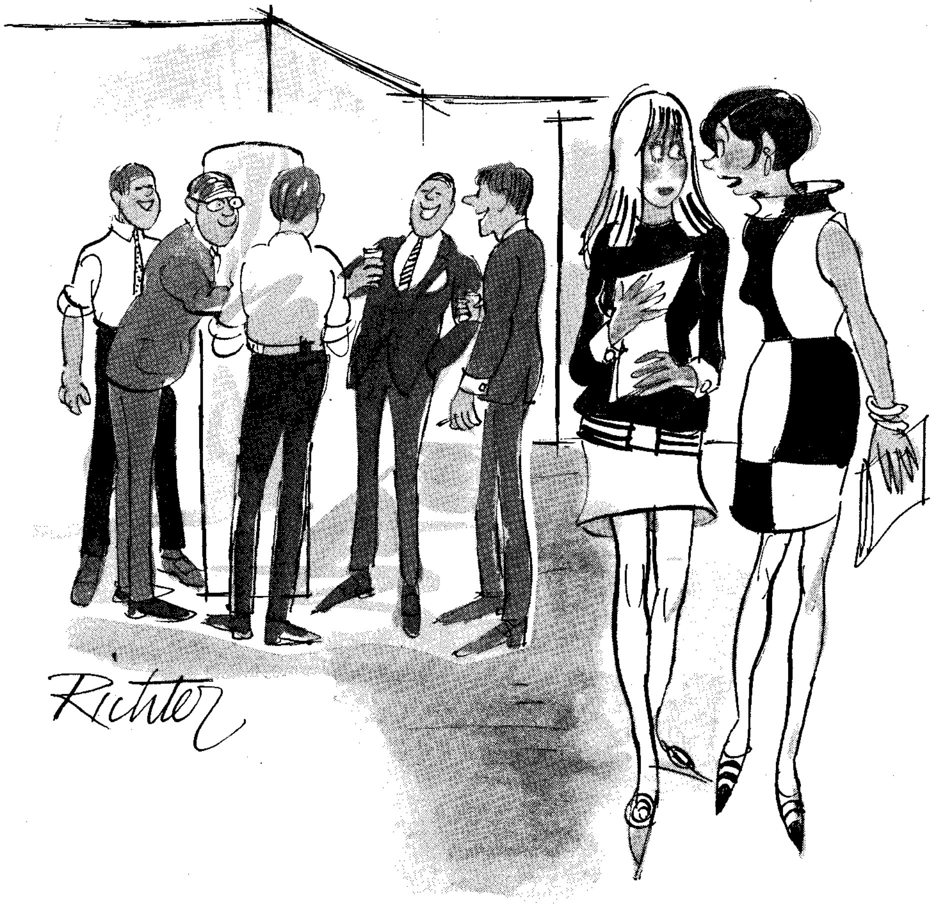
Ah, Princeton, is your purpose all forgot?
Is all your mirth and learning left behind?
I listen for your voice and hear it not;
I search the streets for things I cannot find.

"Nay, even should you find me still more sad—
Empty and lonely, passionless and dumb—
And should the men come back to Princeton clad
In grimmer garb, or should they never come,

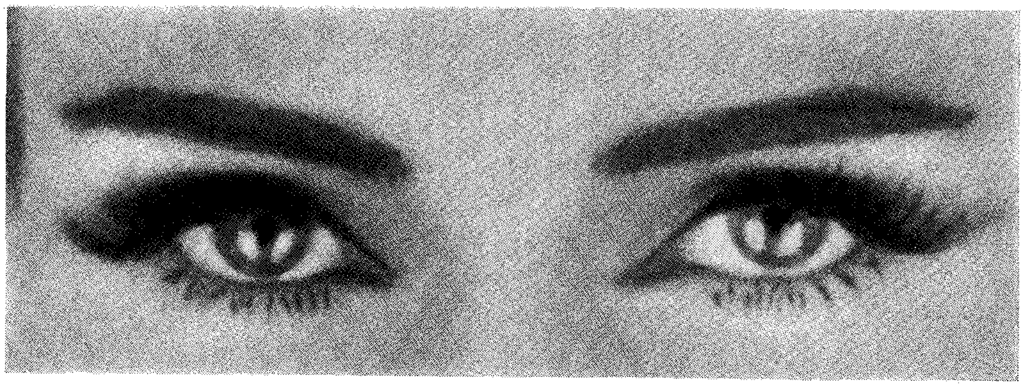
"Because my dreams are still the living ones—
The very dreams of empire not so large—
Because my bells are clearer than the guns;
Because my books are braver than the charge,

"When all the hate and foolishness of men
Is spent, the stars that seem to glide so high
Shall never stray from Holder Court again
Nor can the broken music ever die;

"And men who have not known the cloud shall come
To waken laughter through the soundless street,



"Don't get too serious with any of those fellows. The computers are coming."



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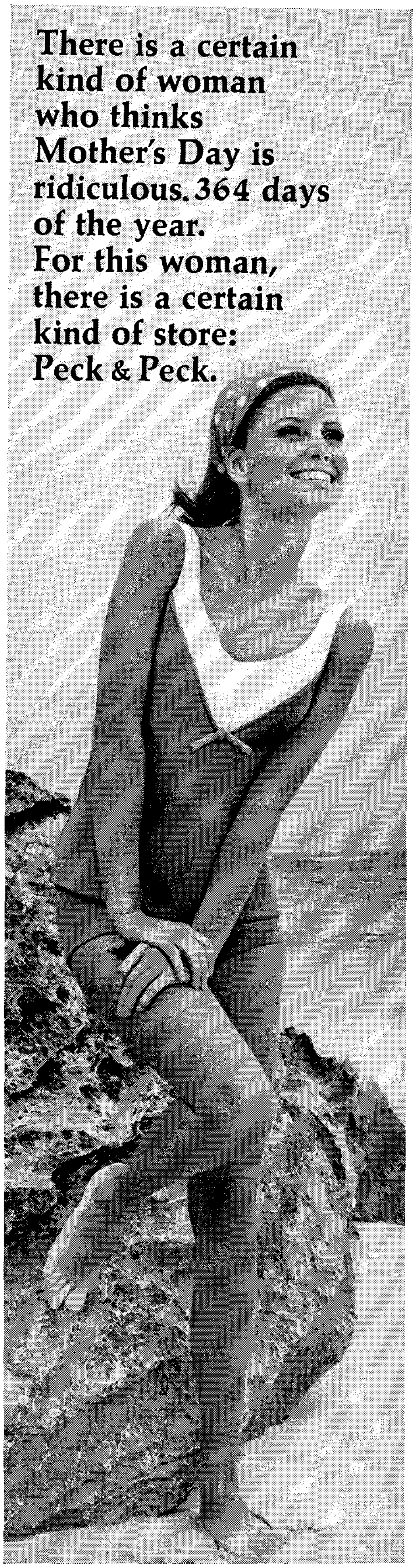

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Where now you stand, a stranger in
your home,
Unwelcomed by the men you never
meet."

[On rereading these poems, I am somewhat touched and yet a little surprised at my lyrical attachment to Princeton. I can hardly imagine that any young man could feel anything of the kind nowadays for Princeton or for any other such institution. All this was a part of the world which, with the war, almost ceased to exist. On revisiting Princeton after the war, as I often did in order to see Christian Gauss, my old professor of Romance Languages, I had no sentimental emotions. By the time I read Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise," his picture of Princeton life had seemed to me more or less preposterous. I told him later that he had never really been to Princeton, that he had always been drunk or deluded, and had lived in a personal fantasy. He had made little attempt to learn anything, as far as his courses were concerned, and he had no idea whatever as to how the University worked. Yet these poems and notes show that to some extent I had shared his infatuation.]

The tuning up of the big horns sounded like the trumpetings of the elephant house.

Bloomfield Hills: The reds and greens and yellows of the woods were faded like the colors of a tapestry. The marshes were rank with pitcher plant gaping up with red-veined mouths and more rarely gentians flecked the grass, like little tongues of blue flame.

[Our unit was taken by train from Detroit to New York, from which we sailed. On the train, I read Joyce's "Dubliners" and H. L. Mencken's "Book of Prejudices."]

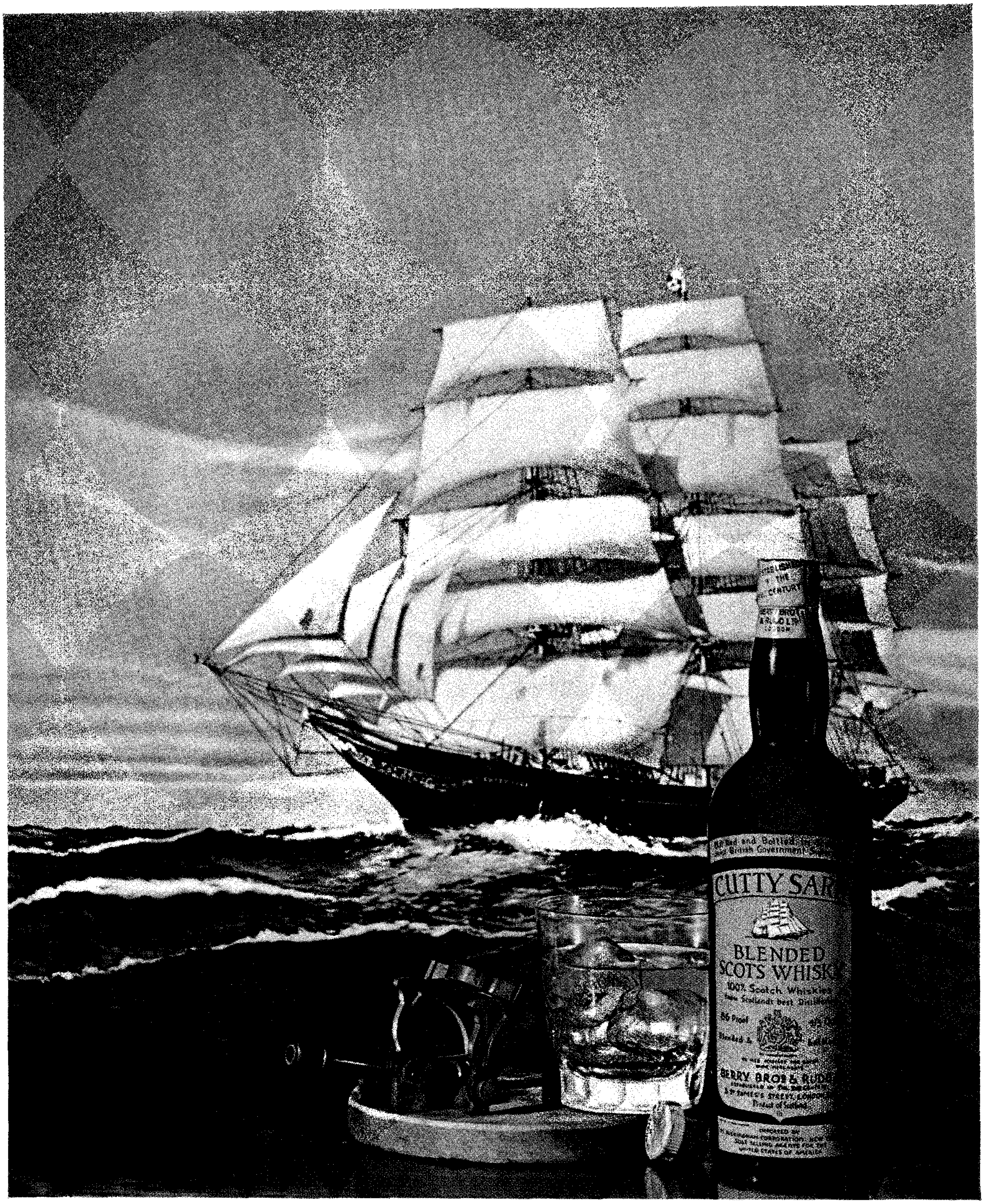
Near Scranton, the midnight countryside of November was cold and bleak, with a sharp bright moon that showed the fields in a dry light and found reverberated reflection in the thicket-lined streams. Now and then there was a small town of houses, black and blank, in which an occasional pale yellow window, ghostly in these cold small hours, only made those other darkened houses of men more lifeless and inhuman.

[We crossed in a wretched old boat, and I, having a name that began with W, was assigned to a steerage which had been condemned; it was stinking and suffocating. I first became aware of the grievances that enlisted men feel against officers when I learned that there were empty first-class cabins, in which we were not allowed to sleep. David Hamilton offered to share his bunk with me, and we slept head to feet, sardinewise. But there already were, I think, six men in this cabin, and the air was extremely bad. When it was possible, I slept on deck on one of the iron benches and was wakened very early when a sailor turned a hose on to clean the deck. The food appeared to be vile the only time I visited the dining room. A horrible smell of fish made me realize I could never face it. Those of us who had enough money lived entirely on chocolate and oranges bought at the ship's canteen. It was the roughest voyage I have ever made. The ship would swing back and forth, and the deck, first on one side, then on the other, seemed almost perpendicular to the sea. It was impossible to use the companionways. But I had only two qualms of seasickness—one on that only occasion when I had stuck my nose into the dining room, and once, though I managed to control it, when, at the worst of our rocking progress, I was reading in the smoking room. I spent a good deal of time in this smoking room, where, in spite of the stifling fumes and the loud talk of the men of another unit, I managed to get through those comedies of Shakespeare that I did not already know. I had here my first experience of how maddeningly monotonous the profanity and obscenity of the Army can be. There was one rather curious thing that they liked to chant in chorus, with a refrain: "Whereupon they all laughed. All except the Lady Alice. *She—was—a—sour—old—bitch!*" I was later to discover that this had been taken from Mark Twain's "1601."

In England, we had to wait a few days in what was called a rest camp at Southampton, where we slept in water-flooded tents. I there learned for the first time from a newspaper of the Bolshevik revolution in Russia. I found in a Southampton bookshop Chesterton's "Short History of England" and Henry James's posthumous "The Sense of the Past," and read them during the rest of our journey.

David and I, at Southampton, had a conversation with a British soldier, by whose language I was fascinated.]

Duffy, speaking of the little Bir-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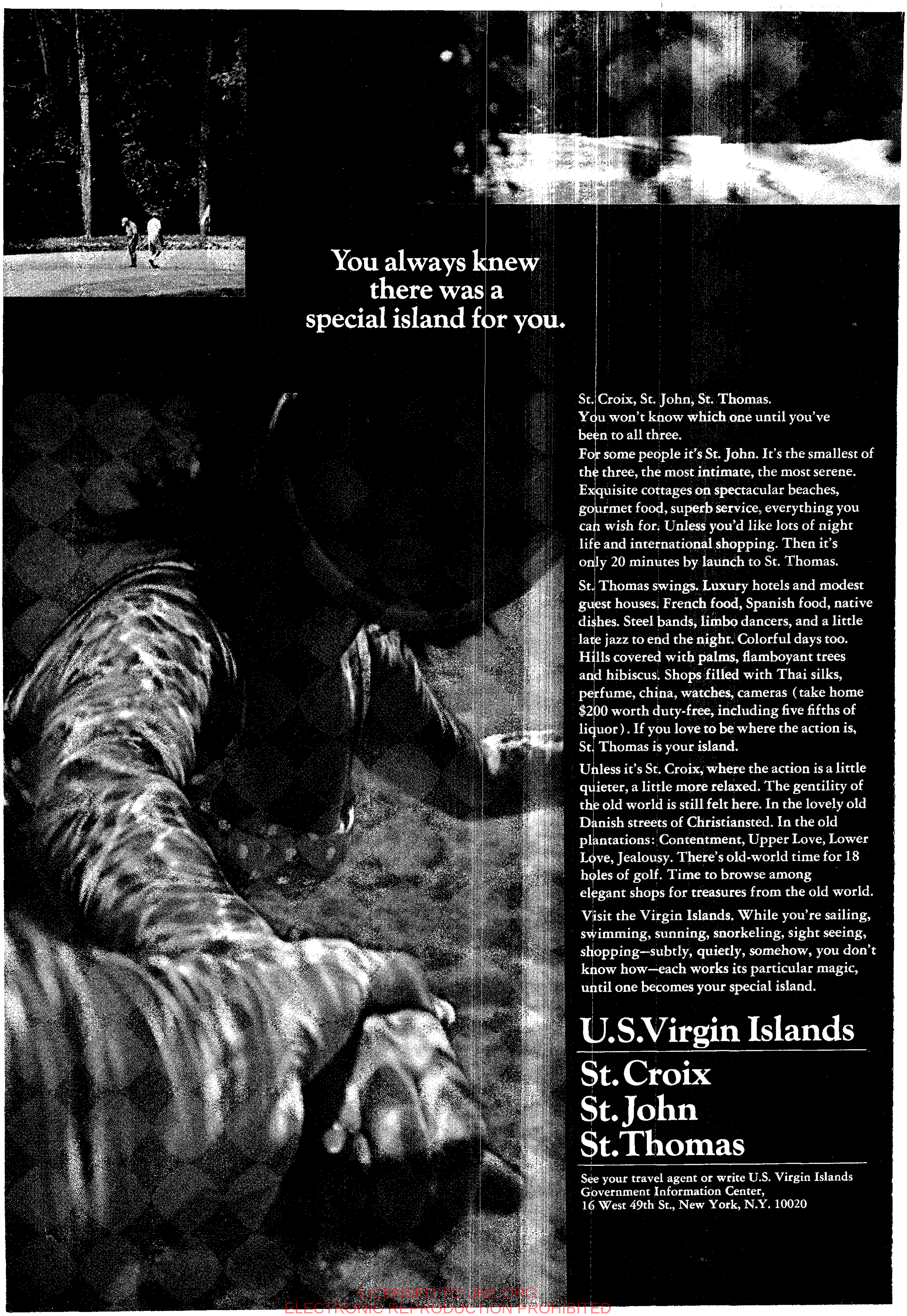

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U.S.Virgin Islands

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mingham patternmaker: "Why, the likes of him has to put in a requisition to speak to the likes of me. I'm one of the few! French's Contemptibles, that's what I am! . . . We've fought a lot. How to treat mosquito bites. There's two kinds of mosquitoes: the ordinary kind that buzzes and bites, you know. But then there's the cooties [*cooties* was the word for *lice*, and they could hardly have been classed with mosquitoes]; they have boots on and they don't bite, they kick. And them is poisonous. And you have to be treated for it. And how to treat a man with sunstroke and how to treat a man in a fit. Why, you gives the sunstroke stimulants but you don't give the fit no stimulants. You know, a man falls in a fit and he's rolling on the ground, and you see a lot of chaps gather around him and get on top of him, and if the fit don't kill him, they will, you know. But they teach us all about how to hold him down and don't give him no stimulants. . . . Well, I'm one of those, I know all that. . . . The Kayser he was standin' on a hill, lookin' down on the battle, and he says, 'Curse them! the British bulldogs! They know not when they're beaten!' And we know why he always has his hand in his coat, too. Don't you know, whenever he has his picture taken, he always sticks his hand in his coat. Well, do you know what that's for? To scratch hisself! The same ones. . . . I'm not going back to England, not much, though it ought to be better to live in than it ever was before. . . . Why, because the people'll wake up and find how they've been kidded. Why, in peacetimes, didn't somebody get up in the Houses of Parliament and say that a British workman ought to be able to live on one pound and eighteen bob a week and support himself and support a wife and kid? No, I'm not going back to England! I'm going to a White Man's Country! . . . Why, Africa! Where a nigger can't walk on the sidewalk with a white man. They keeps 'em in chains. And what's more, you can see all the lords—Lord Milner and Lord Curzon! . . . Oh, yes, the Yankees are goin' in! We'll stand by you! Never let it be said that we lef' you! . . . Oh, but it's terrible when you think of it! Fightin' in the air and fightin' under the water and fightin' under the ground. I tell you, won't it be a great day for the British Army when they can come up out of those ditches and have a look round! . . . I suppose they'll send me to Rouen. Oh, there's an odd lot of officers there. Some of them's never

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fired an angry round. 'Do it like this: In! Out! In! Out!' Still, it's quite all right, if they can get it. It's quite all right!"

[The Channel boat was held up for at least a day by rumors of submarines. The British soldiers sang lugubrious songs. We slept on our packs on the decks and floors.]

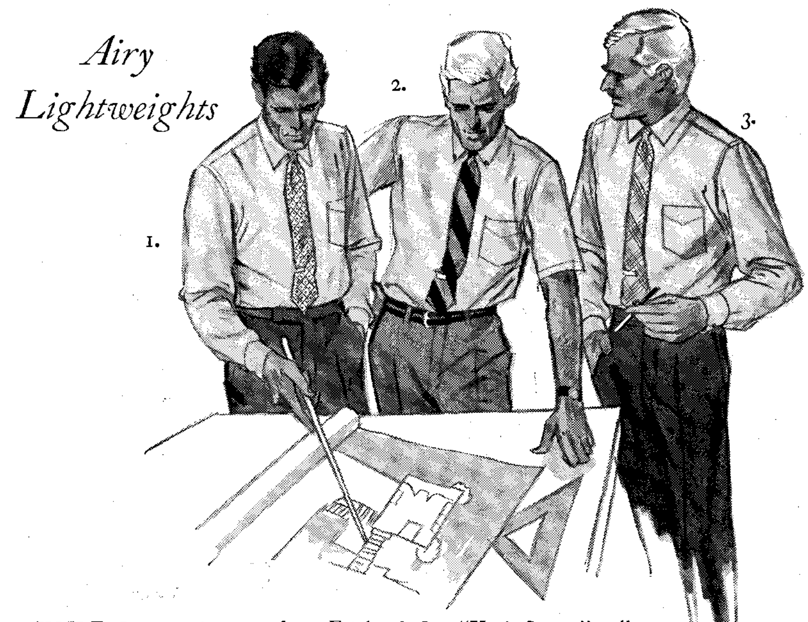
An English soldier on the boat: "I down't give a —— if the bowt gows dahn; it doesn't belong to me!"

[I described our boxcar journey from Le Havre to Vittel in a story I wrote in the Army. The case of this dying boy was real, and so were most of the incidents. I attempted, after the Armistice, to send the story to a magazine, but was reprimanded by the officer who was acting as censor and considered it somehow subversive. It was eventually printed in the *Liberator* and afterward included in "The Undertaker's Garland," a book that John Peale Bishop and I published after the war.]

The Death of a Soldier

HENRY had a magnificent thrill at the Havre rest camp. The dirty chicken-wire bunks of the French barracks were the first authentic sign he had seen of the squalor of the war. Everything in America had been adequate and new, but here the grasp had slipped; the war was gaining on them. The filthiness of these old sheds, where for three years soldiers had been coming and going, gave him a ghastly sinking of the heart, to which lurid rumors added. It seemed that things were very desperate, and they were going straight to the front; it seemed that they were going to be brigaded with the French. These wholly unfounded statements, born of the excitement of the moment, had at once been accepted as well-established fact and everybody was telling everybody else about them with a grimness not devoid of gusto.

But when he went out of doors, he was exhilarated by the November sunshine, which brought out the reds and blues and khakis of the passing uniforms and lent splendor even to the barracks. He watched the strange crowd with wonder. The English officers stalked along in glittering smartness; they did not regard the rest of the world and hardly spoke to each other. The French *poilus* seemed tired



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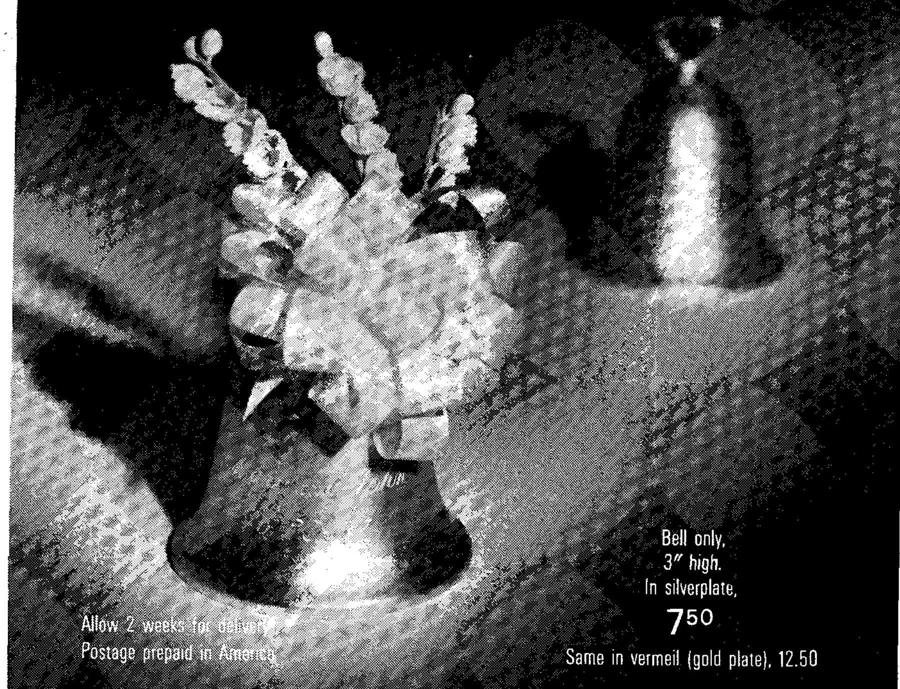
JACCARD'S WEDDING BELL



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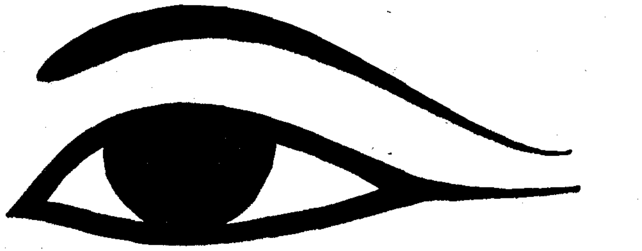

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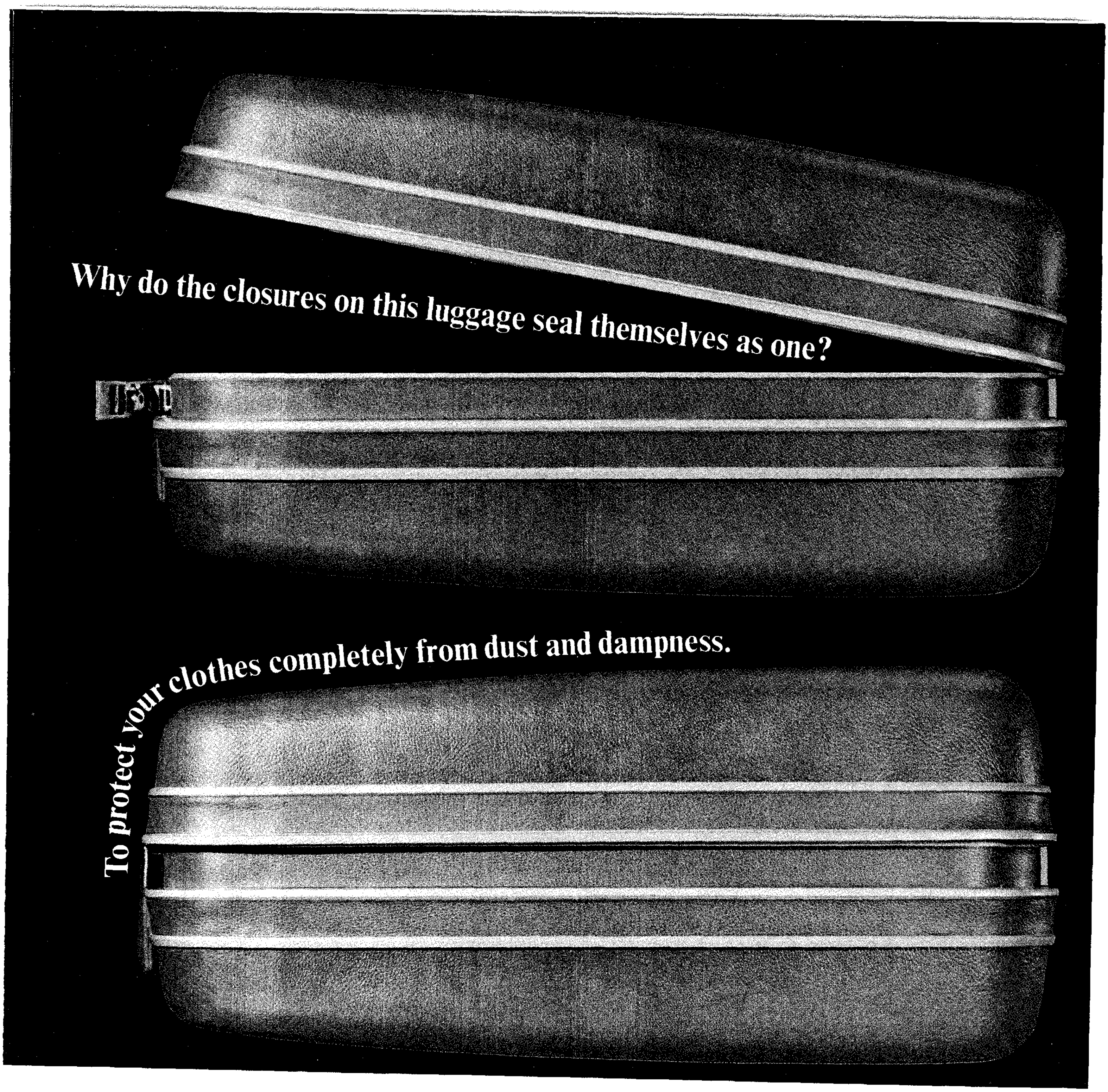
and untidy and ridiculously small. Here and there one saw an American officer, very solemn and a little self-conscious of the freshness of his uniform. He would have thought it all rather gay if he had not been in the Army and felt always the oppression of being handled like a thing without will. They could do absolutely anything they liked with him; he had felt that in the barracks as he had never felt it before. They could tell him to go to more horrible places than barracks and he would have to go and stay there. And he was dismayed to find how much the edge was taken off his enjoyment by the iron, unshakable sense that he was not his own master. Still, he felt keen pride at being there. This was the World War! These were the things you saw pictures of in the American Sunday papers! And how much he had grown up since he first went to camp in June!

He had enlisted at eighteen, on his graduation from high school. "The young men and women who go out into the world this spring," the superintendent had said in his Commencement address, "have a glorious opportunity such as no other class has been offered. It has fallen to their lot—it becomes their inestimable privilege—to vindicate before the world the honor of our free America! Nothing grieves me more at this moment than the fact that I am not young enough to bear arms myself, and I envy you young men with all my heart for the Great Adventure that is before you." The minister had said in church, "Take up the sword for Christ! The German Antichrist—the Ambassador of Hell—has ravished France and Belgium and, unless we smite it first, will hold bleeding in its talons the country that we love and that we must needs defend. The Hun must be made to pay with his own blood that which he has ruthlessly spilled! He must suffer the pains and privations which he has been inflicting on the innocent! We are fighting not only for Democracy but for *Christianity!* 'Vengeance is mine!' saith the Lord!" And Henry, walking alone in scented dusks of June, had decided that even his uncle's real-estate business in New Bedford was far too flat a way to begin the world.

The first weeks of his training had disappointed him a little. After the sober piety of his home, the life of the barracks shocked him. Not even when he went to high school had he heard such language as this, but, since this was the language of the Army, he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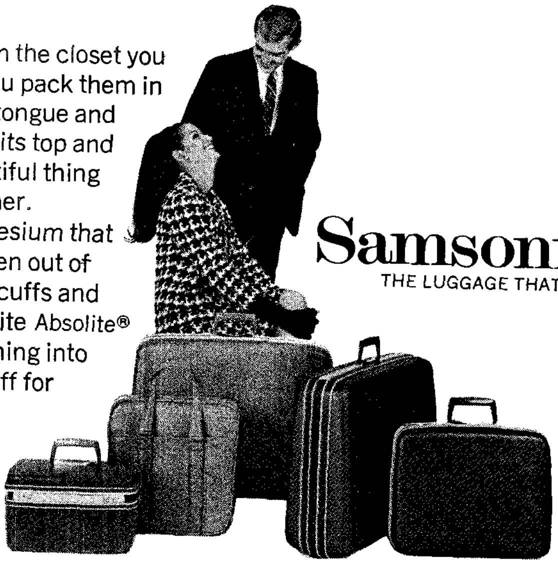

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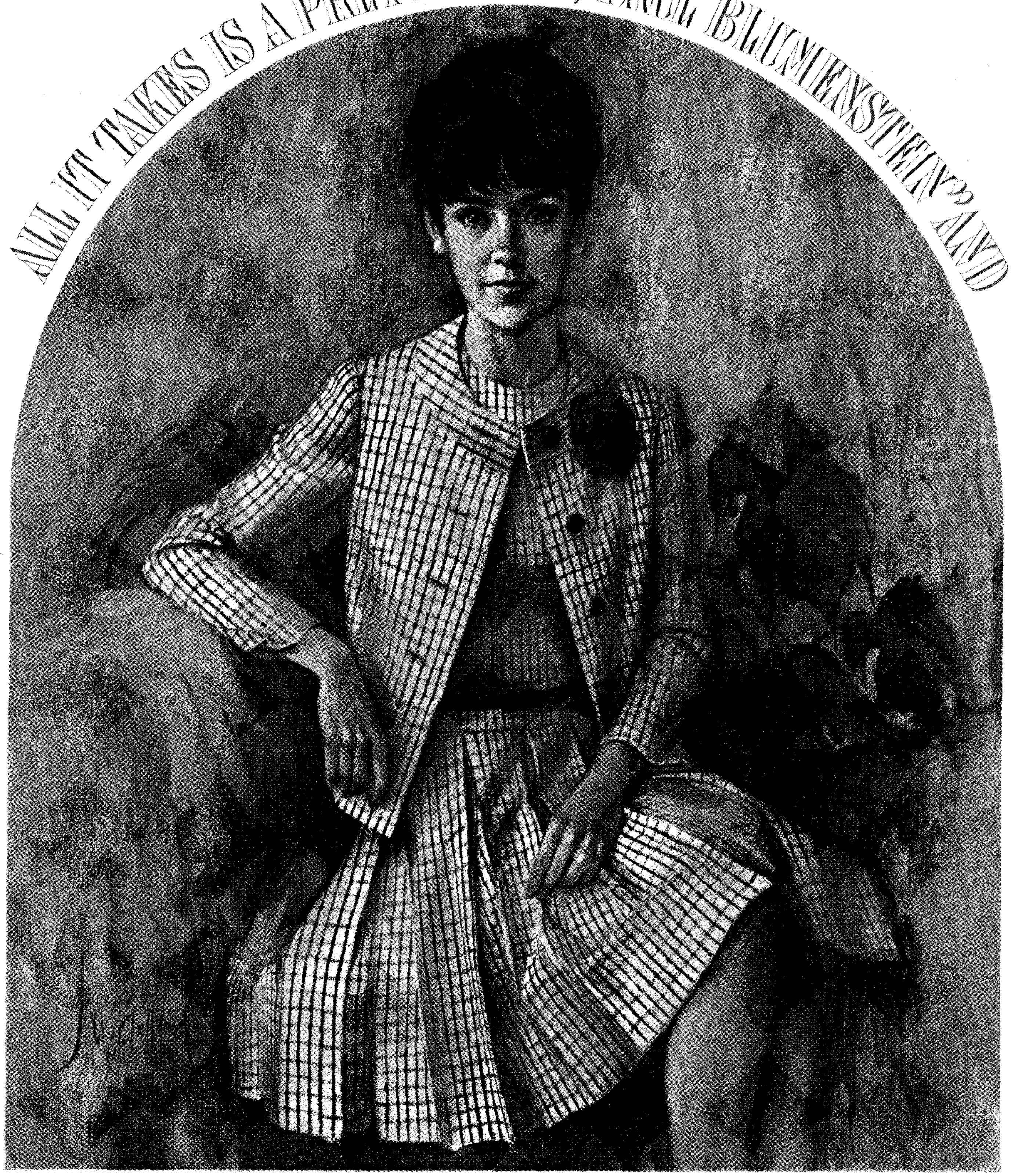

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*T.M.

would of course have to learn it, and he had soon got the hang of a vocabulary which clashed with his innocent eyes. In a month he had learned all the other things, too, that are fundamental for a soldier: the habit of not making plans and surrendering the direction of his life; the right formula in morose complaining when he was given anything to do; how to produce the impression of working when he was not working, but, when he did work, how to work harmoniously with anybody; self-repression in the presence of officers and the acceptance of a lower valuation of himself as a private in the Army than as a student in a New England high school and the son of a respectable farmer; ability to enjoy and get on with any sort of man, and inability to consider any woman except in one simple relation.

Now, he felt, he was really almost a man. He had discovered with excitement that the taboos of home need not be binding. You could curse like a baggage man if you wanted to, without its doing any harm, and the men who swore and drank most he found the most amusing of all; they seemed to have more fun in them, more imagination than the others, and they had had more adventures. As long as he had been encamped near home, to be sure, he had left the whores alone, but when he should get to France—well, everybody knew what France was! And you didn't take much risk because the government would disinfect you afterward. In the States he hadn't been able to drink except furtively and it was with a thrill of adventure and freedom that he went into the English Y.M.C.A. and had beer among the absurd voices of the English soldiers. If only he could get rid of that damn cold that he had caught on the ship and from sleeping on the ground at Southampton, he would be pretty well satisfied, he thought. . . .

That night he was horribly tired and had a sore throat and a headache and he tried to get to sleep early in the barracks, but there were a lot of people drunk who kept yelling and singing till midnight. And after they had subsided, everybody began to cough; it was like the barking and roaring of a menagerie. "Sounds like a goddam t.b. ward!" said somebody. Then all the lights were suddenly turned on and raucous voices shouted, "All out!" It was an artillery company that was leaving at four in the morning. They swore sullen oaths like heavy blows. Then someone began to sing an endless obscene song, which afforded them

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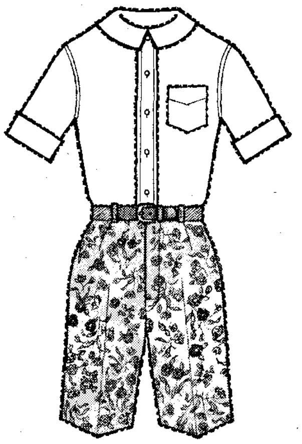

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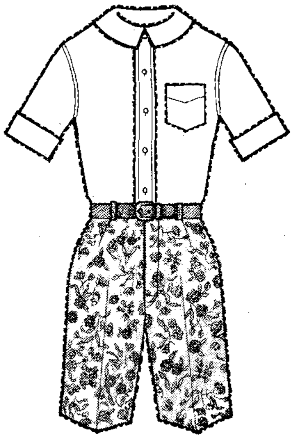

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some relief by allowing them to join in the chorus. When they had finally gone and the lights were out again, the November fog leaked in through the paneless windows and felt for his legs through the blankets with chill fingers. He was thankful for the chicken wire, anyway, he told himself, because, even though it was dirty and no warmer than sleeping on the wind, it was luxurious after the wet ground he had had in England. And at the rest camp he had met men who had told him about sleeping in stables on dung heaps. Well, that was what he'd soon be doing, too! He wondered where he would be at this time next week. . . .

The next day, it was their turn to leave at four in the morning. He could hardly go to sleep for thinking how he would have to jump up quickly and get into his pack; he kept waking up and thinking the Sergeant had called, and when the Sergeant did call, it found him nervously awake. He tore himself out of his blankets, buttoned his breeches hurriedly, and put on his blouse and coat, then spread out the blankets on the muddy floor where the men had been spitting all night. He struggled into his pack, fumbling in desperate haste—you were always afraid the command would come before you were ready—and, holding his rifle and leaning against the wall, fell into a sort of doze. His throat was so sore that when he swallowed it seemed to have a sharp knife in it.

"All out! Fall in!" bawled the Sergeant.

They stumbled out into the night and presently found themselves in formation. An officer appeared and made them stand at attention, then disappeared and left them there. After they had stood at attention for fifteen minutes, the Sergeant gave them "At ease." "What the hell does he care?" said somebody. "He sleeps warm, with comforters and everything. I seen their billets yesterday." At the end of an hour, the officer reappeared and gave them the command to march.

When they had left the camp, they found themselves confronted with a blank darkness thickened by the fog. Only here and there, as they proceeded, was the road illumined by a ghastly greenish light from a feeble street lamp with a blackened top.

At last, they arrived at a railroad track, where a pygmy unlighted train was puffing under its breath. When they had stood there half an hour, they were ordered to get into the boxcars. The Captain, made a little self-conscious by knowing that the command would be a shock, delivered it with extra harshness. They clambered up in deadly silence. Then someone had the courage to begin cursing: "Just like a lotta goddam cows!" he muttered, and the car was filled with bitter growls.

They found by falling over them that there were four benches in the car, two at each end and parallel with the sides, leaving a clear space in the middle from one side door to the other. They threw down their packs in a heap in this central space and ranged themselves on the benches, which proved to be so narrow that they could neither sit nor lie on them without a constant effort of bracing. Everybody felt angry and ill, and they began to quarrel among themselves. Someone had made out and explained the sign on the outside: "*Hommes 40 Chevaux* (*en long*) *8*." It was the final wound to self-respect, the last indignity of the Army, which, although the fact was plain enough, had never before confessed that it put American soldiers on a level with animals! A universal complaint arose. "Aw, this ain't nothin'!" said a voice. "Wait till yuh get to the trenches. Then you'll wish you could set down in a boxcar, what *I* mean!"

The train waited there till dawn, shifting backward and forward now and then, with much bumping and creaking. Everybody cursed the French railroads: "Hell, they ain't got no real railroads in this goddam country!" Then they seemed to be starting and got as far as a station, but only to back up again and wait for another hour. At last the train seemed to pull itself together and set out, half-heartedly, as if willing at any moment to abandon the struggle. France revealed itself as a gray and desolate country, where everything was either marsh or mud. The towns were all miserable-looking and exactly alike: dull red roofs and yellow walls, with washed-out streets between. The country consisted mostly of barren fields and dismal woods, inhabited by unfamiliar birds, and there were endless lines of poplar skeletons in whose fishbonelike branches the mistletoe clumps were lodged like enormous nests. And everything was wet, saturated with fog and rain. The men themselves were wet. It had been at least a week since they had been really dry. So this was Europe!

As the morning wore on, they began to get hungry, but the supplies were in

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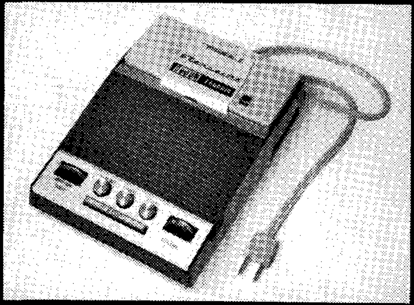

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the last car and they had not been provided with emergency rations. When the train would falter to a stop in the midst of some rain-soaked wilderness, the whole company would yell for food—“When do we EAT?”—but no food ever came.

“Say, you’re sick, aincha?” said a man next to Henry. “You better lay down.”

“There ain’t any place,” he answered; the central space was already full.

“Why didun yuh go to sick call at Hayver?”

“I did, but he only gave me a CC pill.”

“Goddam ol’ horse doctor! These here Army doctors dono nothin’. Here, you better take the corner seat so’s you can lay up against the wall.”

Henry changed places with him and was very grateful for the corner. He tried to relax as much as he could without slipping off the seat. He shut his eyes and tried to forget the acute oppression of his headache and the inescapable cold in his legs. The jouncing of the train was like crockery broken on his head; the oaths and coarse words, senselessly, endlessly repeated, like something less than human speech, pounded dully against his brain like the regular blows of a hammer. He took refuge infinitely far inside him, putting himself back home.

The images were diminished in size and concentrated in intensity, like something sharply focussed through a telescope; the wood fire in the sitting room gave him sharp satisfaction; the pitcher of water in the dining room was too delicious to be believed—he felt that he could drink it with eager greed. He put himself in bed on a Sunday morning under warm blankets and a “goose chase” quilt; the gay patches of the quilt gave him a feeling of familiar security; he could remember that when he was little he had thought of them as alive. The square-paned window was up, and he could see the great smooth contours of the hillside gleaming with snow, the horizon as clear and bare as the room in which he had slept. In a minute or two his mother would come and call him curtly; then he would have to get up and dress right away, because no extra allowances were made for Sunday-morning breakfast. He would dread setting his bare feet on the cold, uncarpeted floor and would lie staring at the flowered washstand set and the signing of the Declaration in a splotched print above it. But oh! how warm it was with your feet and legs in bed! . . . Presently he fell

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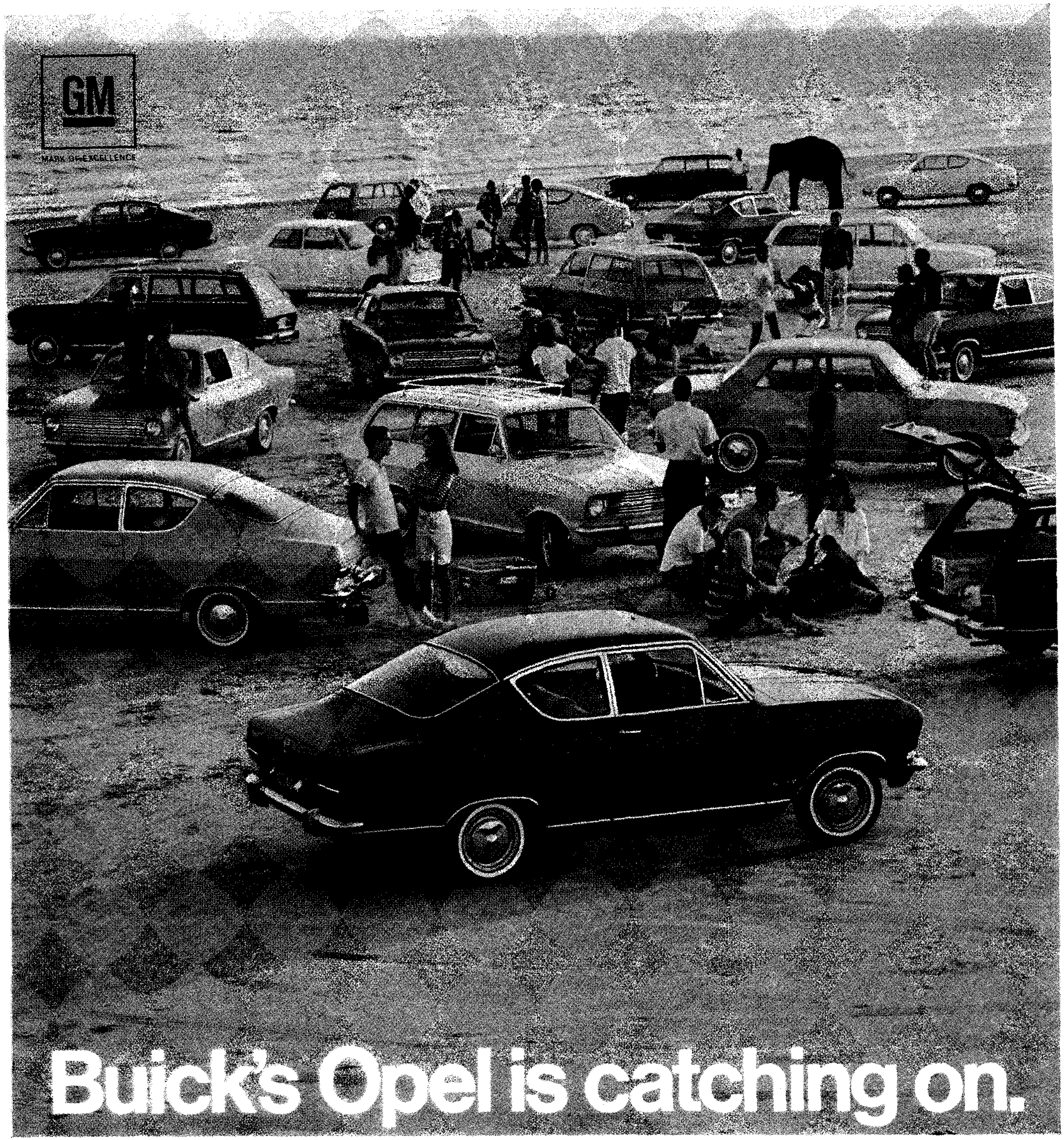

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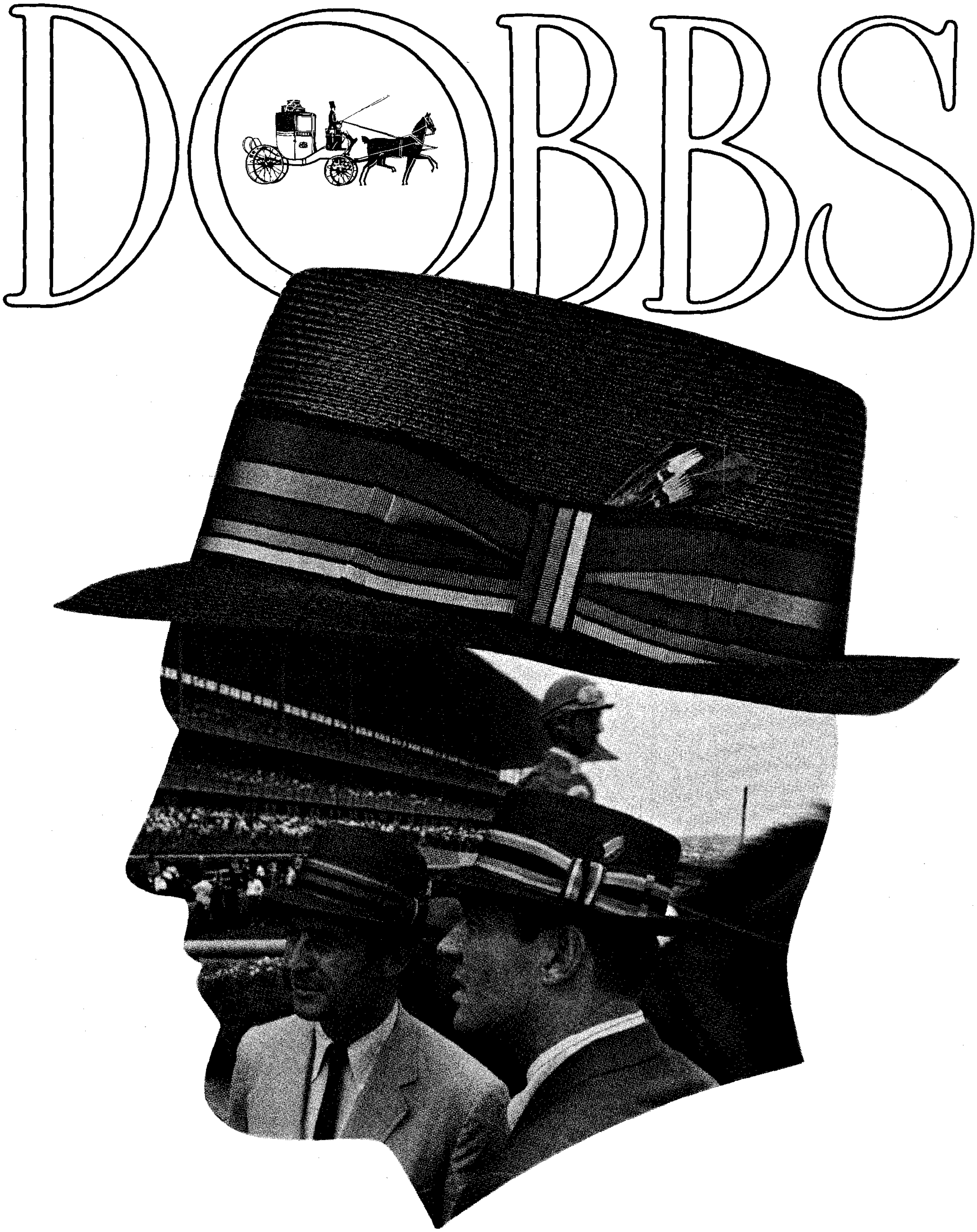

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asleep, but only to jerk himself into wakefulness when he began to lose his purchase on the seat.

They stopped at a red-tile-roofed station late in the afternoon and everybody was allowed to get out. Having had no food for twenty-four hours, they fell upon the buffet and cleaned it up. Everybody got wine, which, tart and clear, brought deliciously to the bewildered men their first real taste of the country. Everybody was laughing and joking; a faint sun had appeared. One of the young Lieutenants offered to supply anybody who needed it with money to buy wine and had dispensed a great quantity of francs when the Commanding Officer, a conscientious Regular Army man who was zealous to forestall "unsoldierly conduct," put a brusque stop to the charity by ordering that no more wine should be bought.

The Americans succeeded in conveying to two pinched and pale French soldiers, who were standing with their collars up, that they wanted to hear them sing the "Marseillaise." But the Frenchmen, after a line or two, broke down and could not remember the rest.

When the train jolted on again, morale had enormously risen. With the wine aboard, it now became possible to enjoy the thing as a lark. If the French built toy railroads that "didn't go no faster'n a horse an' buggy," was that any reason why they should forget that they were the American Expeditionary Force, come over to kill the Kaiser? Everybody fell over Henry, who had taken the time when the car was empty to construct a bed of packs, but the wine made him feel better and he minded things less.

"Shut that goddam door! It's cold!"

"Aw, get away from it if yuh don't like it. We wanta see the world! 'Join the Army and See the World!' Christ, I could see more than this on the old Pontiac trolley line!"

"Jesus Christ! I can't say much for this wine. Jest like a lotta goddam sour grape juice!"

"Why, Christ, didunja get any brandy? They had brandy there, too. . . . Why, you —— bastard! Of course they had brandy! Don't try to tell me they didun have no brandy! Didun Dicky get some?"

"Why, Chur-rist! If I'da known that, I wouldna bought all this here goddam red ink! It ain't no good to drink!"

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the Sanitary Detachment, a bland, bald-headed man with the voice and manners of a shopgirl. He had had two bottles of his own wine and as much as he could get of other people's and was now softly singing "My Old Kentucky Home" over and over to himself.

"Say, look here! I can't supply the whole goddam company with brandy!" said the man who had some.

"Who's askin' yuh tuh sply the whole goddam compny with brandy? I only ast yuh fer a drop!" demanded one of the messmen, who was getting more and more quarrelsome.

"Now I'm all set," said the man who had just got the brandy. "All I want's a woman."

"It's too goddam bad we couldna had some wild women along. That's what I came to France for."

"One good old night in the Arcade, eh?" suggested a middle-aged man, who claimed to be a lawyer in civil life.

"I wouldun give a good goddam fer the Arcade!" shouted the messman, so loudly that he could be heard above the hideous rattle of the cars and the uproar of everybody talking at once. ("Sit down, you big bastard!" "Lay down and go to sleep!")

"I tell you," continued the lawyer, "in the good old days when I was at law school we used to set out on the front stoop and hail 'em in from the street. We used to ask 'em just to come in for a minute, but it was very seldom they ever got out again that night, what I mean!"

"Say, this guy's sick," said a man near Henry. "Why doncha move over and lettum lay out?"

"What did you say?" inquired the nurse.

"Aw, Jesus Christ! How many times do yuh want me to say it? Get over and let this guy lay down!"

"I can't move over any further. There's no more room. He oughtn't to lay right next to the open door, anyway! I think it's perfectly terrible! The idea of letting a poor boy lay around like this when he's sick!"

"Well, that night," continued the lawyer with unflagging zest (Henry could not escape that persistent voice; the others could be forgotten as dull amorphous sounds, but this one was so near and distinct that he could not fail to hear it), "we had so much to start with that Jack he just passes out before dinner's over and Flo says she's going out to look afterum. And that left me and Genevieve all alone. By and by *she* gets pale and pitches forward on the table and breaks a couple of glasses and

I had just about time to get her to the couch when, Jesus Christ! I loses my own lunch right in the cracked-ice pail. I didn't come to till about six the next morning, and then I looks over at Genevieve and she was just the color of a bum oyster. 'Well, Genevieve,' I says, 'I guess we don't want to do anything now, do we?' And she rolls her eyes over at me and says, 'No! I guess we don't!' "

Twilight had erased the faded countryside and the damp autumn air had grown sharp. The train kept slowing up and stopping as if it had lost its way. The open sides of the car brought the country all too close to them; they might almost as well have been down among those wet thickets and those cold little streams. The sightseers were finally prevailed upon to close the doors. But Henry did not feel the cold so much now and was no longer conscious of the delay; the only things he wanted were water and to be able to breathe more easily. He had emptied his own canteen and then had disliked to ask for too much from his neighbors', but now he had reached a point where thirst had overcome reluctance and he was willing to take all they would give him. His head thumped like a dynamo with a hot, ponderous throbbing. His breath came terribly hard and had begun to make a hoarse, rasping sound. . . .

There was a dazzling light in his face; he turned his head to avoid it. Then somebody was shaking him out of his stupor. Distant voices: "What's the matter with yuh? . . . What's the matter with him?" "I think he's got a fever, sir. If there was an extra place in one of the regular cars . . ." "What's the matter with you? Cantcha hear I'm talkin' to yuh?"

"Got a cold," murmured Henry.

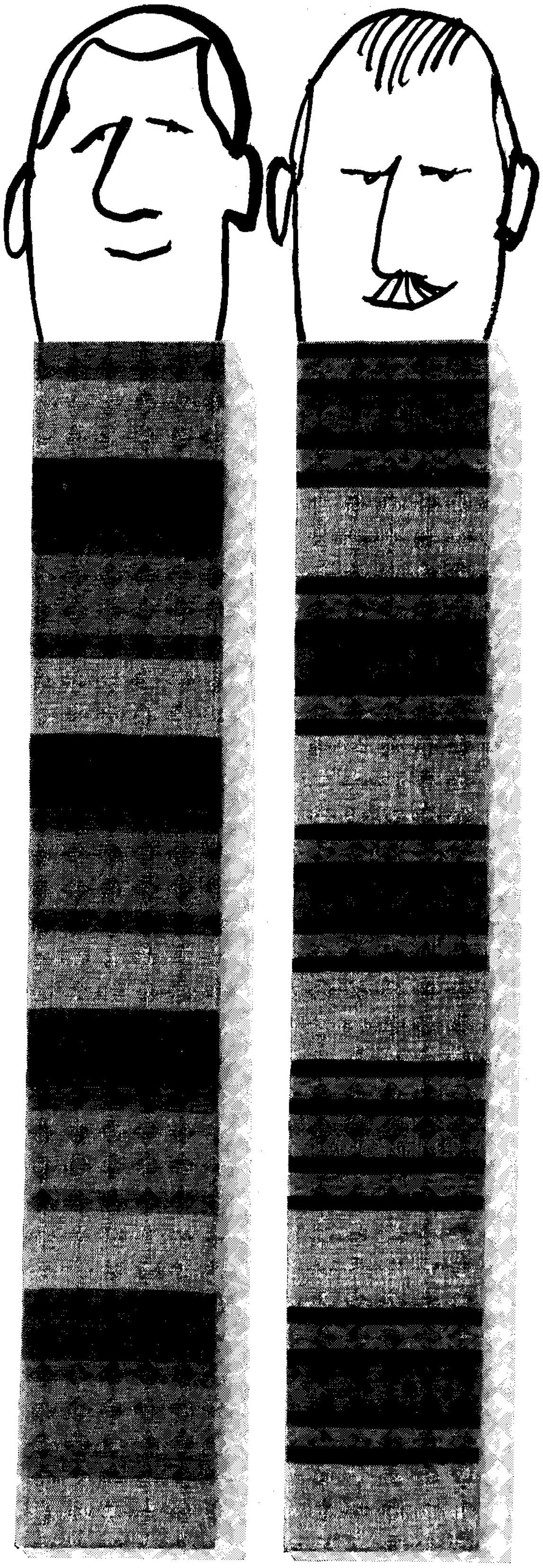
"Let me see your tongue. Say 'Ah.' Bowels all right?"

"If there was room in one of the regular cars, sir . . ." the Sergeant suggested again.

"Well, there isn't!" the Lieutenant cut him short. A former physician at police headquarters, he had learned that "all two-thirds of 'em need is a good swift kick."

He shook the messman, who was the nearest human item in the confused mound of packs and human bodies, and commanded him to get up. Some of the men prodded him and helped him, swearing, to his feet, while others undid a blanket roll and made a sort of bed on the floor.

"Just keep him warm," said the Lieutenant, when he had finished



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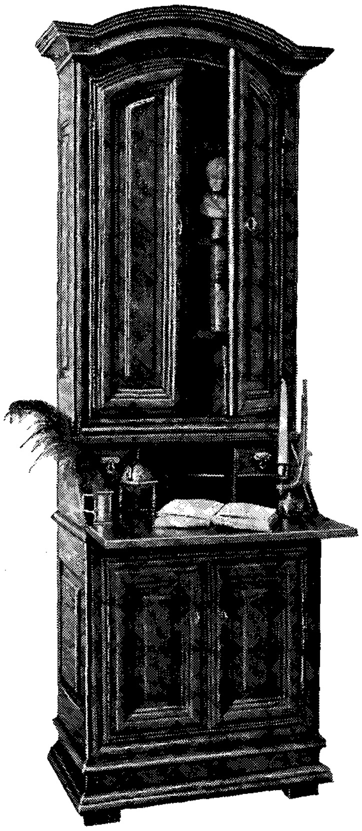

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scolding the messman for disrespect. "I'll give him something when we get there." He jumped down, and the train started.

"Aw, I bet there's lotsa room up there," said somebody. "They've got all the room they want, with plush seats and everything!"

"It's different with a well guy, but when a guy's sick like that, why, Jesus Christ! they might show a little consideration."

And the Sergeant added, "He's just as kind and gentle as a crocodile, that bird is!"

"I never heard of such a thing!" complained the nurse, who had not said a word when the doctor was there and who had more room now that Henry was moved. "I've had professional experience, but they won't listen to me."

"Now, where am I gonta lay?" roared the messman. "Sweet Jesus! Do yuh think I'm gonta stand up all night?"

"You can lay along the roof," suggested somebody.

"Well, d'ye know what you can do?" bawled the other, and told him what he could do.

"Shut up, Striker, and go to sleep! Cantcha see the guy's sick?"

"Well, Jesus Christ! he don't hafta be sick, does he?"

"Well, he's sick!"

"Well, he don't hafta be sick, does he?"

"Yes!"

"Well, he's outa luck!"

"Now, look here, fellows!" began a young man, seizing upon the opportunity to indulge a taste for eloquence. "There's a man sick in this car and we ought to try to make it comfortable for him, just like what we'd do if it was ourselves that was sick. My opinion is that if we haven't got enough consideration to give him a place to lay down in we don't deserve to bear the name of American soldiers—"

"Aw, what the hell yuh talkin' about?" bellowed Striker. "He's got a place to lay down in, ain't he? If a man's sick I'll get up and give him a place to lay down in, but what I can't stand is this here goddam high-school stuff!"

"Shut up, yuh big bastard!" "Shut up, both of yuh!" "Speech! Speech!" "Give us a recitation, Shorty!" And Shorty, already on his feet, gave them "Barbara Frietchie," "The Face Upon the Barroom Floor," "The Cremation of Sam McGee," a series of ribald limericks, and finally "Crossing the Bar," described as "the dying words of Lord Tennyson." Then they all became hilarious and sang "Where Do We Go from Here?" and "The Bastard King of England." And when the singing was over and drowsiness had made them quiet, the enthusiastic lawyer, who had never halted his narrative, was heard proceeding to a climax: "But finally I decided that I'd had enough of that and I thought I'd get me a nice girl to go with all the time. So I did—a waitress in Schwartz's she was—and I went with her regular, going kinda easy at first—I thought she was all right, see?—and then, goddam it! what did she do but hand me the prettiest little package I ever had in my life!"

The train stopped at a large station and nearly everyone got out to warm himself by walking up and down and drinking the coffee and cognac which some genial chirping French soldiers were ladling out from a pail.

"We've got a sick man in our car, sir," said the Sergeant to a mild little Lieutenant of the Medical Corps, who had asked him how they were making out.

"Let me see him," suggested the Lieutenant. "He's pretty sick, I'm afraid," he said when he had examined Henry. "He oughtn't to be here at all. I wonder if we couldn't put him in one of those ambulances and have him sent to a hospital."

"I'll see what I can do."

He found his Commanding Officer scowling at the smiling and unconscious French soldiers who were dispensing bitter coffee to the eager Americans. The Major had tasted the cognac and was standing stiffly with the cup in his hand, mute with moral indignation.

In civilian life, this Lieutenant was a bacteriologist, who pursued his work with a high enthusiasm, scientific and humanitarian, and he therefore rarely felt at home in the company of doctors; he was a gentleman, besides, and had never got used to military manners. When the Major eyed him in silence, he began to sound apologetic, and the Major was not impressed. "They've all got colds," he said, and threw out the tainted coffee in his cup with a gesture of contempt. "Lieutenant Forbes has seen him. That's all that can be done."

"It's pneumonia, I'm quite sure."

"Well, we ought to be in tomorrow. He can be attended to then. I shouldn't like to let a man go like this unless it was absolutely necessary. I should like

He gave his "blood, sweat and tears." And 24 hours passed before you knew anything about it.

Winston Churchill was telling Englishmen everywhere that he was willing to give up his life for his country. Pleading with them to do the same.

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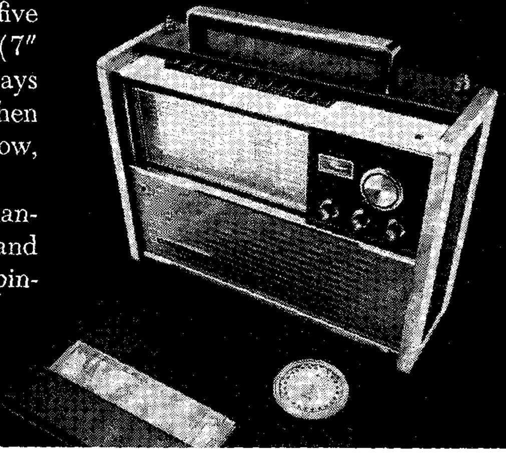

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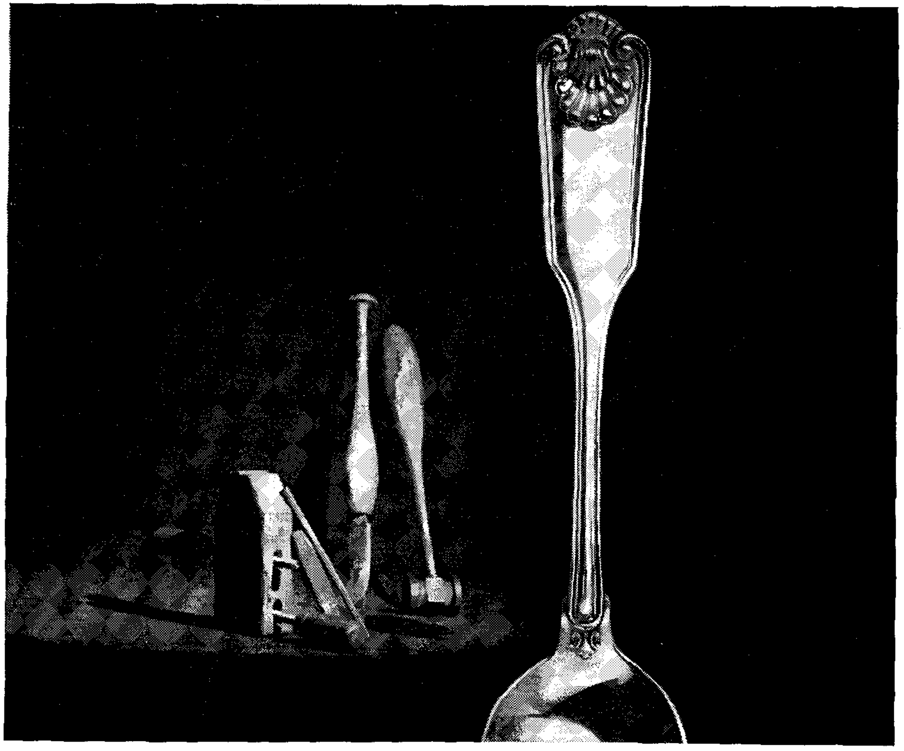

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to arrive there with every man, if possible."

"But would you mind looking at him yourself?" He began to feel helpless; the Major thought him unmilitary.

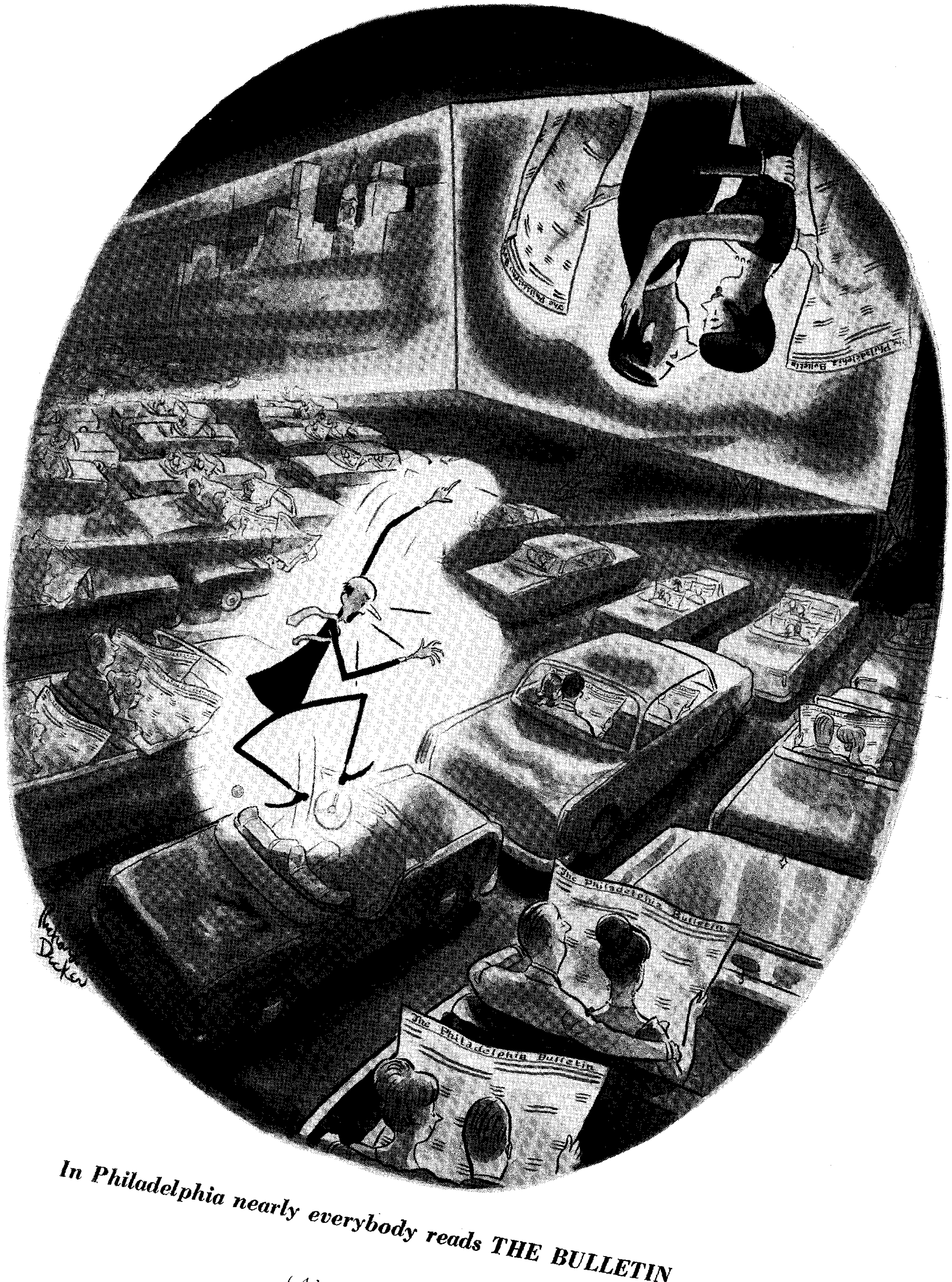
Just then the train tooted and began to back a little. "Well, it's too late now," said the Major. "We must get aboard. I'll see about it at the next stop."

They reached the next stop at about three in the morning, and the Major was persuaded to look at Henry and send him off in an ambulance; there was a base hospital not far away.

"Now please be sure to drive very slowly, won't you?" begged the Lieutenant of the ambulance driver; he had never been able to give a command properly. "It may make a great deal of difference, you know, because he's got pneumonia and the jolting might make him worse."

"Yes, sir," promised the driver, but as soon as he got beyond the town he began winding up the smooth straight road like a spool of tape. It had been announced that the train of wounded he had been waiting for would not arrive till morning, and his mind was full of the plump charms of a certain café *patronne*, whose husband had just left for the front. The rush of the car drowned out Henry's no less harsh and mechanical breathing. . . .

There was a little piece of cotton in his throat; he thought if he could only get that out he would be all right. He coughed and coughed and coughed, but he couldn't dislodge it. He remarked on this fact to the Sergeant and later to his sister, who, it seemed, were both there. Then he found that he was being horribly shaken up. "This is the damnedest straw ride I was ever on," he said. "I don't call this no fun. Straw ride without any straw!" . . . But the train was slowing down; they would have to get out and march; it was eight miles to the camp. He must be able to put his hand on his pack and rifle in an instant. He supposed that he'd be able to get into his pack all right, though he didn't feel very well. That first moment when you heaved it up and wrenched it onto your shoulders was agonizingly hard, but after that no doubt he would find that he could get around. They would all fall in and right-dress, jostling each other in the dark. . . . Ah, the train was going to stop. He reached for his rifle. Where the hell was it? "Are you going to stop here, Sergeant?" . . . Evidently not. The train was going faster again. They ought to get there in no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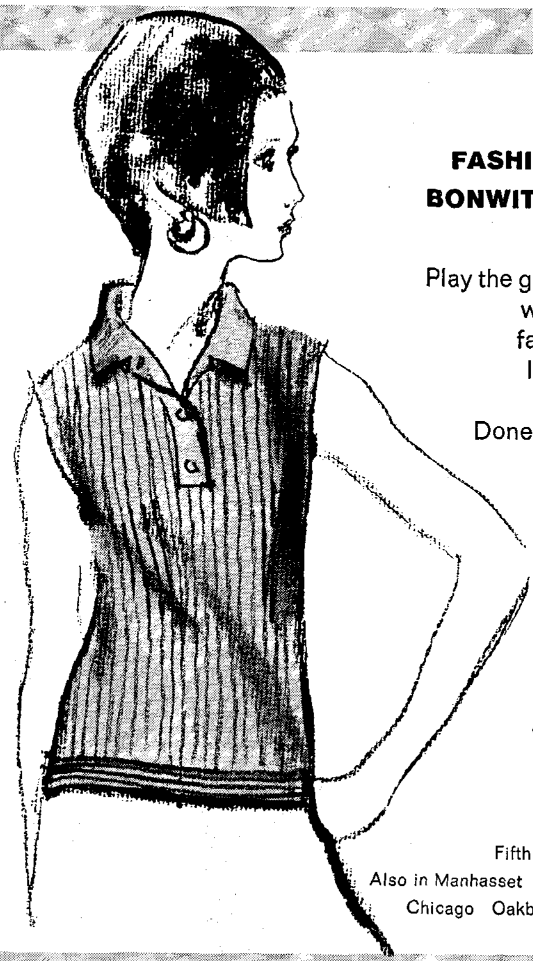

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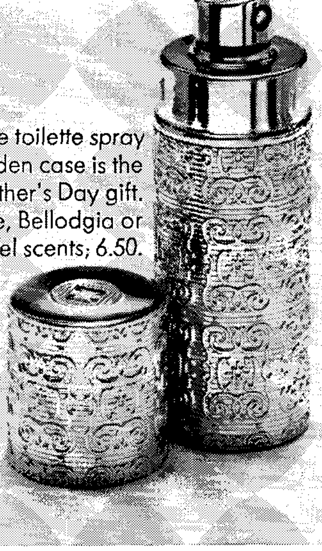

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time at this rate! . . . “We used to sit out on the front stoop,” he said, “and hail ’em in from the street. And I bet very few of ’em ever got out, either!” . . . Then it seemed that he was in bed and it was harder than ever to breathe. Still, it was evidently morning and they would have to leave the barracks any minute. Could it be that he had overslept? “Is it time to go yet, Sergeant?” He got out of bed to see. “Here! What do you want?” exclaimed someone in a severe voice of alarm. “I want my shoes,” said Henry. “Where’s my gun?” . . . “All right. We’ll get them for you. Now, you just lie still and keep covered up.” Somebody tucked him in. “Have you got a glass of water, please?” he inquired weakly. . . . Then things became more and more obscure. He was aware of the presence of a man, evidently his father. . . . No, it was the Sergeant at last, summoning him to go. He made a wild effort to get out of bed, but they held him down, and he collapsed on his back exhausted, panting faster than ever. . . .

The doctor and nurse were watching him at noon. His breath had become as rapid as the ticking of a small clock; his lids were already half closed over his eyes, his unshaved cheeks dirtily livid and his gaping lips sticky and discolored in a gruesome, inhuman mask; his head was strained desperately back, as if some enemy had him by the throat. The panting became fainter; the clock was running down. His lungs were full and he was drowning. Then he had caught breath and struggled on again till he could get no further. Three times they saw him strain to the surface, only to go down. Henry was nothing but a thread of breath forcing its way through thickening channels. Then he was nothing. . . .

“HE put up a pretty good fight there at the last,” remarked the doctor, noting the death in a register. “If this keeps up we’ll have to have a special floor for pneumonia. I should suggest the second floor.” He smiled. “Then we’ll have nothing but indigestion up here. Give ’em something to do downstairs. But seriously, they ought to isolate these cases. It begins to look like an infection.”

“I should think so,” said the nurse. “And when you consider that the Army’s hardly over here yet . . .”

“Now, be sure all his personal belongings get to the right place. They’ve been making a fuss about that lately.”

The orderly assembled in a khaki

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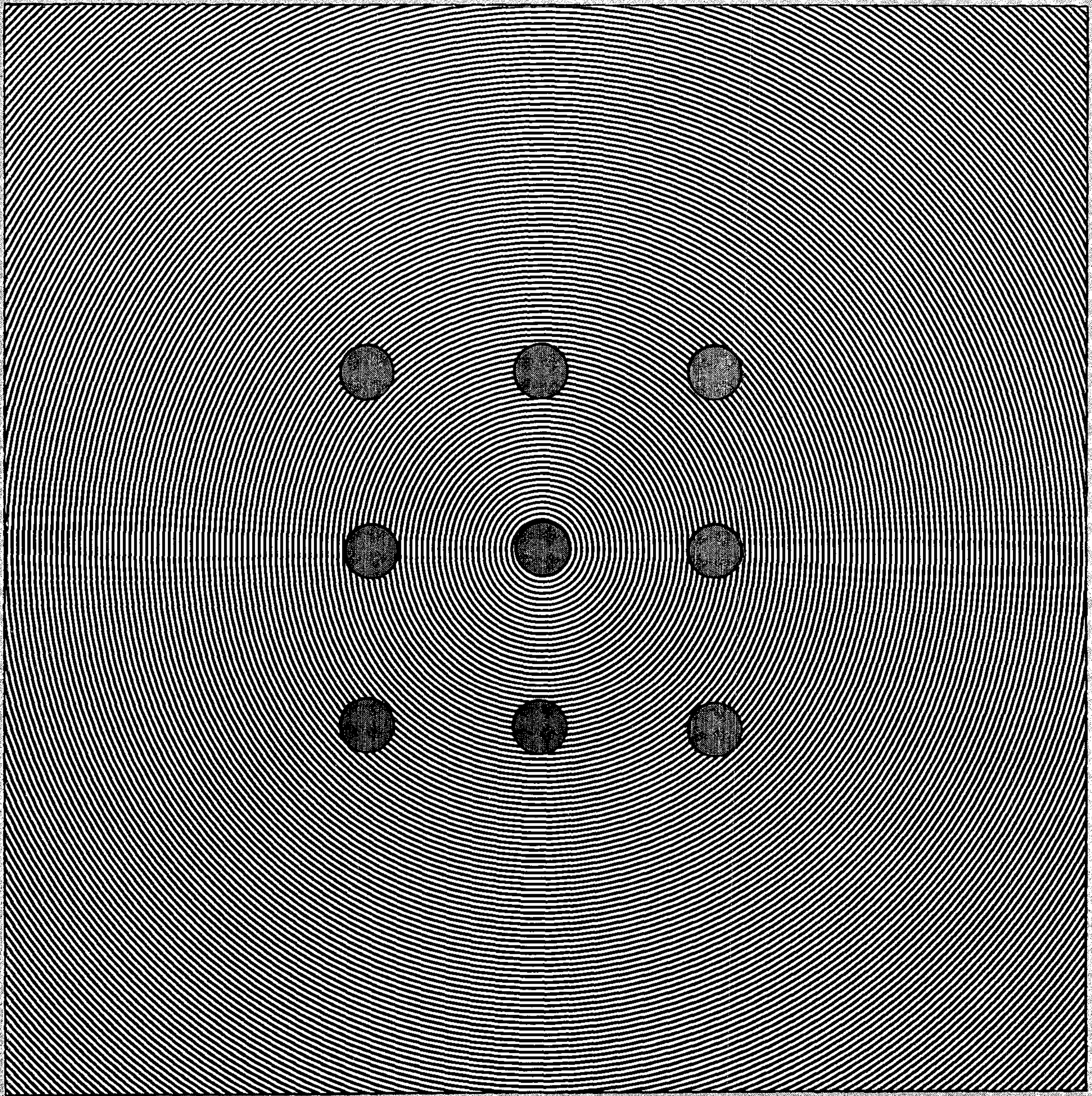

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handkerchief all the things in the pockets of the uniform. There were a pipe, a crushed bag of tobacco, photographs of Henry's mother and sister, half a dozen obscene postcards bought from a man who had been to Paris, and a little brown leather pocketbook stained dark with sweat.

WE saw the evening darken lightly the pale buffs and greens of the sad French countryside; the Marne and the narrow canals lay like mirrors of jade reflecting dimly the high poplars that fringed them, spectral and losing their vague topmost fingers in the twilight.

Bill Brown: "And she sang me little Scandinavian cradle songs at the piano! Now, after that . . . !" [A memory, going back to the already distant past of Bill Brown and his Swedish girl friend. Having as yet no girl of my own, I must have enjoyed vicariously the experiences of my friends.]

Holland's bon mot for the military system: "You go to hell, Jack; I'm all right!" [The Mess Sergeant, a veteran of the Boer War. I thought he had invented this.]

[We were stationed at Vittel in the Vosges, a summer resort to which, in time of peace, people came to take the waters. The hotels there were now turned into hospitals.

We at first had French Army rations—for breakfast, black butterless wedges of bread and black coffee with a shot of cognac—and were put to sleep in the Vittel casino, in a large room with clouds and classical beings painted on the ceiling. We were all packed into this room and slept upon Army cots. In the morning, when the men woke up, they would find themselves in a state which would cause them at once to begin kidding each other, either accusing their neighbors of masturbating or attributing to them homosexual practices. I occasionally encountered in the Army real cases of homosexuality—an ill-favored effeminate elderly man attached to a good-looking and masculine young one—but I soon realized that all this homosexual talk was simply due to the lack of women, that it had no deeper significance than the attempts of male dogs

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Justin McCarty

on their own sex—a simple blind stirring of animal appetite.]

[I was set, before the wounded came in, to various menial tasks: carrying firewood, keeping up the stove in the office of the X-ray operator, and acting as a dentist's assistant. This dentist, the Sergeant Baker I had quoted at the Detroit fair grounds, was a crude, not unlikable man with a certain gift of speech, of which I refrain from giving examples here, but I found myself in the somewhat embarrassing position of being pressed into service to interpret for him in his dealings with a pretty little woman patient upon whom he had designs.]

Leo Rabbette said that in the Army we are like magnets whose molecules have been disordered by striking and which will no longer draw. [He was one of the friends I made in the unit. He had spent some time in East Aurora, New York, sitting at the feet of Elbert Hubbard, and he loved to declaim Swinburne:

"Out of the golden remote wild west
where the sea without shore is,
Full of the sunset, and sad, if at all,
with the fulness of joy . . ."

He thought of himself as a happy bohemian who could never be crushed by the Army.]

[More Lament for the World Left Behind]

I heard them say, "Our arms become
us well.
We find, for lives too purposeless before,
A kind of comfort in the bursting shell,
A kind of peace in war."

But all the long-won things I thought
so strong
Were gone, like children's bubbles
tossed too much,
Or like a full-blown flower, kept too
long,
That scatters at a touch.

The gentle faces watched our fire no
more;
The merry words flashed not in
thought's fine strife;
And when they smiled or spoke again,
they bore
The brand of the dead life.

For, while we watched the fire, a
shadow came
Between us and the room, and while
we spoke
A voice we hardly knew called every
name,
Yet could not spoil our joke.

And all familiar things were terrible;
And all our lives were black with
death and doubt;
The spots we loved were poisoned by a
spell;
And the old sun went out.

"Death is nothing terrible after all. It may mean something more wonderful than life. It cannot possibly mean anything worse to the good soldier." Alan Seeger. True! but he couldn't have meant what I thought of at first.

The Assistant Cook: "I say just let me cook for the Germans and I'll clean 'em up in no time!"

[I was convinced that American Puritanism was a barrier against sex and responsible for my own privation.]

One thing I know that saves me much
remorse
And hate for what my world has
feared as sin:
Whatever gods and manners we may
win
Through our long labor and our
crooked course,

Forgetting long, we have affronted her
Who came all clean in sunlight
from the sea
And him who, Psyche's lover
anciently,
Becomes her false and furtive harasser.

For these pay grievous toll to walk our
roads
Or, spurned, are like those sisters,
known of yore,
Whose poor enchanted mouths
might nevermore
Speak gracious words but only vomit
toads.

[Enough of this poetry, though I wrote a lot more. Some of the better pieces I published in my "Night Thoughts."]

Sergeant Kenny: "It's funny when you come to think about it: these people over here seem to have everything pretty nice in a way and yet they don't get out and hustle to make money an awful

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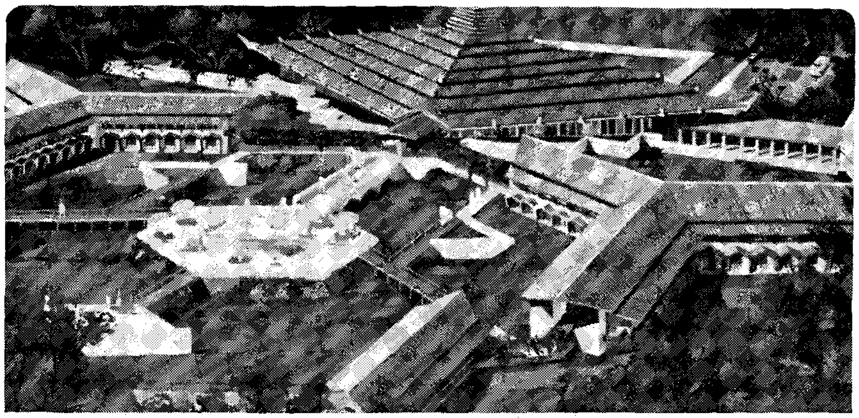

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lot either. . . . And yet what else is there to do after all? I figure that a man can have the things he wants after he's made the money to buy 'em, but he has to get out and hustle to make a success in business. . . . What else is there to do, after all?"

[Roy Gamble was another of my Army friends. He was a painter who began as a follower of Whistler but had later had a certain success doing portraits of the Detroit rich. He was a sensitive and intelligent but very shrewd and canny fellow. The language in which he talked about art amused me very much.]

Roy Gamble, describing his arrival in Paris, after he had crossed the ocean alone, his intended companion having deserted him at the dock [he had come to study painting]: "Y'see, now, I'd figured that Paris would be just like New York, only more so—better, I mean bigger; just like Fifth Avenue, only all like that—and I didn't know how to take it at first. And I didn't like it much either, see, because I thought that all the French were trying to do the Americans—charge 'em too much, see. I didn't know a soul in Paris, and all I did for the first week or so was ride around on buses—and I saw some pretty good effects, too, then. I lived on those buses."

Roy Gamble: "Da Vinci used to take the Mona Lisa around with him, you know, in a trunk. That was about all he had. And he'd go around to these towns and make the acquaintance of the artists. And then they'd bring out their pictures and he'd look at 'em, see? Look at everything they had. And then, after they were all done, he'd bring out the Mona Lisa—wouldn't say a word, see?—but just bring it out and let 'em see it, and, Jesus Christ! those birds would take to the hills!"

[Roy Gamble talking]: After General Pershing had made Shurley and McGraw stand at attention [they were our top medical officers]: " 'Stand at attention there when I talk to you!!!' Old Black-Jack Pershing! Where does he git that stuff? That's what makes von Hindenburg what he is! But poor old Terrible Ted [McGraw, who was a kindly and nervous man], that's kinda hard! He's sorta on the hummer—he's got ague, that bird!"

George Discher, the barber, is the son of a Prussian shepherd who fled

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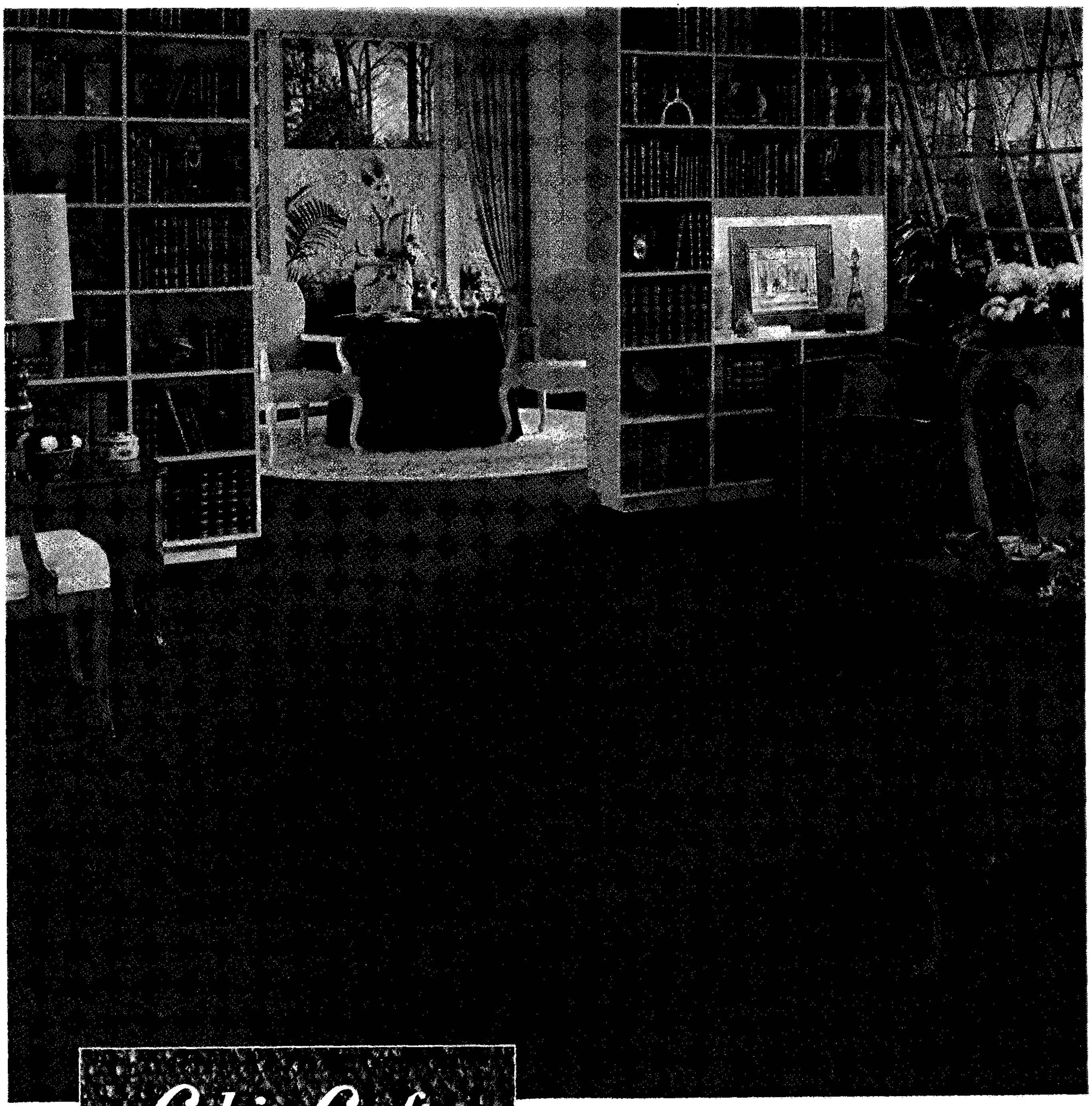

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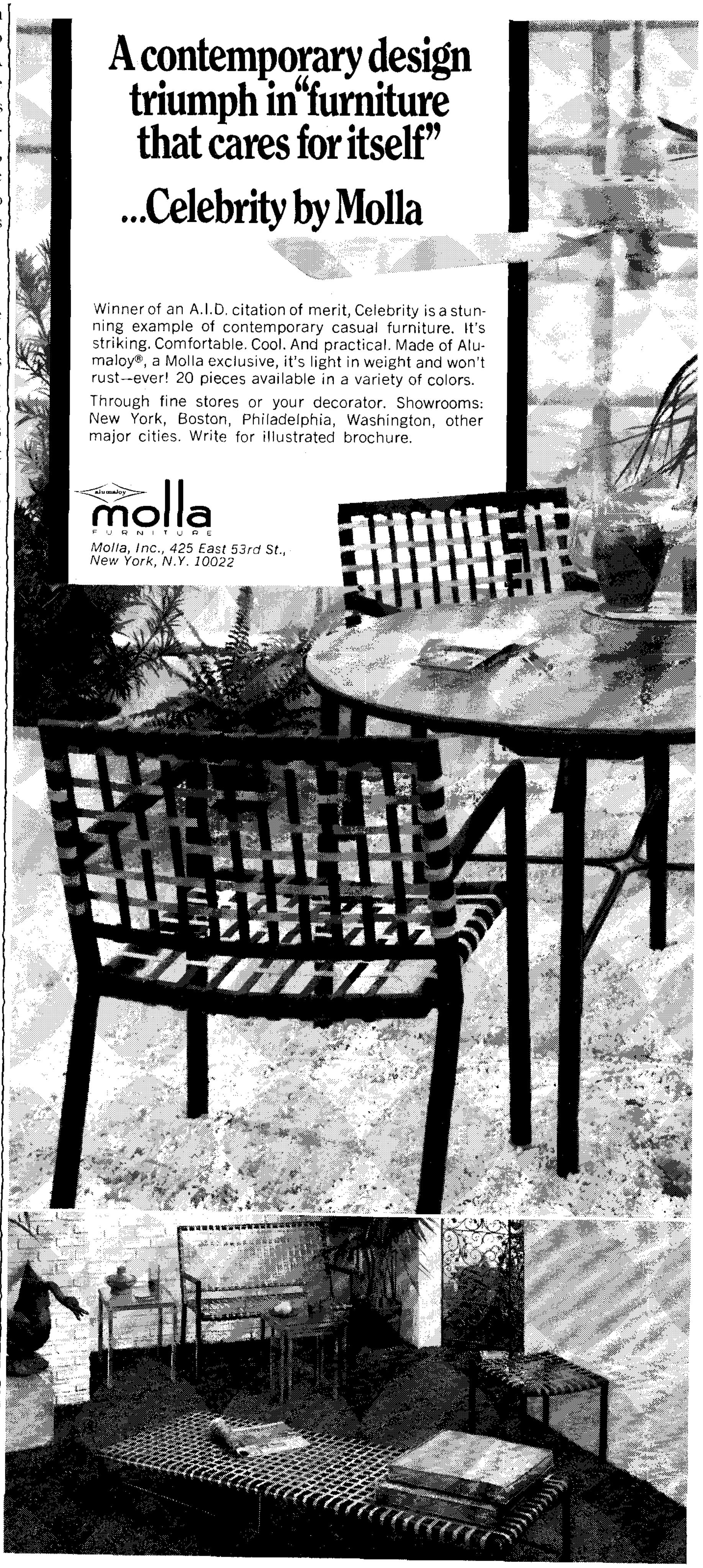
from Europe on a sailing boat when an overseer flogged his sister. He came to America, where George was born. A year or so before America entered the war, he spoke to George from his deathbed as follows: " 'Babe!'—he always called me Babe—'Babe,' he said, 'in six months America'll go into the war, and when she does, I want you to go over there and help send those sons of bitches to hell!' "

[When the wounded began to be sent to us as a result of the first engagements in which the Americans took part, we carried them on stretchers from the train to the hospital. The first lot that I remember were victims of mustard gas. This attacks every part of the body that is moist, particularly the throat and the genitals. Their penises were spongy and raw and swollen to enormous size, and bandaging them and unbandaging them was extremely painful. There was one doctor, known for his sadism—he liked to kick the enlisted men—who would rip the bandages off.

We had also syphilitic and shell-shock cases. I saw one young man die of syphilis. He seemed unconscious and could not talk; he could only make a clicking sound. Of one of the shell-shock cases I wrote afterward this account in a story I contributed to the *Liberator*]:

I remember a curious patient who came to the hospital in France. He had a small, undeveloped head left naked by close cropping, and his screwed-up features were as fixed as a face carved out of a peach stone. One felt that he was densely immured in some impregnable stronghold of stupidity or dazed by some great transplantation. He seemed the last of human creatures, something far less responsive than a dog. When he spoke, it was in some barbarous and scarcely intelligible dialect; one was always surprised to find that he could answer questions at all.

But he had a nervous system, it appeared; in fact, it was for that he was there. In spite of his strange distraction, he would start and tremble like a rabbit if anyone spoke suddenly to him or came upon him from behind, as he wandered about the halls with unassuageable restlessness. One night the orderly thought he heard him coughing and brought him some medicine in a glass. He stood by the side of the man's bed and put his hand on his shoulder to rouse him. But the patient woke up with a shriek that was like a green gash in the dark and dashed the



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glass across the room with a wild, panic-stricken gesture. "Vat's de matter?" he gibbered, and crouched, racked with trembling, in the bed.

It appeared, when the doctors cross-examined him, that he had bayoneted a young German and had not been able to forget it.

[I was usually on night duty and would sit reading and listening for a bell or a call. One of the hospitals in the Parc, in summer, was surrounded by nightingales, which I had never heard sing before. I had read Keats at home, but I had not been especially struck by the "Ode to a Nightingale." But I now came across it in an anthology. It seemed one of the greatest poems I had ever read, and I committed it to memory. But later on the real nightingales came to seem ill-timed and out of place when the soldiers all around me were dying of the flu epidemic that killed so many at the end of the war.

I still made no real progress with women. There was a pretty village girl who came to Mass in the church across from my window. But I shouldn't have known how to approach her, and anyway she looked like a decent girl.

My admiration, however, became concentrated on a girl named Ninette Fabre, the daughter of the proprietor of a favorite café. It was partly her presence there that made this café a favorite, for Ninette was extremely beautiful. With her black hair, her green eyes under delicately pencilled black eyebrows, and her perfect oval face, she seemed the survival of a type that one sees in nineteenth-century French engravings. She was tubercular, and her burning cheeks, set off by her pale skin, made her seem poetically romantic. She wrote poetry in the manner of Lamartine and was seriously studying English. She was very strictly guarded by her parents. Her bearded father was bad-tempered and would immediately have thrown out of his place any soldier who attempted liberties with her. I remember him standing over the stove and swearing at it, "*Merde alors!*" Ninette said that he had formed his habits from his earlier years in Indo-China, when he had ruled the natives "*à coups de cravache*." I went to the café very often. She and I exchanged English and French, and she told me that I had "*un affreux accent du Midi*," when, in reading French poetry, I pronounced the mute final *e*'s. I missed her when they went in the summer to Cannes, where her father had another café. Ninette so appealed to some of our doctors that they took her into a hospital to treat her, and she became the object of a kind of homage.]

Across the pale fields of March, cut by a little stream, whose line of pollard willows only we could see in the middle distance, and lodged at the foot of a smooth steep hill, cut out in squares like a quilt and with its flat top bristling with pines, we saw the low red roofs and old yellowed walls of a village, distinguished by a church tower in the middle and set off with a few wisps of poplar where it dwindled on either side. The thin road flung in free curves across the fields seemed to belong to it and make it no less a sheltered and private thing, sunk so firmly in its nest and toned so long by the weather that, beside it, the very countryside looked new.

A French soldier on permission whom we [Roy Gamble and I] picked up on the way back from Mirecourt [this was the time of the French mutiny]: "*Morts! morts! morts! des hommes qu'on n'a pas vus—qui ne vous ont pas fait mal! Mais quoi faire? . . . Les soldats français sont mauvais avec leurs chefs. Et les anglais, à peu près la même chose. . . . Il y a tant de misères. Il n'y a pas de vin, on mange du bœuf qu'on dirait du singe. Beaucoup n'ont pas de capotes. Et les soldats fusillent leurs chefs qui ne vont pas à l'avant de l'attaque mais restent aux tranchées. On se débarrasse de celui-là, on a un autre. Ah, ce n'est pas de l'amusement, ça! mais tant pis! . . . Et toujours bomm! bomm! bomm! les canons. J'en ai mal à la tête! Bomm! bomm! bomm! on n'entend que ça! Deux millions d'hommes morts! Mais quoi faire? Et tuer des hommes qu'on n'a jamais vus!—ce n'est pas drôle, ça. . . . Les soldats s'embêtent. Et c'est tout en Belgique* (?). *Toujours bomm! bomm! bomm! les canons! Ici, c'est gai, on ne l'entend pas, mais là-bas—!*" I asked him why he didn't salute a *sous-lieutenant* whom we passed. "*À la ville, mais pas ici. Il a les galons mais il est bonhomme comme moi—pourquoi? . . . Je suis marié. J'ai deux gosses à Haréville. J'ai dix jours de permission. C'est gai d'abord, mais à partir—!*"

The wide, low-railed bridge of Mirecourt spanned the whole valley of the river, whose smooth blue length cut the level green meadows straight

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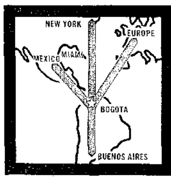

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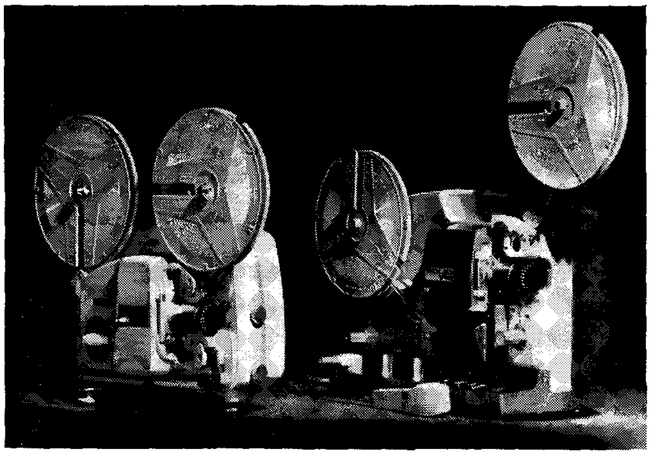

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across. On one side, it sent out a little canal into the city, whose walls, overhanging it close, blackened its waters with their shade and stretched up along the slope with a crowd of dulled red roofs and gables, dominated by the plain tower of the old church that set the air throbbing with the urgent, melodious pounding of its bells. On the other side, the main stream lay between a network of grassy back yards and the meadow, bounded by a low stone wall yellowed by the last light of the sun. A little further it turned and was lost, save for the light line of poplars that just marked its course with the crooked threads of their stems and the yellowing mist of their branches. On the smooth low meadow, a little boy in white and a little girl in red were playing with a tiny black dog and bloomed out against the green like the flowers in Botticelli's forest.

John Andersen told me that in the Danish countryside where he was born it was always said of any boy who read a lot that he ought to be a minister. One farmer warned him, "You ought to be careful about reading so much; I knew a man once who read all the time and he got to be a Baptist!" On one occasion, his father went to a "wise woman" to have a boil removed. She directed him to eat a certain bitter herb on the nights of three successive new moons. He said that every man used to have his own wooden spoon, which he would wipe off after dinner on his coat. They never drank water but always beer, even as children. His grandmother believed in trolls.

[John Andersen was one of my closest friends in the unit. He had had some laboratory experience and he worked as a kind of assistant in the bacteriological laboratory, and, when not working, endlessly read. He had already mastered English and German and now learned enough French to read. We had many outings together and talked about everything under the sun. He had been educated in Denmark in one of the popular schools established by Bishop Grundtvig. I find this note at a later stage: "John Andersen has sometimes the fine and sober smile of Erasmus." His equanimity was always perfect, and not quite devoid of a certain smugness which is often characteristic of the Danes and inherent in the cadences of their voices. When I called at the laboratory to take him for a walk, he would be likely to make some such matter-of-fact remark as "Just wait till I burn up this leg."

After the war, he came to New York, and I tried to find him a job congenial with his intellectual interests. But in this—though seconded by Christian Gauss—I repeatedly and discouragingly failed. I had never realized before how impossible it is for anyone with no academic qualifications to find employment even in a bookstore, even as a librarian. No one could have been less helpful than Alvin Johnson, then on the *New Republic*. He was himself a Danish American, and one of the smuggest people I have ever known. When I told him about John Andersen and asked whether I could bring him to his office, he remarked, with no relevance to anything I had said, "I hope he doesn't have the Danish sentimentality." When I brought John around, Johnson brushed him off in a cool and perfunctory manner which left him bitter and angry. The best John could do in New York—on the strength of his nonprofessional hospital experience—was a job in a medical school looking after the corpses that were kept in a tank for dissection. In the course of this—his hands were constantly wet and were cracked by the cold water—he contracted a dreadful infection which made it almost impossible for him to use them but which he bore with his usual stoicism. Eventually, he went West and became a farmer in Alberta, and he seems to have been quite happy. His farm was self-supporting, and he was able to lay enough by occasionally to come East or revisit Denmark. In these years, he wrote book after book—novels and idea books—and sent David Hamilton and me the manuscripts. We found them extremely boring in a way that his conversation was not. His Grundtvigian education had left him unaware of certain things—the requirements of literary art, the fact that certain subjects had already been dealt with in a way that he could not improve on. But he did get one book published, under the pen name of John Andersen Udmark—"the story," as the publishers say, "of man's conquest of his universe," with the title "The Road We Have Covered," which, much to his satisfaction, got him a story and photograph in *Time*. I did not see him for years, but he did once come to visit me on Cape Cod. Everybody who met him then was impressed, as I had been years ago, by his dignity, his independence, and his impassive humor and charm. A few years ago, a favorite

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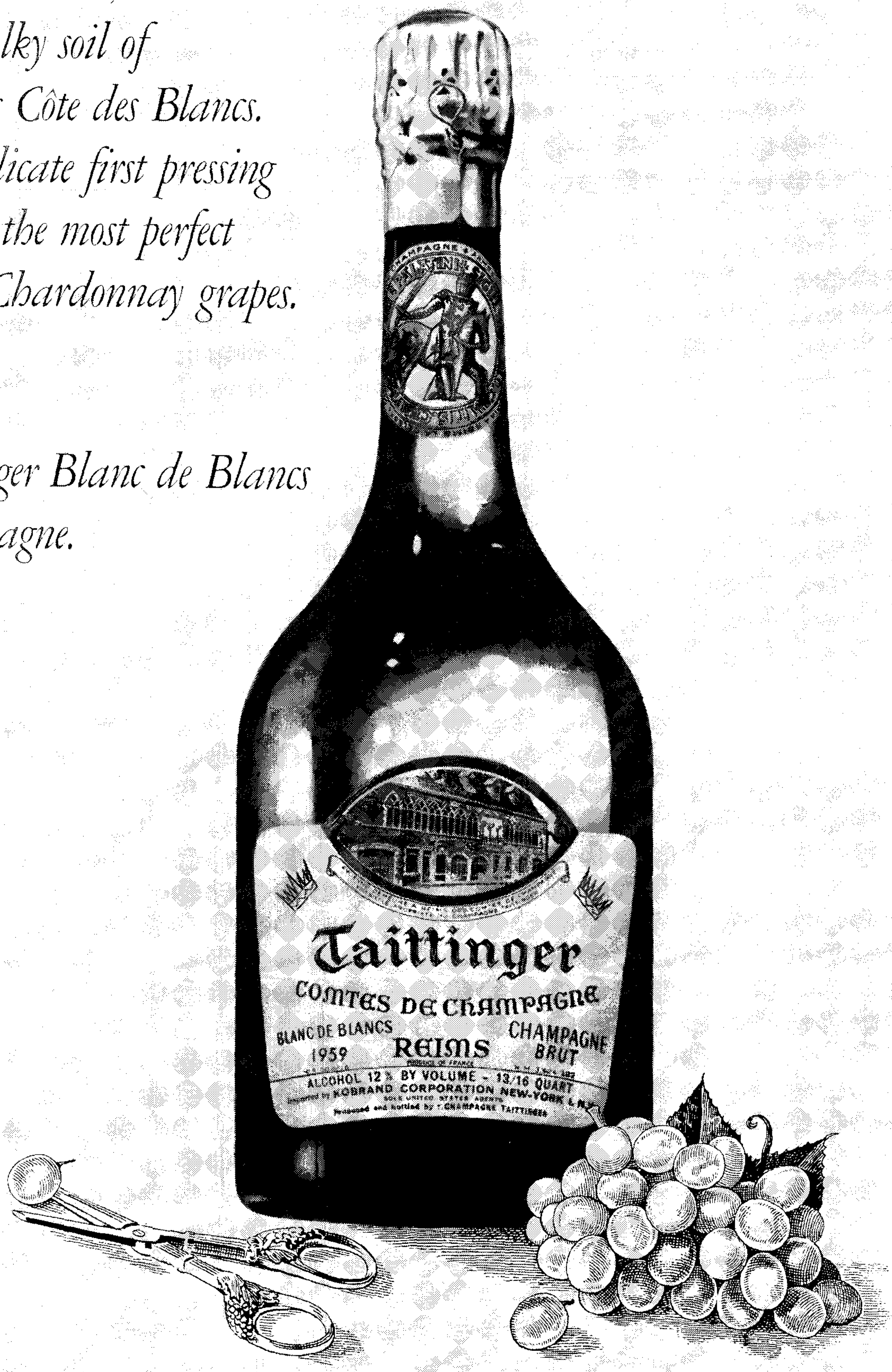
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niece who kept house for him wrote me that he was dead.]

A Tommy: "Ow, the Germans don't always kill their prisoners, and we do it just as much as they do. I've often seen a couple o' chaps bringin' back a wounded prisoner and they get tired of leadin' 'im and one of 'em says, 'Aw, let's do 'im in!,' and they shoot 'im and leave 'im there."

[Roy Gamble was the painter of the unit; he painted all the signs and whatever else had to be painted, and he secured for himself a small room in the basement of one of the hospitals, where he was able to work and to live by himself. In this room, David, Leo Rabbette, John Andersen, and I were often congregated at night to laugh about the doings of the unit and to discuss the problems of the world. We were joined by the Mess Sergeant, Cornelius Holland, with whom we were on very friendly terms. He was a big, mischievous reddish-haired Irishman who had served in the Boer War and actually liked soldiering. He told me—quite correctly—that I had "the brains for a sky pilot but not the arse for a soldier." He was a nephew, I think it was, of the Gaelic scholar Dr. Douglas Hyde, and a man of some education. He lent me a life of John Redmond, which, although I was all for Irish independence, I found excessively dull. (This and John Morley's autobiography, which I also read at this time, convinced me that parliamentary politics was a national English game, like cricket, in which a foreigner could feel little interest.) Holland had a kind of stooge, his right-hand man in the mess, a simple-minded Pole named Mroch, and, with the cruel Irish humor, he was always playing jokes on him and baiting him: "He calls-umself a Pole! Who was Kosciuszko?" They shared a room in this basement, and Holland would rig up devices to make Mroch's bed collapse just after he was settled in it. But he had rescued Mroch from the brig, into which he had been thrown for drunkenness, and acted as his protector, and Mroch was devoted to him. Mroch often joined us in the company of Holland, and when he saw that Holland was having him on, he would protest, in a kind of simpleton's voice, "Holland, I know you like a book!"

In order to get away from the mess, we would go for dinner to the Hôtel de ——, where we ate at a big table with the family of a French busi-

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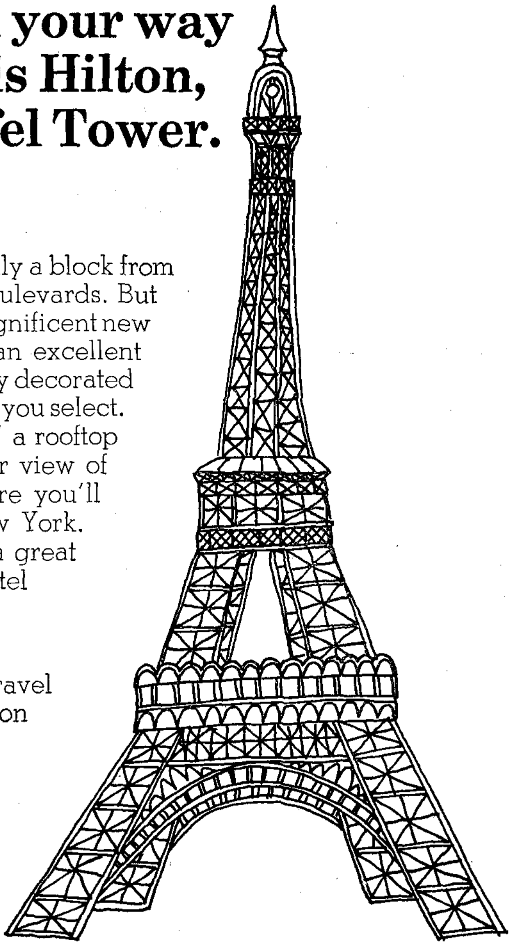

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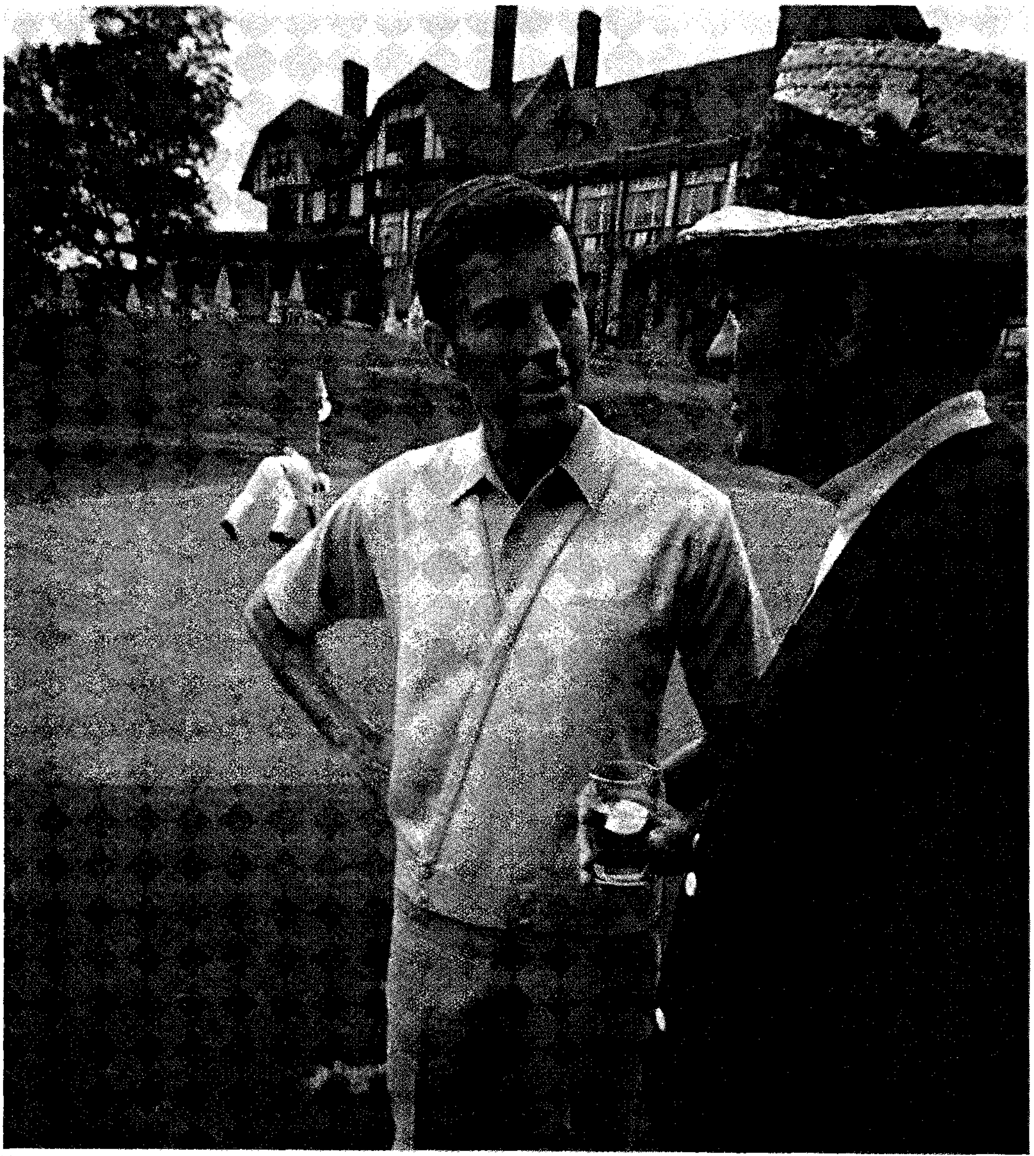

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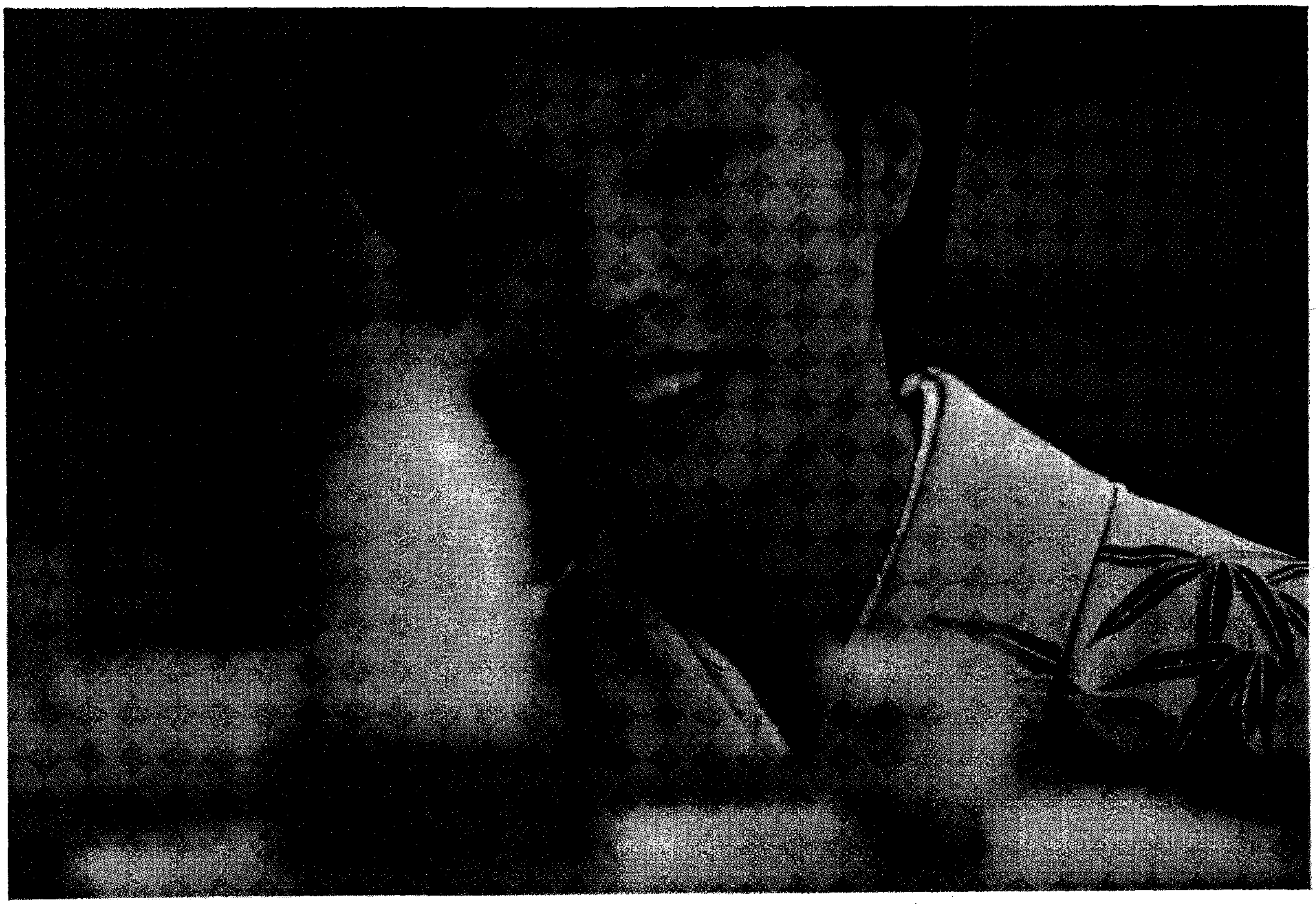

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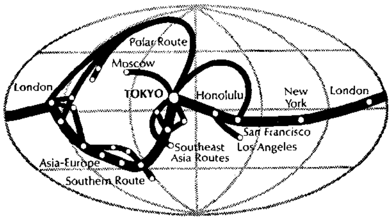
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nessman who had had to leave Petrograd as the result of the revolution. We all had terrible colds and would come in with deep satisfaction from the misty and chilling night. We would first go into the kitchen, where the cooking was done in heavy brass receptacles on a wide flat stove that took up all one side of the room. The soup would be heating in an immense brass pot and would be served piping hot. (When, forty-six years later, I revisited Vittel, I found the Hôtel de —— still run by the same family and the same brass pots hanging on the walls of the kitchen.) But this hotel was put later off bounds when the husband of the *patronne* came back from the front and found his wife in bed with an American sergeant, and we had to resort to another restaurant. The then uniformly high quality of the French cuisine, which extended to every provincial town, was exemplified by both these restaurants. We were very often given horse meat, but the soup and the French-frieds, the dandelion salad and the wine seemed to us invariably excellent. We took turns giving birthday dinners, and the joke among us was that Roy Gamble, who in his early life had had to learn to be very thrifty, would somehow, when his own birthday came around, get out of giving a dinner. But, though evidently reluctant, he did not fail us.]

Holland, in reply to John's pointing out that, in view of the St. Louis race riots, it would appear that the people of any race were capable of atrocious cruelty: "Yes, I know—and right there in Tipperary there was a family tried to burn an old woman; they said she had the devil in her! They had her there with her arse over the fire to drive him out. And they had the old woman herself convinced. She thought she did have the devil in her!"

Roy Gamble's school friend, who had been brought up in the lower part of Detroit, always used to double up his fists at once when anyone playfully seized him by the arm or clapped him on the shoulder.

Leo Rabbette wrote to the editor of the *Stars and Stripes* that he had had "a year of virile pen-pushing under Elbert Hubbard at East Aurora."

Leo called on John Andersen in the laboratory to get some urine specimens, but, remaining for half an hour to

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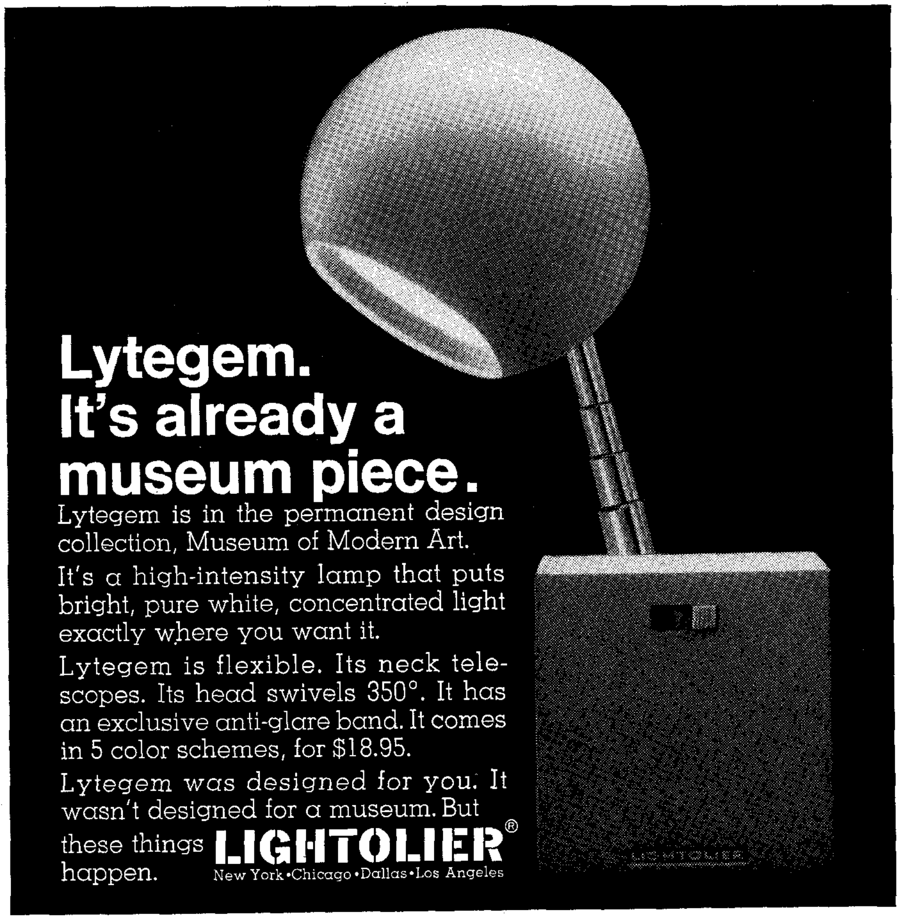

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spout Swinburne and Wilde, he nearly went off without them.

Roy Gamble: "That was why I introduced Leo to Ford [not Henry; Sheridan Ford, a Detroit wit and intellectual]. I'd heard him tell about how he was Hubbard's coat-carrier down there at East Aurora and how they used to go out on those walks, you know, trailing along in a line behind him [Hubbard], and I thought I'd get him to meet Ford. Ford's the direct opposite of Hubbard, see! Ford throws everything behind-um. Every time he gets up in the morning he makes a fresh start, see! While Hubbard builds up—he lives on what he's built up."

Human bodies in the twentieth century were so unsightly that it was considered indecent to expose them, and sexual relations had become so sordid that as topics of conversation they were regarded as low. In America, the word *beautiful*, which, among the Greeks and the French had covered all good taste, loveliness, and nobility, became so outlawed and seldom heard that it made people self-conscious to use it. This was the greatest age of America's industrial prosperity.

[I picked up this note in the street]: "CHERE LELENE JE TEMBRASSE TOUT FORT ES TU CONTENTE DAVOIR LA PHOTO DE JEAN HENRI EST REVENU NOUS AVONS BIEN JOUE."

The hounds in the movie streamed down the hill like globules of quicksilver.

The poppies and bachelor's-buttons dotted the grain with plain bright colors like the balls of a rocket.

As we climbed the long hill that leads to Langres [John Andersen and I on a bicycle holiday], we saw above us the black ramparts and the gray roofs of the ancient town. Set in the wall was a squat round tower, from which jutted a row of gargoyles and on top of which was perched what I at first took to be another gargoyle but what, as I came closer, defined itself as a human figure. It was an American soldier who sat with elbow on knee and chin in hand, gazing off at the immense expanse of hills, fields, and towns and the great statue of the Vir-

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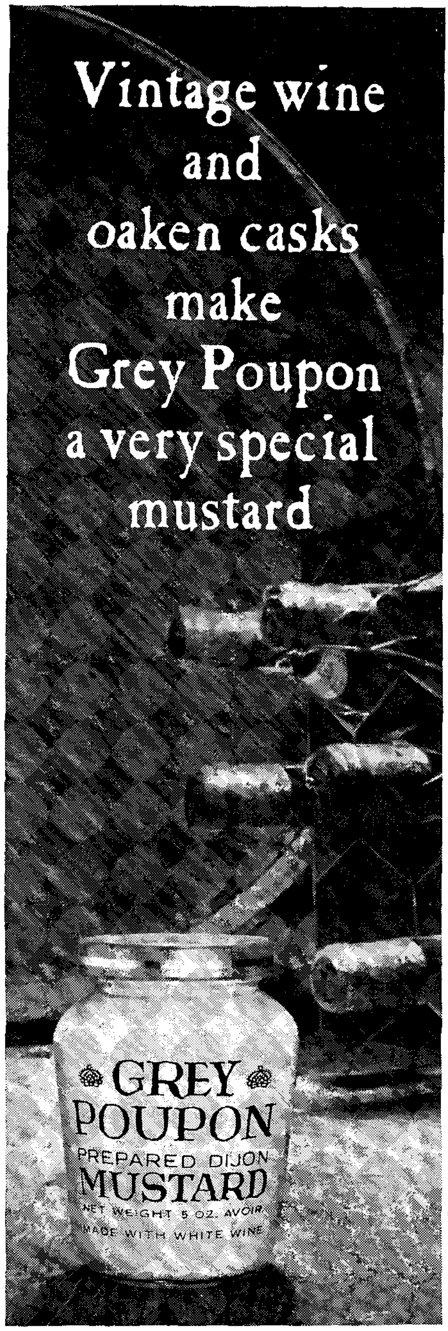

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gin raised high on its rounded mound, and the sharp black outline of his campaign hat and bent limbs cut itself all the clearer for the stone beasts, with jaws blunted and faces disfigured by age, which hung in stiffness below him.

Behind the statue of Diderot [who was born in Langres] was a café in an old building. The reddish roof sloped down, sagging a little, to nearly the breadth of the façade itself. Below it, a row of white blinds were thrown wide against the gray wall, opening on a narrow ledge railed with iron scrollery, where "Café du Balcon" curled itself in gilt. Below this fell a faded pink awning, which shaded the single-stemmed nickel-rimmed tables on the street and the little pine trees set in square green boxes.

(The reddish shingled roof, bearing chimneys that looked as if they had been broken off at the top, and three tiny lurching gables just large enough for four-paned windows . . .)

In those ancient back yards of gray narrow houses, the rough gables bristled with chimneys like blunted spikes, and hedges and columns of box half concealed them with their deep green.

The statue of the Virgin had been erected after the Franco-Prussian War in gratitude by the people of Langres for having been spared by the Germans. In the close cobbled square was the statue of Diderot with the volumes of the encyclopedia under his arm and on the base the names of Voltaire, Rousseau, Condorcet, Helvétius, d'Holbach, Grimm, and d'Alembert.

We bought mirabelles, which were then in season, at a fruit store near the statue and ate them from a bag in the street. Afterward, we went into a little cathedral and rested from the hot sun in the cool gray twilight interior, high and vague above the worn stone floor.

[We heard the guns from Verdun, but I never saw the front till after the war. On the days when we got leave to go out of Vittel, we bicycled or walked to the neighboring towns—Domrémy, Mirecourt, Contrexéville, Épinal. John Andersen and I were once able to get away to spend a night at Nancy. These expeditions, in contrast to our ordinary routine, were incredibly exciting and delightful. If it were merely a question of some country village, we would go to the village inn and drink the solitary bottle of champagne which these inns seemed invariably to keep on hand.

We encountered on one occasion something extremely odd. We had

talk of the table

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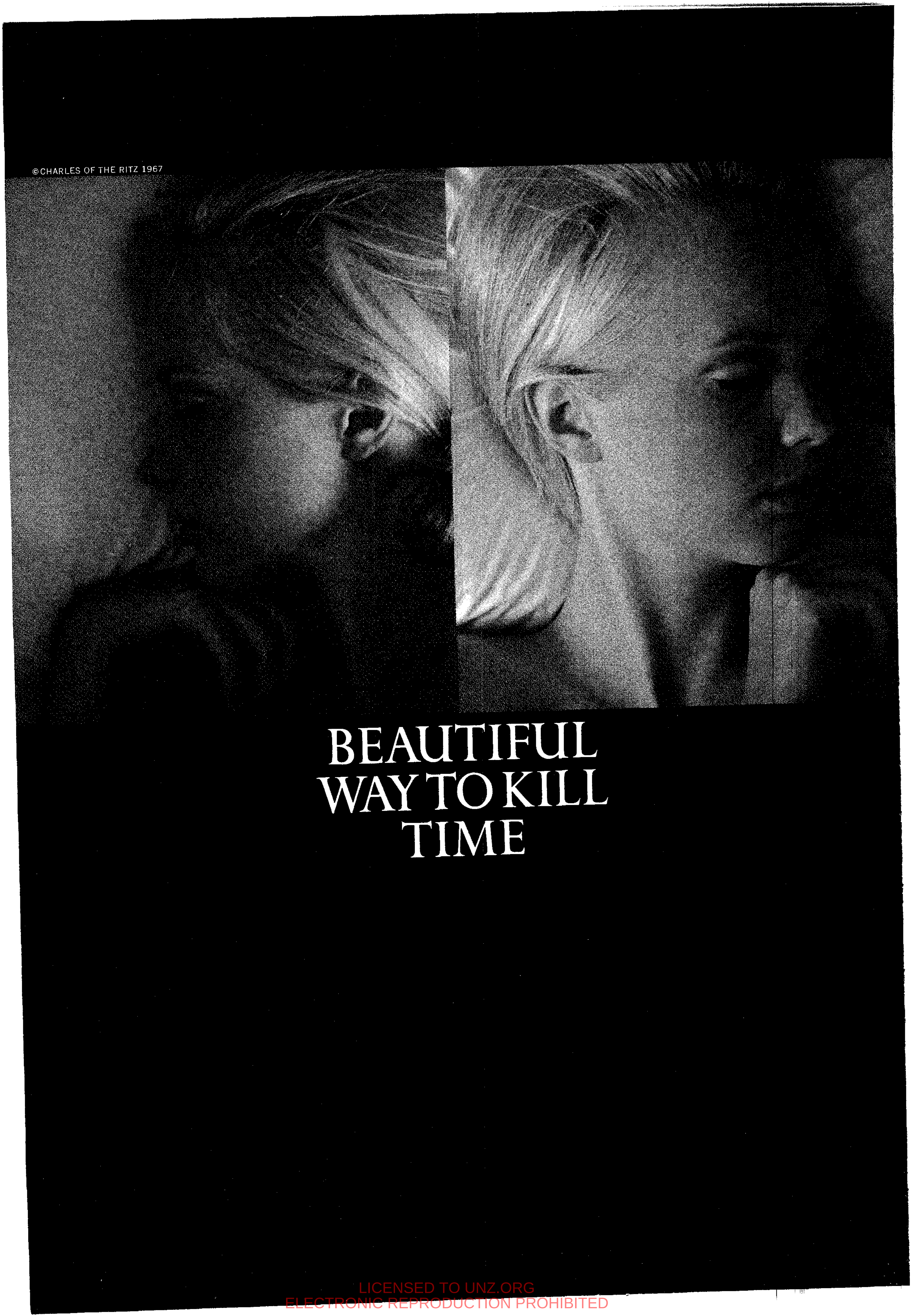
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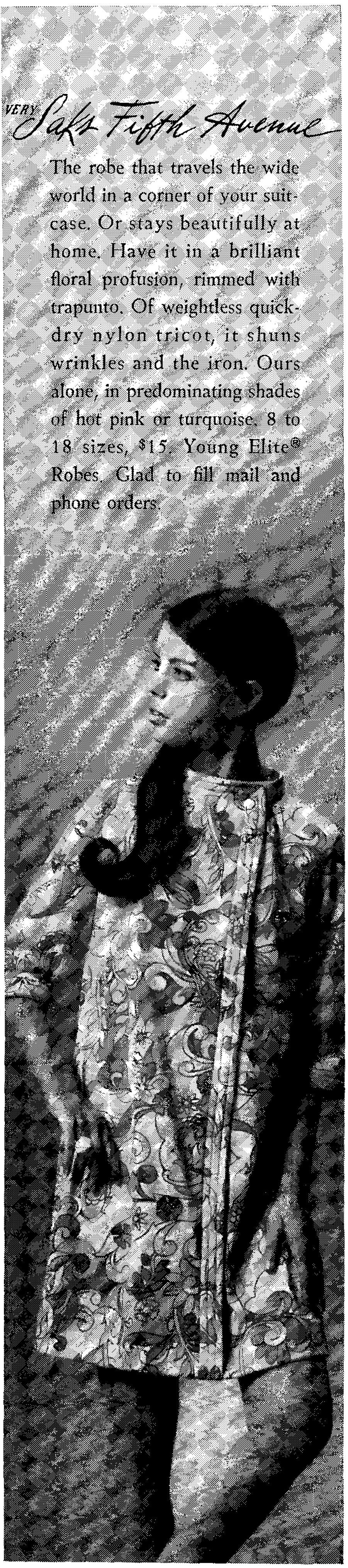
been told by members of the unit of their having made the acquaintance of the owner of an old château on the edge of the great dark woodland that begins in that part of the Vosges and is really a continuation, on the other side of the Rhine, of the German Black Forest. They told us that we ought to visit it. They had been very cordially received. David Hamilton and I found our way there through wastes of snow scrawled with bare bristling thickets. As at last we approached the château, which was called Saint-Baslemont, and looked up at its sharp peaked tower rising above us on its steep hill, with the snow-covered sweep below it that was bounded by the limitless forest—it must have been unassailable from that direction—we felt ourselves back in the Middle Ages. When we had climbed to the top of the hill, we found a stone well, ancient and primitive, a farmhouse sunk in mud and manure, and the old dark château shut in from the road by a stone wall that masked the courtyard. We went in through a grilled gate and saw a strange, Mongoloid-looking servant who crossed the courtyard and did not notice us. We were received at the front door by a hospitable little gentleman, who was dapperly dressed in brown and who spoke English with a London accent. We had been told of a châtelaine, and I suspected that this host was a woman; she reminded me of Vesta Tilley, the impersonator of English Johnnies, once a favorite of the music halls. She presented us to a little woman, mildly pretty and very retiring. They were having a Christmas party for the children of the tiny village. There were presents. The local abbé was there. We had cakes and drank cassis, the insipid blackberry wine. The jolly host or hostess presided with her hands in her pockets. The whole thing was rather mystifying. When we inquired in Vittel, we were told that the châtelaine was the daughter of the famous actress Ève Lavallière, who had become religious and abandoned the stage. A woman in a shop said to us, with a dry smile, "*Elle n'est pas comme les autres.*" She chose to dress as a man, and I assumed that she was simply a Lesbian and that the other woman was her girl friend. I was told that they had wild parties and threw the champagne bottles into the oubliette.

The sequel to this first visit to Saint-Baslemont did not occur till forty-six years later, but I shall tell about it here, for otherwise the reader would lose the connection. In the winter of 1963, I revisited the Vosges with my wife, driving by car to the places I had known during the war. I inquired in Vittel about Mlle. Lavallière and was told—no doubt because of the confusion of sex that made them think I meant the actress—that Mlle. Lavallière was dead. But we drove out to Saint-Baslemont. The approach now seemed even more forbidding than it had when I had gone there by foot. We at first tried to climb by a wrong narrow road and then found it difficult to turn around without falling off the road into a steep hillside orchard that hung below it. But when we parked beside the wall of the old château, which made it seem so sealed up and secret, and walked around to the front, we found it in a state of ruin before which I stood aghast. The roof had fallen in. The grilled gate was padlocked and rusted. The courtyard was full of chickens, and a huge hare was looking out at us from a window on the first floor. A farmer, whose squalid place seemed always to have been part of the property, came out to see what was going on. I asked whether the château hadn't burned. "*Non, il s'est écroulé de lui-même.*" I said that it was a pity. He agreed. No one lived there now? "*Si; la propriétaire,*" who had bought it from Mlle. Lavallière. She lived in a corner tower, the only part still intact. I looked at this corner and thought it seemed unsuitable for anything except an owl. But Mlle. Lavallière was dead? This time I was understood. No, she was still alive—she lived on the village street, the last house from there on the left. We went down the hill, trying several houses and awakening curiosity. These *bicoques* were also in the Middle Ages, and when we found the one we were looking for I was surprised by its turning out—though the door and some of the windows had been painted white—just as low and mean as the others, and partly dilapidated. I knocked on the door: "*Entrez.*" A little old man, with white straight hair and a squarish, rather wooden face, had been writing at a wide crude worktable. I was not sure that I had the right person and asked whether she were Mlle. Lavallière: "*Je suis le fils de Mlle. Lavallière.*" I explained that she wouldn't remember me but that I had come to the château years before. She answered that this was possible. She had got up and, instead of briskly bouncing as she had when she was so much younger, she stood with her hands in her pockets and shifting from one foot to the other. She was dressed in men's jeans and com-



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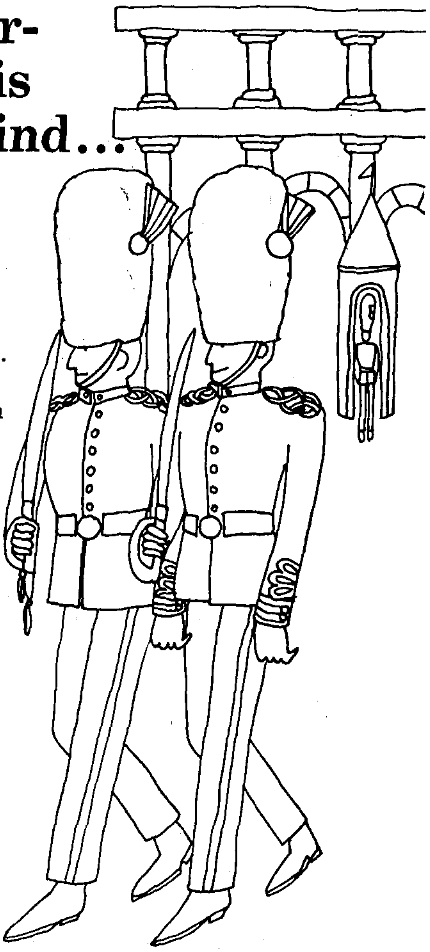

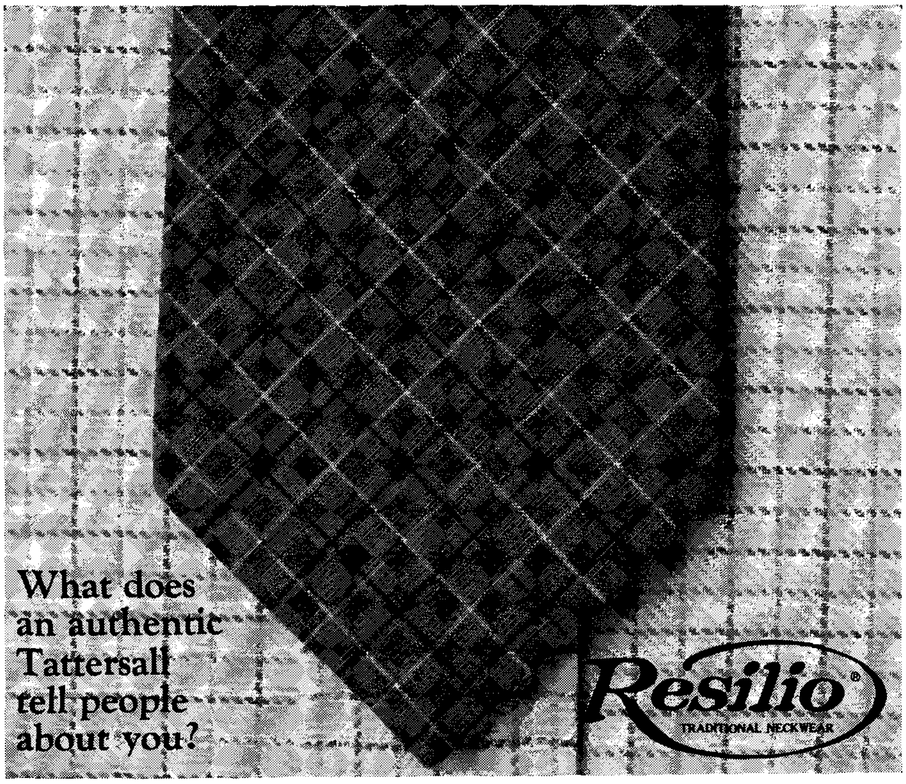
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fortable no doubt wool-lined slippers. "But you are Mlle. Lavallière." "*Je suis le fils de Mlle. Lavallière—Jean Lavallière.*" I then tried to bring her back to the past by saying to her in English that she used to speak very good English. "I have forgotten . . ." she answered in English, shrugging slightly and a little more feminine. I asked her if I could bring in my wife for a moment. "*Pourquoi faire? Je travaille.*" And I saw that in the little room there was not really much place for guests. I was embarrassed and I simply said that it was sad to see the château like that. Yes; she had sold it a number of years ago. We shook hands. As I was leaving, she said strangely, and I did not know what to answer: "*Je suis un pauvre type.*" This experience somewhat shook me. I felt that I had really had no right to intrude and put her to the boring embarrassment of explaining the situation to a stranger, and had been rightly, though politely, *mis à la porte*. That sinister old château, once the scene of outrageous revels; that queer being—I supposed in her seventies—writing alone in her wretched cell. Was she emulating thus her mother, who had become a Franciscan nun?

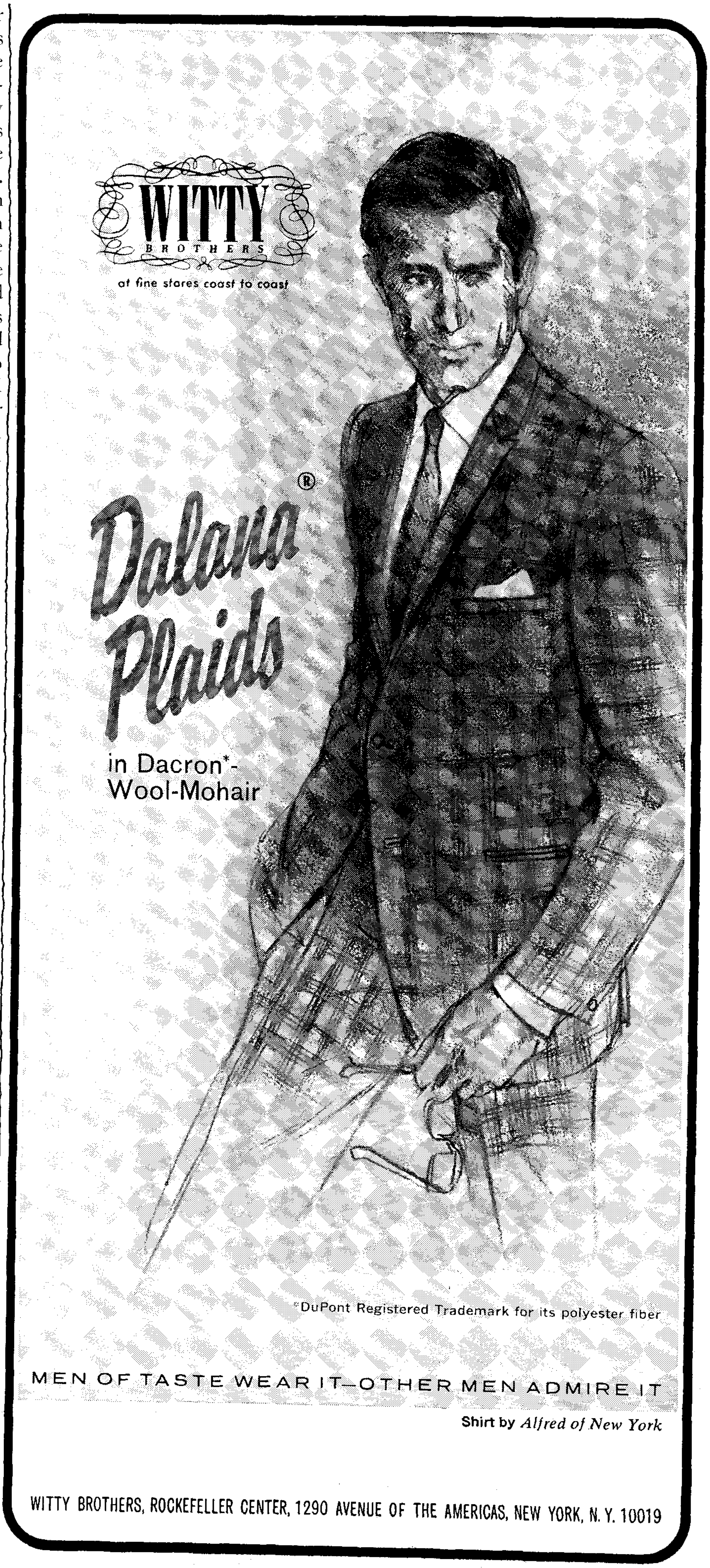
It was not till I returned to Paris that, from inquiry and from a (not very reliable) book called "I'm Going to Maxim's," by an Englishman, H. J. Greenwall, I more or less found out the story.

Ève Lavallière was the child of actors. On the road, her father shot her mother and then shot himself. She and her brother ran into the streets, where the brother disappeared. Ève was picked up by the police and sent to school in a convent, from which she ran away at seventeen. She came to Paris and went on the stage, and had a tremendous success. She married Fernand Samuel, the director of the Théâtre des Variétés. I note, in Jules Renard's journal, that he once said to her, "*Vous avez un visage qui me plaît pour sa franchise. Vous devez avoir des qualités morales, vous,*" and that, "*une pauvre petite femme très émue,*" she several times took his hand: "*Oh! que je suis contente! De tous les amis de Guitry, je me disais que vous étiez le seul à me mépriser, et j'en souffrais. Je pensais que vous n'auriez jamais de sympathie pour moi, et voilà ce que vous me dites. Oh! que je suis contente!*" She and Samuel had one daughter, Jeanne; then were soon divorced. Jeanne left home and went to live with a man who smuggled dope, and when he was caught she was sent to jail, too. But almost as soon as she got out her father died and left her his fortune. She was some sort of hermaphrodite and at the age of eighteen had an operation performed that made her predominantly masculine. She had herself registered as male and legally married the little woman that I met at Saint-Baslemont. At one time, I believe, she ran a bar in Paris. Her mother was now living with a German baron, an attaché at the Paris Embassy, but when war came he went back to Germany and was killed in the very first weeks. At first, after his death, Ève Lavallière wandered around Montmartre incognito, giving cakes to the children of men at the front and performing other kindnesses for their mothers. Then she became converted and abandoned the stage, but she did not enter a convent. She went to live in a cottage in the village of Thuillières, near the Château de Saint-Baslemont, in which she had once lived with Samuel, to which Robert de Flers had come to read the comedies he had written for the Variétés and at which their friend Jules Massenet had visited and had written "Thaïs." She did not die till 1929, so she must have been living at Thuillières at the time I first met Jeanne-Jean, who had inherited the château from her father. Her mother is said to have been buried in a coarse linen gown and her grave to have been marked by a plain wooden cross. I had no doubt, when I learned all this, that the child was now following her mother's path. I hope that she was writing this story.]

Occasionally, in the smell of summer rain or of savory cooking on a late afternoon, I have almost recognized the odors of home—but only to be baffled, after a moment, by realizing a hopeless strangeness.

Miss Douglas [a nurse from Charleston, South Carolina] said that in a miner's house to which she had been sent to nurse they washed the newborn baby in a basin which the next day was used to make bread and sent the midwife to sleep in the same room with the husband and children. They were Austrians.

Miss Douglas said that she could sympathize with the soldiers sent back from the hospital to the front, because when she had first gone to the training school as a girl of seventeen, forced by the post-bellum poverty of her family to earn her own living, she had been terribly frightened by the idea of working and of her relation to the doc-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tors and by the stories she had been told of the horrors of the operating room.

[I thought she was a very sympathetic woman. I later found her again at Chaumont. She had been *du gratin* of Charleston and a member of the St. Cecilia Society, which she discreetly let me know.]

The poplars stood like soldiers halted at attention on the road.

The moonlight lay along the floor like broken bars of silver.

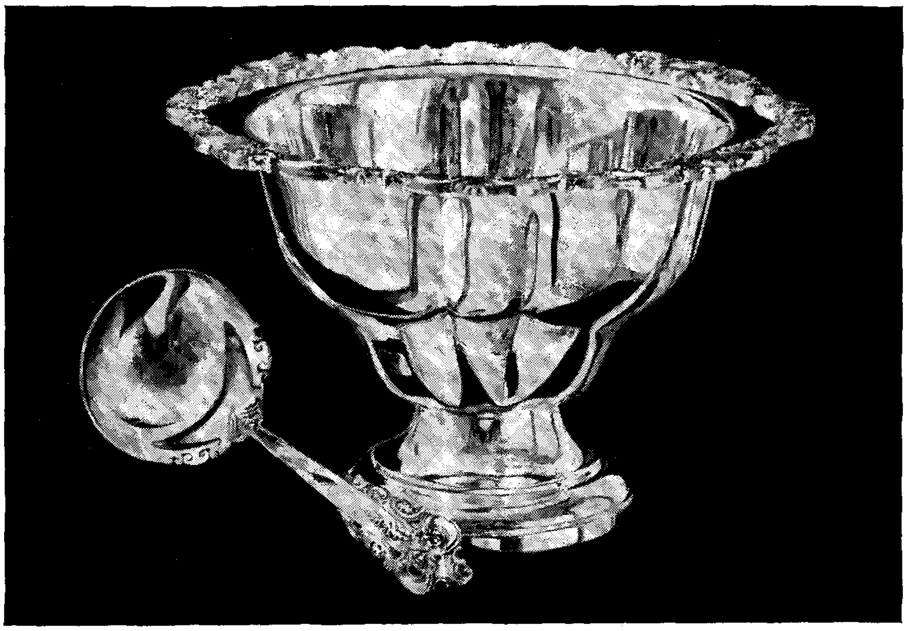
One of the German prisoners was a boy of about eighteen, slight and blond and very well bred. They asked him if they could have his hat and, after a moment of abashed hesitation, he smiled nicely and replied, "Then I shouldn't have one!" They assured him that, if they took it, he would get another when he reached the hospital, but he finally succeeded in keeping it through sheer force of good manners.

One patient had three-quarters of the surface of his body burned and his lungs partially destroyed. His face was purple. At intervals during the night he would whistle hoarsely, and when I came to him he would ask, "Are you ready to move yet, Sergeant?" He thought he was still on the march. In the morning he died.

I heard a story that one soldier from the South got a letter from his father in which the old man said that he hated to have the boy away so long, "but the damn Yanks have got to be licked!"

[Sometime in 1918 I was transferred to the Intelligence Service at our General Headquarters in Chaumont and given the rank of sergeant. This was due not to merit on my part or special favor on the part of my superiors but entirely to my own efforts in getting my father to pull wires in Washington.

At the hospital, just before I left, I had been given a farewell dinner by the mess crew—of which I was quite proud. There were some very good men in the unit outside my own special group of friends, but in general they belonged to the lower grades of what is called the white-collar class, a kind of person that I did not like. They were great intriguers for position and takers of advantage of one another. And the same was true of the officers, who in-



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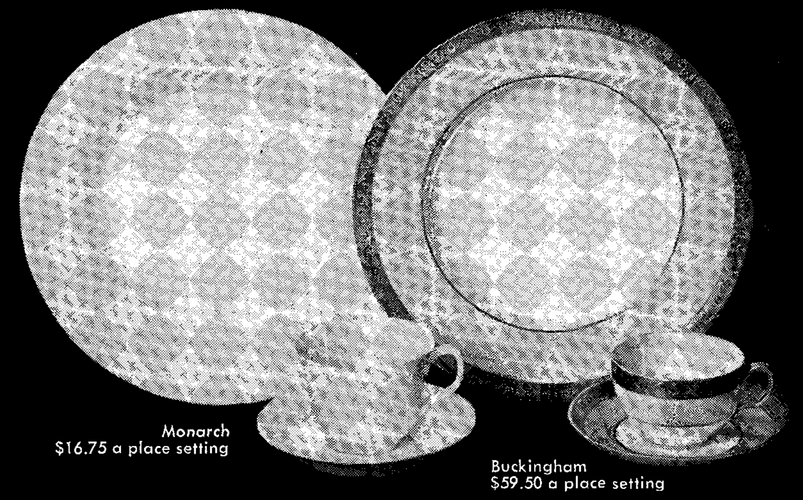

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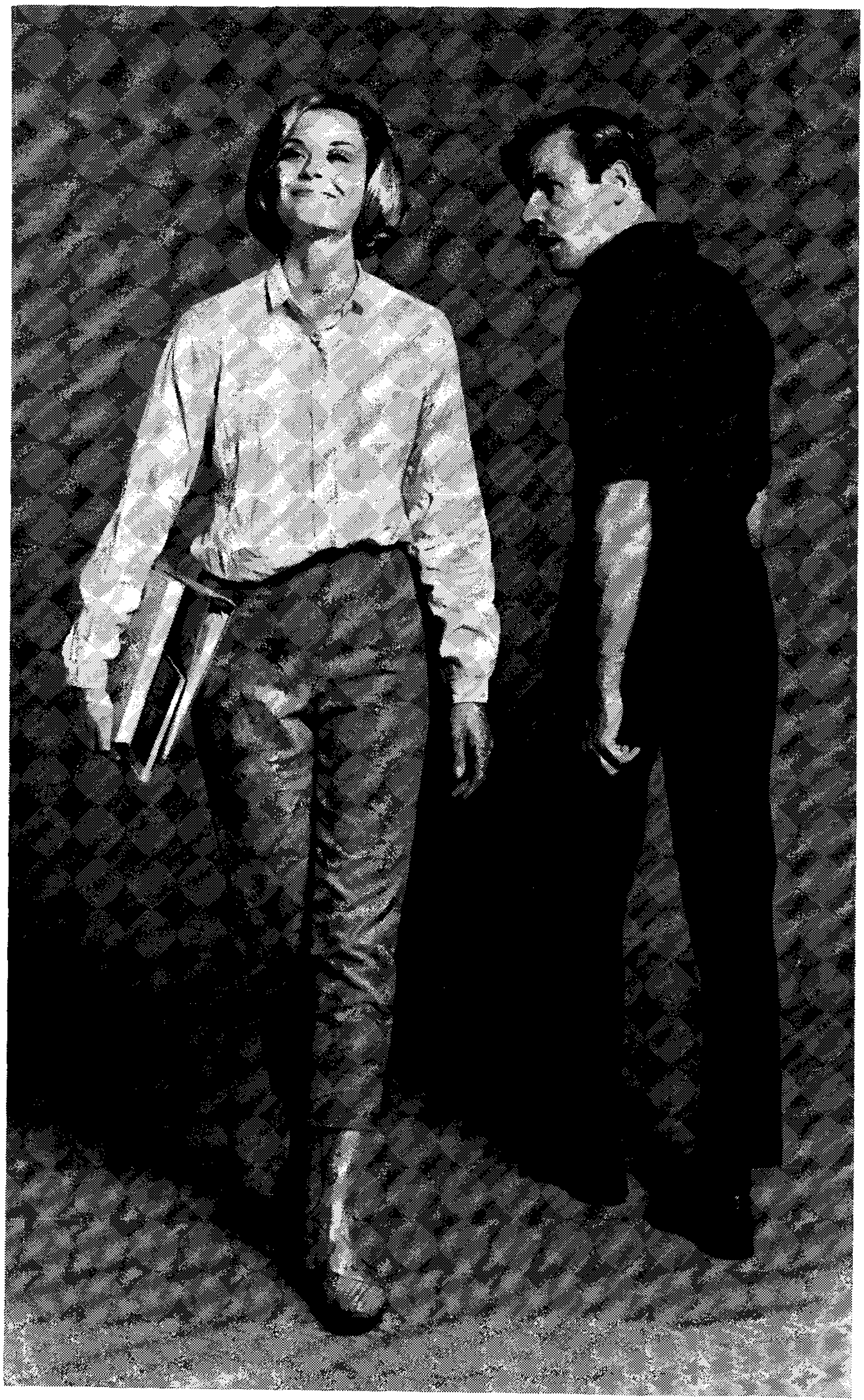
cluded some first-rate doctors but also a number of others for whom the uniform had been a step up and who sometimes abused their acquired rank. The mess crew I got on with much better. They were likely to be old soldiers and sailors with whom one dealt, with no regard for social lines or petty ambitions, on a comradely, human basis. Some were Cockneys who spoke with the Cockney glottal stop in such words as *little* and *bottle*—a feature which I had thought confined to the Scotch. One ex-sailor died of syphilis. There was nothing at all bad about him, but he seemed to me to represent the lowest type of working human unit. He was swarthy and seemed foreign, but it was as if he had no nationality. In the unit, I was always called Woodrow or Ed.

At Chaumont, I translated uninteresting documents, prepared a memorandum on Poland from the meagre materials in the GHQ library, and, working in what was called the Department of Exterior Fronts—a name which got a good deal of kidding—moved pins with differently colored heads on a wall map intended to keep us informed of the operations of Allied troops in Russia and other regions outside the main theatre of war. I had a great deal more liberty here, and life was very much more varied. I ran into people I knew from the *Evening Sun* or Yale and Princeton, and I made some new and interesting friends—especially a man named Eugene Arthur Hecker, a descendant of the Friedrich Hecker of Baden who was one of the leaders of the German revolution of 1848 and, after its failure, emigrated to America. My friend, a Latin teacher from St. Louis, was the author of a book on the teaching of Latin and a history of women's rights. He was a learned and witty man, with quite unconventional opinions. Hecker and Heber Blankenhorn, former assistant city editor of the *Evening Sun*, constituted by themselves the department for propaganda in Germany. There was also a Belgian radical, who taught me the "Internationale" and an Anarchist anthem with the following words:

Debout, mon frère de misère!
Debout, mon frère de misère!
Pour écraser la bourgeoisi-e
Il faut de l'énergi-e!
Il faut, il faut de l'énergi-e!

My duties as sergeant were confined to signing passes, which I issued to everybody who wanted one.]

At Chaumont, near a little village



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center which had still a feudal look and the little river whose smoothness only the ducks and rushes broke, was a small château which Louis XIV had built for Mme. de Maintenon. One saw it from a low stone wall which shut its grounds from the street, and the low, gracious windows of the first floor and the little oval ones under the red roof looked out from behind the thick shrubs and trees of the lawn with the charm of a sovereign simplicity.

Brenicke said that he knew a man who had spent several months on the border learning all the verses to "The Bastard King of England."

George Wood [a reporter for the *Evening Sun*, whom I got to know much better in Chaumont than I ever had done in the office] called English drapers' clerks "the than whomest of human mice" and said that Rockefeller had the soul of a spider. He told of his first interview with [Charles Evans] Hughes, then just become governor of New York: "We waited for him and then he came in—and he hadn't had a business suit on in years, you know—and he'd evidently just bought one ready-made, and he suddenly appeared looking *middle-class as hell.* And then, all of a sudden, he remembered that he ought to smile—and he smiled. Oh, my God! It was terrible. And he said, 'Hello, fellows!' And then he said, 'Won't you come up to the roof garden?' And I didn't want to go; I was afraid he might say, 'Oh, hell! What's the use?,' and jump off the roof or something."

Hecker remarked that [James W.] Gerard [our former ambassador to Germany] couldn't speak German. "Why, hell!" said George [Wood]. "He don't talk English. He talks politics!"

Hecker said that when the streets of St. Louis had long been dark, because the mayor was getting graft out of the lighting system and a committee of citizens went to him to demand an explanation, he answered, "Well, you've still got de moon, ain't *it*?" But the next time they went with a rope and the town got some light.

Hecker, describing [Aristophanes'] "The Knights": "They get hold of this sausage-seller and say, 'Why, dammit, you'll have to be President of the Republic! Can you write?' And he said, 'No, but I can read.' And they said, 'Well, that's against you!' "

I said, "George, do you think Hecker used to say 'dammit' in civil life?"

Hecker: "Oh, yes! I've always sworn. As soon as I got a good look at the world, I began."

Christ was a radical when he was living; it is only since he has been sitting at the right hand of God that he has become a conservative.

Aunt Laura told me that Grandfather [Kimball] insisted on reading novels in his later years, because he said he had spent all the first part of his life reading history. It seems to me that his desire was a natural one; he must have craved the comfort of comparatively cheerful stories.

I told Hecker that the gods had it in for him because he had too much on them. We discussed sexual questions for some time. He resisted my view till I adduced "Tristan and Isolde" as the classical example of a laudable adultery. Then he said, "Oh, yes, of course, they ought to do it. I approve of it. Do anything in my power to assist them." He remarked later, "You better write a treatise: 'Pro Adulterio Dissertatio.' Be sure to write it in Latin." As we parted for the evening, he said, "Well, we'll meet in hell presently."

Brossard said that he would be a Bolshevik himself if he didn't have a bank account. [He was a Swiss who had become an American citizen.]

[The subject of the following description was a major who was the head of my department. Since it was impossible for me to talk back to him, I produced this rather venomous portrait]:

In his pleasant gift of drollery, the effervescence was seen of something not unlike intelligence. It was only when he tried to argue or explain that one saw how little used to thought he was. Not altogether unsusceptible to ideas, he appropriated the more winsome aspects of any that were in the air and allowed them to hang twinkling in his mind until some newcomer displaced them. He was incapable of the

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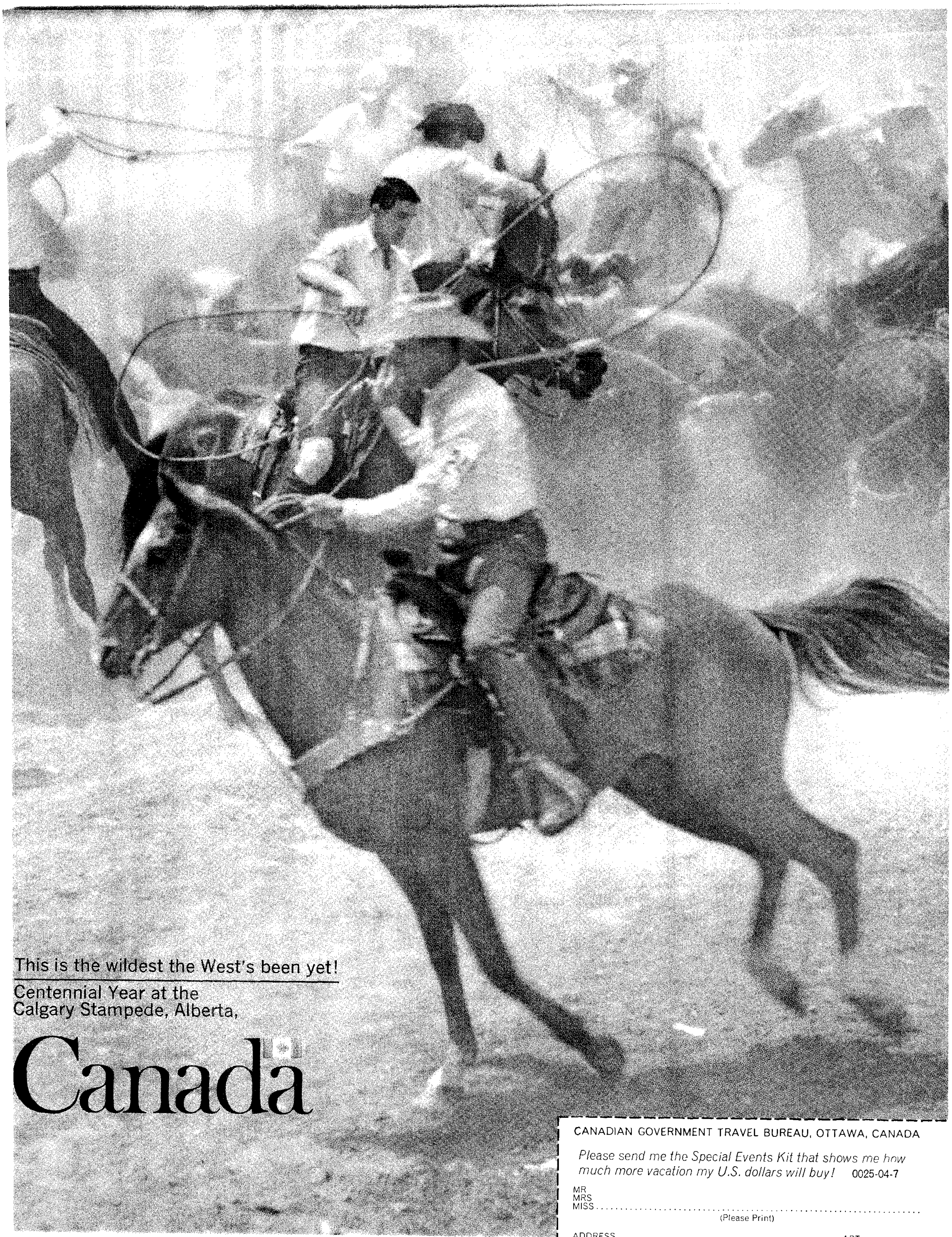
effort of examining them for himself, but if he heard a refutation that appealed to him he would accept as much of it as he could remember without difficulty.

He had been born in fortunate circumstances and was accustomed to country clubs and managed to pass for wide-awake and intelligent without ever harboring a doubt that might have discredited the foundations of the world he knew. His education at Yale had made equilibrium easier; at that robust school, where the battle is to the strong and so much boldness of thought is encouraged without its ever being subversive, the esteem in which his powers had been held had confirmed their limitations. At forty, he felt that, after all, his class were the rightful masters. His case was that the common man was neither able nor intelligent, that he was incapable of those fine sensibilities which might have made his lot disagreeable. Without guidance from above, he could do nothing to good purpose. Not that he himself was not as progressive as anyone, and he was honestly kindly—kindly to a fault. It was difficult for him to refuse a request, whether he could fulfill it or not, and it gave him a real pleasure to do someone a favor. But, after all, did not the superior man have the right to control in industry or in the Army? And he naturally expected nearly everything to be done for him by others. Spoiled, amiable, and a little absurd, without bringing any real intellectual application to the things with which he had to deal, he maintained the right to permanence of the society which had enabled him to preserve his self-esteem without disillusion.

George Wood told me about meeting some eminent politician or other at Atlantic City. This man and his family were climbing and had begun to put on a little side. A friend of George's, who was taking him to dinner with these people, admonished him to be sure to dress and behave correctly. The affair was very heavy and solemn until George, who had gained self-confidence from the liquor, made some awful break and then stopped aghast for fear he had offended the company. On the contrary, the host slapped him violently on the back and exclaimed, "Why, Jesus Christ! you're human! I thought I had to play up to you!" After this, the party went much better, and when the meal was over George and his host withdrew



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and got drunk together in enthusiastic fellowship.

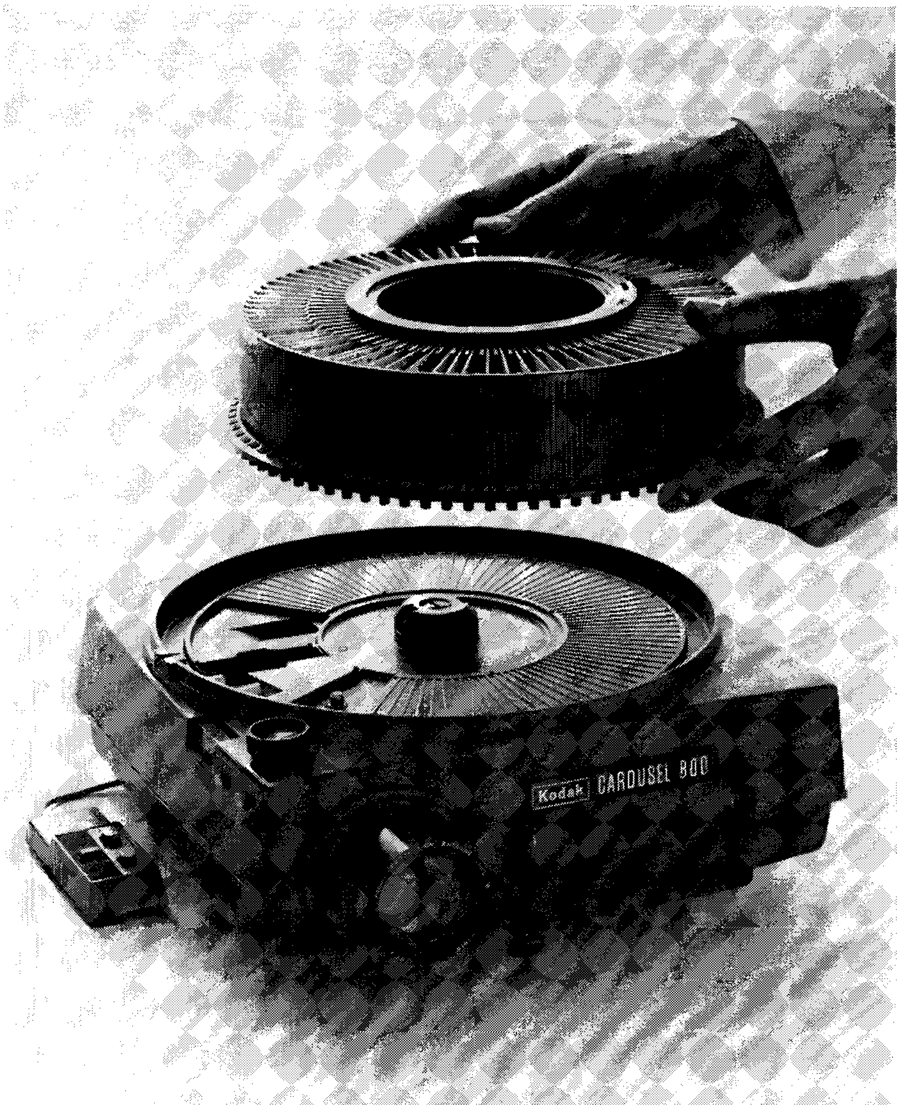
Robert Jackson said that Pete Widener's parents had educated him in France to try to make a gentleman of him, but that he had only lost all the vigor of the butcher strain without getting rid of any of the coarseness. [Robert Jackson was an old friend from Princeton and Washington. Learning that he was somewhere in the neighborhood, I looked him up when I was stationed at Chaumont. It can be seen that our conversation reverted to a prewar tone.]

[The Armistice was declared on November 11, 1918. George Wood and I took a walk in the streets. It was damp November weather; a few of our soldiers were drunk; the French soldiers set off a few squibs. George said, "Well, b'gosh, we beat Purdue!"]

A Regular Colonel called his staff together and began, "Now that we have finished with this war, it is time to begin to think about the next." A Harvard man was heard to titter.

Another Regular Army man had said, in March, when the Germans had nearly reached Paris, "Well, if the Germans win and we're defeated, that'll prove they're the superior race."

I found that one of the library helpers was a Polish Jew and another was a Russian. The first said that he had helped the Jews in a Polish pogrom, where he had seen a Cossack nail a woman and her child, one on top of the other, to a board, and showed me the sabre scars on his hands; the second said with terrible passion that the Russians were a lot of "tam fools," they had ruined his life; if he could go back and do anything to help the government help them, he'd be glad to, but he wished the Allies would go in and kill them every one. He had been a Social Democrat in the revolution of 1905; at that time all the streets had been barricaded, and when his sister died they could not get her body through the city (Moscow, I think) to the cemetery. That, he said, was what discouraged him; after that, he had come to America. Brossard, who, though Swiss, is, it seems, a baron—I hadn't known they had titles in Switzerland—by the right of a title given one of his ancestors for military prowess



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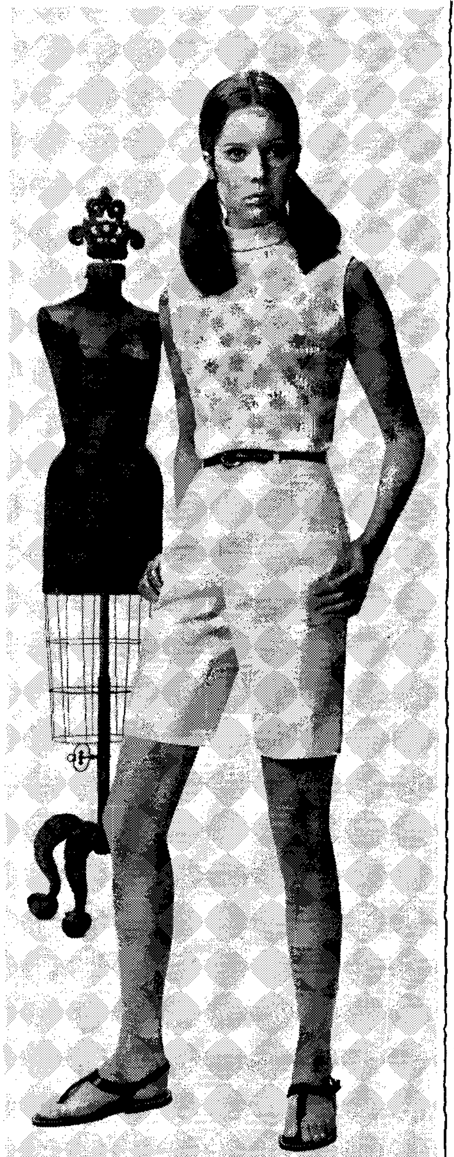

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some five centuries ago by the French king, listened to all this. He confessed to me that he was proud to have made his own success in America. If he had stayed in Switzerland he would simply have been put into some job and would probably never have worked at all.

Hecker said that before he served in the Army he didn't care whether he lived or died, but, since he had gone through the barrage, he had the will to live. In the midst of that hail of terror and destruction, he wondered for the first time whether it did all actually go for making the world safe for democracy. And now, he said, he was anxious to live and didn't want to die—especially for humanity; that wasn't worth dying for.

Hecker: "When a man can't explain something to you clearly, one of two things is true: either he doesn't understand it himself or it isn't to his interest that you should understand it."

[A little before Christmas, I was sent to Trèves (Trier) in the Army of Occupation, on the mistaken assumption that I spoke German. The poem, written on the spot, and the story, written later, that follow are products of this experience. In Trier I ran into George Perkins, Jr., a friend from Hill and Princeton, who had been assigned as ADDC to a little town on the Moselle. His duties were almost nonexistent, and he lived with the burgomaster's family, with whom he was on very friendly terms. He had to kill a good deal of time, and would lie in bed reading French novels. His young wife had just died in the flu epidemic, and I think he was rather desolate. I often went out to see him, sometimes spending the night and walking back early in the morning in order to be checked in at the barracks. This story combines my own with George's experience, but it is mainly based on things that actually happened.]

TRÈVES: DECEMBER, 1918

Trevis Metropolis, urbs amoenissima,
Quae Bacchum recolis, Baccho gratissima,
Da tuis incolis vina fortissima
Per dulcor.
OLD VERSE

I

I think your ancient laughter all has died,
Most pleasant Trèves, whom Bacchus once made gay:
The smooth Moselle all wintry slips away
Between the naked hills that wall her side,
With purple dimmed and blackened and with grass
All faded by the frost; a sharp rain beats
And, dull in black, the people through the streets
Speak scarce to greet each other as they pass—
Bewilderment and wrath and blasting grief
On faces that must once have smiled to see
The globes and tinsel for the Christmas tree
And kept for the angels' message some belief.
These have not seemed in wonder to behold
The gleaming leopards of the god leap through
The leaves; and none knows now to raise anew
That tongue that matched the harvest with its gold.
Men lift no hymns to greet a young god. Nay!
The Gorgon here has turned all faces gray.

II

And yet with yellow wine and clinking rims
We almost laughed the Gorgon's stare away
Last night when we made little Bäbchen play
"Der Lindenbaum," some Sousa, and some hymns,
"The Beautiful Blue Danube" (ah, how wan!
How far Vienna's swaying violins!
Gone now with sweetest voices in the din,
With Schubert, Heine, and de Musset, gone!)—
Though one of us had marched among the men
Who reached the Marne four summers past and one
Had bent reluctant patience to a gun,
That they might never reach the Marne again . . .
Without that song, all life had not sufficed;
Without that hour, we had been poor and mean,
Whose ignorant hands, still cruel and unclean,
Have rent ourselves till Bacchus now nor Christ

Can scarce find balm for our extreme distress—
Nor music that forgets all bitterness.

LIEUTENANT FRANKLIN

I

SAID the Captain loudly, "This is something new! Eating with enlisted men!"

They had sat down in the only places left, at a table where some soldiers were lunching.

"Here, boy!" cried the Major to a waiter. "*Twa deenay, toot sweet!* Now hurry it right along. We've got to leave here by half past one."

"When are we supposed to get to Trèves?" asked the young Second Lieutenant.

"Well, if we start on time," replied the Major, "we ought to get there by quarter to ten—supposing we don't have any blowouts, which we unquestionably will; the road's pretty rotten still. They ought to have put a few Americans on it and they'd have a decent road by now. But that isn't the frog idea; never do a thing right in the first place if you can take a long time and do it rotten! They thought it was a brilliant stroke of economy to put the Chinamen to work on the roads. The Chinamen are the only people in the world that have less sense than the frogs. They just have a lot of fun blowing themselves up with old hand grenades. . . . Sure; every time they find one they take the pin out—with their marvellous Oriental cunning. . . . Sure; the whole road from Nancy to Metz is sprayed with 'em."

The Captain repeated his reprimand: "I suppose that since the Armistice," he said, "the enlisted men are eating with the officers!"

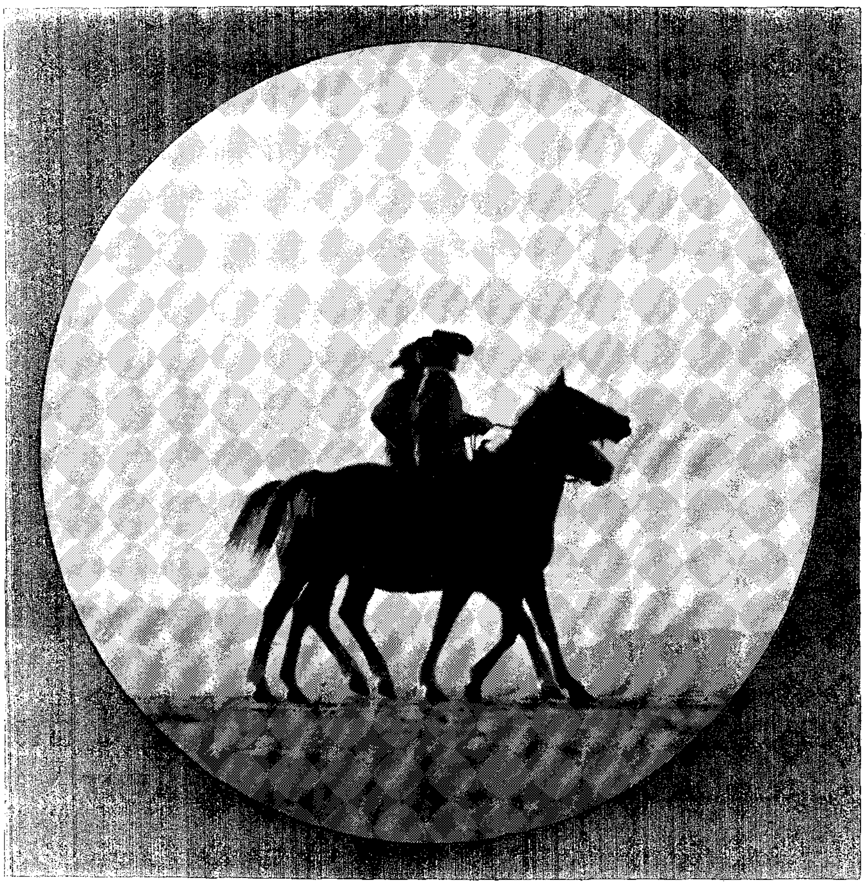
"I beg your pardon, sir," said one of the privates, "but we were here before you!"

"You better be careful!" blurted the Captain, turning red with surprise. He was a short man with a bristling blond mustache and a smartly belted uniform, who administered a filing cabinet at GHQ with much severity and dash. He looked to the Major, his ranking officer, to take up the case against the soldier, but the Major, with his square-tipped mechanic's fingers laid out like tools before him on the table, only fixed the harassed and evasive waiter with his searching gold-rimmed goggles, behind which his black eyes themselves had the aspect of a second pair of lenses: a double surveyor's theodolite turning on the axis of his neck.

"Say," he shouted, "come over here,

Is the Desert Inn only for the jet-set?

Or do they know something you don't?



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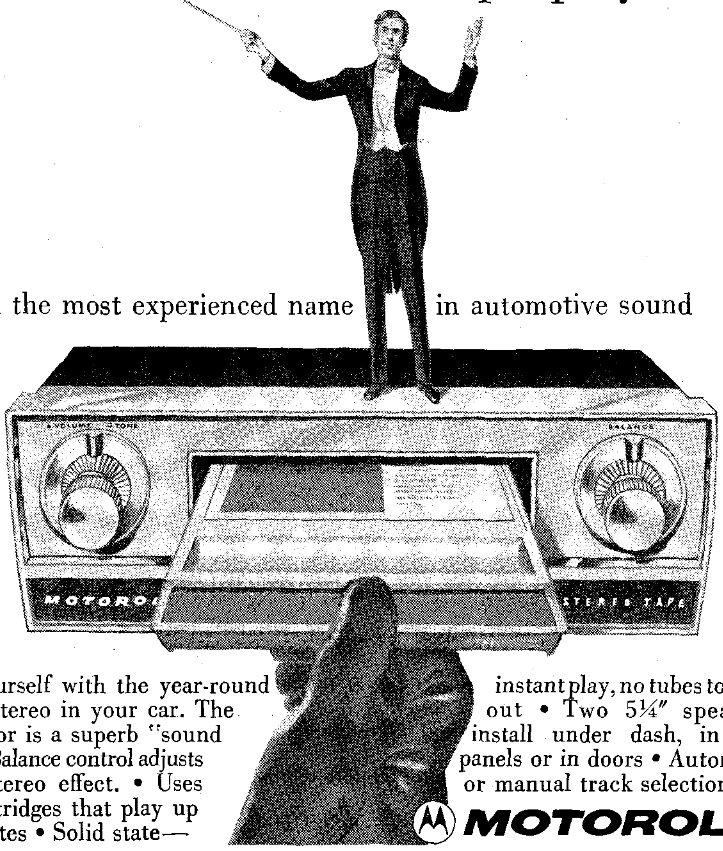

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you! . . . Now what about those three lunches? We've got to leave here by half past one!"

"*Il faut attendre cinq minutes,*" said the waiter. "*La viande n'est pas prête.*"

"*Sank minoot* nothing!" said the Major. "We've got to have it right away! . . . Tell him we've got to have it right away or we'll go somewhere else."

"*Il dit,*" the young Lieutenant interpreted, "*que nous ne pouvons pas attendre. Nous voulons le déjeuner tout de suite.*"

"*Ah,*" replied the waiter, with a shrug which mingled weariness with malice. "*On ne peut pas toujours avoir tout ce qu'on veut en ce monde!*" He disappeared with his toppling plates.

"What did he say?" demanded the Major.

"There's no excuse for this insolence!" declared the Captain. "If I were you, I'd complain to the mayor. Morale has been going to pieces ever since the Armistice, and it's high time to jack it up." He glared at the privates, who were leaving.

"Did he try to get fresh?" asked the Major.

"Well, more philosophical, I should say," hesitated Lieutenant Franklin. "That's the wonderful thing about the French; they always manage to remain philosophical, no matter how desperate the situation is."

"If they were a little less philosophical," said the Major, "we might get a little more service."

Lunch over, they went out into the street and stood a moment in the Place Stanislas, while the Major, looking out for the motorcar, raked the square with his lenses.

All about them, in chaste beauty of proportion and elegance at once formal and gracious, rose the façades of the eighteenth century. Wide, many-windowed, gray-yellow, they were crowned with rows of torches and panoplies in stone, and they cherished on the *rez-de-chaussée* the bright cafés that sprinkled tables along the pavement. The lines of Nancy, in the cold December sun, showed as fine and dry as a Callot engraving.

Lieutenant Franklin watched the pretty women hurrying by in their brisk, serious way, their clear northern complexions bitten red.

The khaki car drew up and they got in.

"We might make it by half past nine," said the Major, looking at his watch.

"What do you do up there, Ma-

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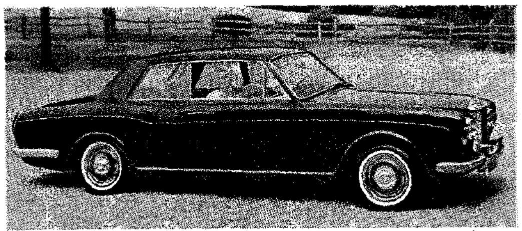

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jor?" Lieutenant Franklin asked.

"Censor's office," replied the Major.

"That's what I'm supposed to do. But the joke is I don't know much German. I'm being sent up by mistake. The Colonel's away and that damn field clerk down there who's just been made personnel officer got me mixed up with a Lieutenant Frankel. I couldn't convince him he was wrong—he thought I didn't want to go. I'm afraid I won't be much good in the censor's office; I hardly know German at all. What I'm supposed to know is French."

"That's all right," the Major assured him. "I don't know anything. I'm an engineer."

In the Place de la Carrière, as they honked dictatorially through it, the fallen leaves of the linden trees were yellow in the straight alleys and the rows of brass-knobbed houses met winter with the sober loveliness which does not fade in a pale light. Some of the little hotels about the station had been damaged or gutted by bombs, but in that city which had been molded to harmony as if by the touch of a single hand, their scars showed as lightly as chippings.

"How do the Germans treat you?" inquired Lieutenant Franklin.

"Fine," replied the Major.

"The Hun," explained Captain Scudder, "is the most servile goddam beast in the world. When he's on top he's a dirty brute, but when he's licked he's like a whipped cur. They think they can get let off easy by making up to the Americans. It's a deliberate policy, inspired from Berlin."

"Do you think so?" asked Lieutenant Franklin.

"Why, of course," asserted Captain Scudder. "They're just the same old double-faced bunch. They haven't turned into angels overnight!"

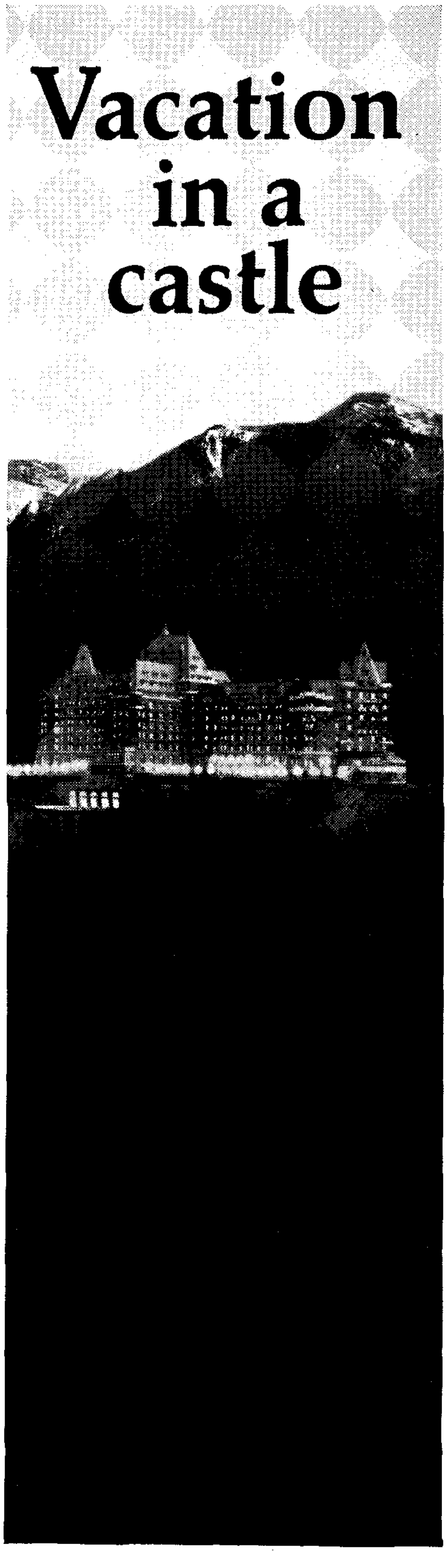
At Pont-à-Mousson, the houses and shops of the square had been battered about like giant children's blocks which an adult giant had knocked over in passing.

The M.P. ran through their orders, stamped the paper, and handed it back.

"Pretty quick," noted Major Liggett.

The stout arch of the stone bridge lay sunk in the riverbed; from the banks stuck out truncated fragments. They crossed on an improvised suspension.

Beyond the river, landscape ceased; crooked trenches cracked a blasted wilderness. It was as if, by dint of titanic



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effort, the reproductive faculties of nature had at last been conclusively extirpated—as if the earth had been finally divested not merely of vegetation but even of color and form. Blackened, shattered stumps of trees seemed as strange to the saps of life as the systems of scrawling barbed wire. At the side of the road, so many times wrecked that it now seemed beyond reconstruction, ragged fringes of camouflage screens were dangling in miserable fatuity. Here and there neat quiltings of graves were pricked out with wooden crosses.

"Well," remarked Lieutenant Franklin, "it certainly seems funny to be going across here as easily as this!"

For him, the front was a barrier against which four years of life and ammunition had been hurled without effect. He found himself passing it with a kind of awe, as if a wizard's circle had been wiped away and the ogrelike race it had guarded had been suddenly deprived of their power.

"This the first time you've been through?" asked the Major.

"Yes," said Lieutenant Franklin, "the first time."

"Europe's masterpiece!" said the Major.

At Metz, they had wakened from a sketchy dream and were back in America again. It was as if their eyes, long unsatisfied by the light tints and unemphasized forms of the French, were at last being fed to the full with solid shapes and thick colors. Amid what seemed now huge masonry of office buildings and markets, the old French houses survived like fossil ferns in a rock.

Among the German additions to the cathedral, the Emperor William II still figured in the role of the prophet Daniel, but on the esplanade a statue of William I had been precipitated from its pedestal and lay rigid and uncanny in the street, still bestriding its horse.

"The French did that the night of the Armistice," explained Captain Scudder, laughing. "They raised hell with the German inhabitants."

It was with excitement and satisfaction that Lieutenant Franklin saw for himself that the wrong of Alsace-Lorraine had been righted. Aroused by the pleas of his college president, he had left college for an officers' training camp, had spent eight months in the Middle West and six in the artillery school at Langres, and had finally, two days before the Armistice, found the range on an invisible Belgian town.

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They stopped at the station for refreshment. On one of the platforms, the French Red Cross was giving out war bread and sugarless coffee to a line of thin, dull-faced women. The officers stepped in ahead of the line and received each a cup and a wedge of bread.

"They're foolish to feed 'em," said Captain Scudder. "They've got plenty hidden away in their houses."

Major Liggett, his dynamo stimulated by the coffee, beamed impersonally above the heads of the others. At the sight of the lumpish red station with its exact, complicated train yard, he had something of the feeling of reassurance of being back in Jersey City or New Haven. "Well," he declared, "it's certainly a comfort to see a regular train again!"

Lieutenant Franklin assented.

"But now that the frogs have taken them over, needless to say they won't work any more."

"I guess the French can't help the bad service," Lieutenant Franklin defended them. "The railroads have been disorganized by the war."

"War nothing!" said Major Liggett. "It's the inborn inherent incapacity of the frogs for doing anything right. A ride on a French railroad train is something I never hope to forget! In the first place, the train is late. Then it turns out there aren't any seats. You have to stand up in that little narrow alleyway that runs along beside the compartments. After about an hour and a half, during which the engineer can't decide whether he wants to make the journey or not, the train finally hitches out of the station. Then he gets scared by the bad weather or something and goes back in again and waits another half hour. Finally he gets it out and coaxes it along for about fifteen miles till it dies on-um in the middle of some swamp. Every once in a while it gives a nervous twitch and a door that some frog moron has left open gets jerked back and the glass broken. *Oh, la la!* Somebody must be hurt! But that's the only way you ever get any air. That's another thing about the frogs: they hate fresh air—water and fresh air. They're afraid it'll give them some disease to breathe a little raw unworked air. Last time I went down to Paris, I was lucky and got next to a window and I swore I was going to get a little fresh air if I had to fight the whole compartment. There were two frog women sitting next to me and of course they tried to get me to close the window as soon as I opened it. But *pas compree!* Couldn't

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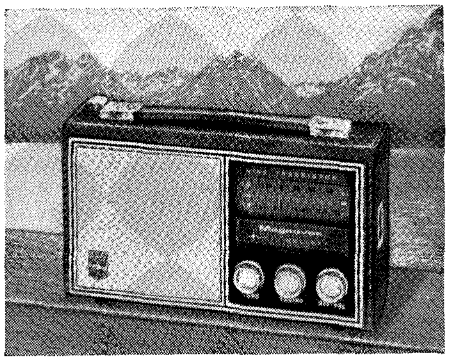

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understand a word of French. Then they tried to convey the idea by blowing their noses loudly and pulling up their collars around their ears. But I was sound asleep by that time—didn't know a thing about it!"

"Still," Lieutenant Franklin reminded him, "the French have a lot of endurance."

"And you keep your ticket for a souvenir," said the Major, throwing away his cigarette. "Nobody ever takes it up!"

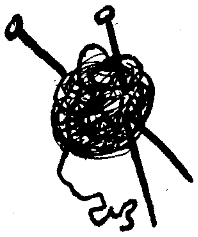
On the admirable motor road out of the city, an old woman with black clothes and a gray face shook her fist and shouted something abusive after the passing car of the conquerors.

"Did you see that?" demanded Captain Scudder, turning round to the back seat. "They don't consider themselves beaten! And they never will till we go through to Berlin!"

The mounting shadow of the short day closed over them in the Luxemburg forests, dark already with their dense pines. Lieutenant Franklin thought them romantic, like the woods in German fairy tales and ballads.

Then the countryside was flooded with darkness, and with the darkness they all fell silent—while the presence of Germany, enormous and mute, seemed to thicken about them in the night.

At last, smooth boulevards slipped about them and lamps checked off a metropolitan embankment: houses, churches, dark Nuremberg gables, business streets in long, solid blocks.



"Well kept up, isn't it?" commented Lieutenant Franklin.

"Sure," said the Major. "This is a regular country."

"Yes," agreed Lieutenant Franklin. "They certainly are darn efficient. How do you find them in other ways?"

"They're all right in every way, so far as I'm concerned," said the Major.

"I'm afraid you'll have to sleep in barracks tonight." Captain Scudder turned around to Lieutenant Franklin. "We didn't know you were coming this morning, but we'll fix you up with a billet tomorrow. I think you'll find yourself pretty comfortable. My quarters are really top-hole—the whole of a second floor. That's one compensation for living in Bocheland: you get the best of everything! . . . Drive to the barracks," he ordered the driver.

It was queer: there were no people to be seen. The streets were entirely empty, the houses all dark. Lieutenant Franklin, still haunted by the legend of that terrible race they had vanquished, felt a new vibration of excitement.

The car passed over a wide cobbled court, illumined only by the rays from the headlights, and stopped at an iron grille. The grille was forbidding—it looked feudal; an American soldier was on guard.

Major Liggett examined his watch by the murky light of the gate lantern. "Ten-twenty," he checked up. "Not so bad."

"Just go in," Captain Scudder directed Lieutenant Franklin, "and show your orders to the Sergeant-Major. Make him fix you up. We'll get you billeted properly tomorrow."

They exchanged brief military good-nights.

"Go down the hall," said the guard, "and take the second turn to the left and go upstairs, and it's right down the hall."

Lieutenant Franklin entered the gate; it was darker inside than outside. He found himself making his way through a whole college of dark stairs and deserted corridors, vast resounding stone-paved courts, and doors with harsh heraldic devices. At last, brought to a halt by the blankness of a landing, he detected a distant glimmer—a door crack; he groped, lighting matches, to the end of a long gallery, pushed back a great door, and went in.

He found himself standing in an enormous room which had evidently once been intended for some august dignitary or function. Tall gilt mirrors, beneath the high ceiling, seemed to open out spaciousness beyond spaciousness, and there was ornate furniture of heroic proportions, upholstered in red plush. In an armchair, feet on a table, leggings off and coat unbuttoned, sat a wide-mouthed American noncom reading the *Saturday Evening Post.*

The Sergeant got up, without buttoning his coat or, so far as Lieutenant Franklin could see, making much pretense of standing at attention. Yes, he believed it was true, as the Captain had said, that discipline was relaxing since the Armistice. But what of it? He smiled at the Sergeant as he told him of his wanderings in the building. Then he followed the clump of his shoes through more staircases, courts, and corridors.

They finally entered a dark room,

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where the Sergeant turned on an electric-light bulb and revealed a kind of large bare cell containing eight iron beds.

"It used to be a barracks," he explained. "Then they turned it into a hospital, and now they've cleaned it out for the American troops."

"No Germans left here, of course?" inquired Lieutenant Franklin, not without something like awe.

"Only German bedbugs," said the Sergeant.

He left, swinging-to a heavy door.

Lieutenant Franklin, alone, contemplated the raw beds with their lumpy straw-filled ticks. In the corner was a pile of rusty bedpans. He went to the window and gazed at the foggy imprisoned court.

Tragic gloom abruptly engulfed him. Within, the room was cold and stale. Outside, the accumulated tedium of a century of pounded drill grounds seemed to hang in the dreary air. And that empty gigantic shell, beside which the barracks of France looked as flimsy as matchbox wood—the abandoned armor of the Empire which irreverent pygmies now came to explore. So they had finally hamstrung the giant! reflected Lieutenant Franklin: that was an occasion for triumph and pride. But in this great lifeless carcass, once the breeder of armies, which had pumped the blood of generations, sustaining first the rigors of the regiment, then the long downgrade against death, now evacuated even by the wounded and given up to the vermin and rust—alone in the silence, he could feel only the burden of some crushing and definitive futility. This silence was the silence of the death to which all those men had gone out, the death in which their cries and commands, their groans and howls of laughter, were extinguished; this blank was their annihilation. All the discipline, the energy, the labor, all the hammering of human beings into soldiers only in order to have their old training school turned over to a young American who was hardly a soldier at all.

So much the better! He took off his cap and began to unbutton his coat. He represented the democracy of the new world which was scrapping all this outworn paraphernalia! It was to teach them to throw it away, it was to teach their democratic lesson to the pompous brutality of Prussia! Yes, now that they had the giant at their mercy, they would spare him, they would tell him to go in peace, with their nonchalant American decency!

The Lieutenant got out a French

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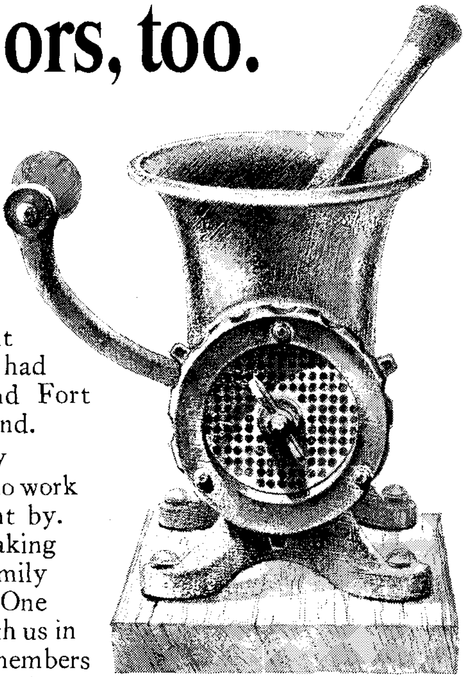

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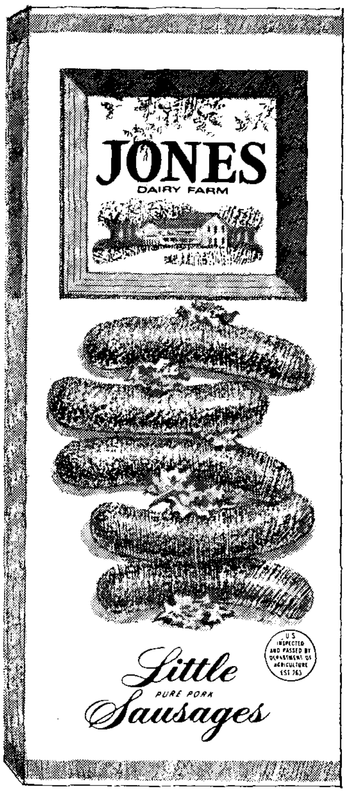
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novel and prepared to read himself to sleep.

II

WHEN the Lieutenant, two days later, went into a tobacco store for cigarettes, it seemed to him that the storekeeper and a customer had suddenly stopped talking.

The nice-looking girl at the counter, abandoning another customer who was engaged in selecting a pipe, came forward with a little anxious air, but the Lieutenant gestured her back. The man who had been handling the pipes hastily picked one out; the other customer took leave in a low voice.

Lieutenant Franklin noted uncomfortably that the newspaper racks were nearly empty.

He bought his cigarettes, thanked the girl with a smile, and left the shop blushing. The role of victor among the vanquished embarrassed Lieutenant Franklin. He found himself self-conscious in those streets, hushed so strangely as by imposition of a heavy alien hand. All in mourning, like droves of damned souls condemned in an afterlife to go on with business and shopping, they moved past as if they could not see him—their faces dulled and withered by grief or fixed immovably in glares of indignation or aghast in agonizing bewilderment at the breaking up of their world. And he knew that it was his presence that made them silent; from all sides, their covert scrutiny could almost be felt as a pricking. Once, when he had suddenly turned his head, a woman had looked away quickly.

The young man would have been glad to relieve this constraint—to deprecate the military formalities, to make them understand that the United States had no quarrel with the German people. He could see that they had once been nice middle-class citizens, and he wished he could make them feel the sympathy which warmed him at the sight of their Christmas preparations—gold and silver Christmas-tree ornaments, children's fairy books with goblins on the covers, the few poor half-finished halfhearted toys which were all that was to be had in the shops.

He drifted on toward the censor's office. In the windows of the picture shops, he noticed, the popular subject was the Return of the Soldier: sturdy young fellows, with rifles and belts, striding back into cozy homes, embracing their young wives with tears. Here and there the processions of bourgeois black were threaded by the gray-green of an officer, who, deprived of his

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arms and insignia, was wandering carelessly at large. These officers, unlike the civilians, had the air of being relieved.

In the office, he found Captain Scudder talking emphatically to Major Bradley behind the latter's large desk. He picked up the Paris *Herald*, received in Trèves eight days late, and read with excitement that President Wilson had just been welcomed in Paris with an ovation perhaps unexampled in history. To the thunderous salutes of six-inch guns, the loud hum of airplanes, the martial trumpets, the Garde Républicaine playing "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the roaring of a crowd which at the Porte Dauphine had required thirty-six thousand soldiers to restrain it—half buried in a storm of flowers, the President of the United States, accompanied by the ladies of his party and Clemenceau and Poincaré, had driven to the Palais Murat. There he had been received by Prince Murat, his host, who had been standing in the doorway to greet him.

Lieutenant Franklin's heart was lifted with pride at the realization that a man of his nation could command such honor abroad—to be fêted by a whole foreign people and received by a foreign prince!

Then Major Liggett stalked in, and the officers sat down to a conference.

"Let's see," began Major Bradley. "Anything to report on the meetings, Major Liggett? . . . Anything to report on the theatres, Lieutenant? . . ."

They had been sent on their missions with interpreters. Neither had been aware of anything exceptionable.

"Well," the Major went on, "there's an objectionable editorial in the *Volksblatt* this morning." (The newspapers were Captain Scudder's field.) "I've sent for the editor to come around." An officer in the Regular Army, Major Bradley had inevitably gravitated to a dominant position on the staff and now discharged the function of chief censor.

"What's the matter with the *Volksblatt*?" asked Major Liggett.

"More snarling at the French and English," Captain Scudder explained snarlingly. He took up the paper and read, " 'It is without question somewhat difficult for the German people to believe in the sincerity of the liberal policies of President Wilson. We have in France and England too often seen demonstrated the dishonesty of this liberalism, which has clearly appeared only a masquerade for a conscienceless political opportunism. Herbert Asquith, before the War the chief leader

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of the English Liberal Party, did not hesitate, when British imperialism had forced Germany to fight England, to justify the policy of the British imperialists, formerly his opponents, with every hypocritical sophistry.' 'Hypocritical sophistry'! Does that look as if they knew they were licked?"

The orderly appeared from the next room and announced "a German outside."

"Bring him in," said Major Bradley.

The editor of the *Trierische Volksblatt* was a bespectacled, pale-eyed man who carried an umbrella in one hand and a flat black hat in the other. He saluted the Major respectfully and came to a stiff stand. Major Bradley ignored the salute, not from arrogance but because he had been taught that no true salute can take place when the parties are without hats.

"Your editorial this morning," pronounced the Major, in the competent German of West Point, "is in violation of the order that no unfavorable criticism of the policies or the governments of the Entente shall be permitted in occupied territory. You were notified of this when the occupation began."

He showed the man the blue-pencilled paper.

The editor of the *Volksblatt* took it nervously and examined it with his pale eyes through his pale nickel-rimmed spectacles. He tried to explain: "This is not a criticism. It is a justification of President Wilson. It is a plea for the Germans to have faith in him." He read aloud what followed. Though the liberals had so often sold out, they were to hope that President Wilson would not betray them.

"You criticize a member of the British government," Major Bradley unrelentingly pointed out.

"Asquith is not now a member of the government," the editor of the *Volksblatt* protested.

The Major paused, his square bespectacled face stoically masking a check.

"In the next paragraph," the editor pressed on, "I criticize also the German Social Democrats—"

Lieutenant Franklin tried to help him out: "It's an editorial in favor of Wilson. They want to explain that he's not an imperialist—"

He halted as a motorcycle messenger popped in and jauntily saluted the Major.

"Oh, yes," said Major Bradley. "Are you leaving right away?"

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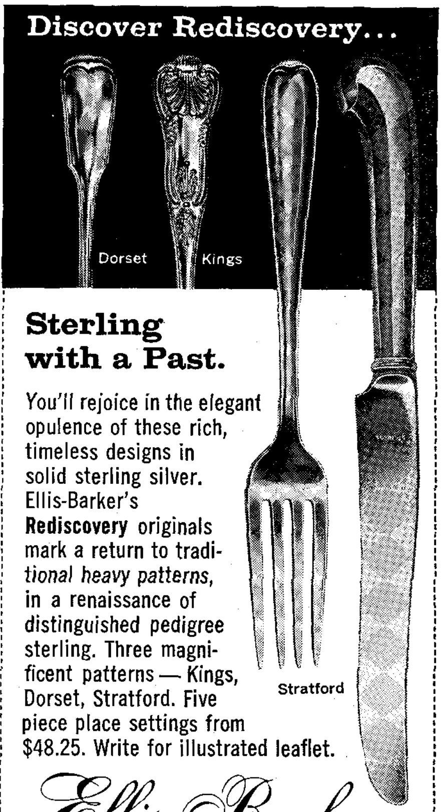

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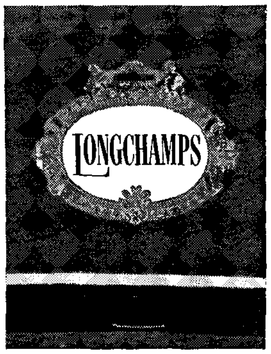

"Yes, sir"—the messenger was snappy.

"I've got to write a letter to GHQ," the Major explained to the others. "They want to know how many officers to send up. If I get it off this trip, they'll be able to start in the morning. . . . *Sitzen Sie da eine Minute*," he directed the editor of the *Volksblatt*.

He wrote out his letter with precision.

After a silence, Lieutenant Franklin inquired of Captain Scudder, "Does the order apply to former members of governments?"

"That's only a quibble," said Captain Scudder. "The insolence is there as plain as day. . . . I certainly don't think we ought to let this get by, sir!" He addressed himself to Major Bradley, who was folding up his letter. "It's one of the dirtiest attacks on England I've seen!"

"Asquith's a member of the English government, isn't he?" asked the Major, giving the letter to the motorcycle Sergeant, who snappily saluted and popped out.

"He isn't anymore," said Lieutenant Franklin.

"He's one of their most important public men," insisted Captain Scudder.

"He *has* been a member of the government, hasn't he?"—the Major stuck to the order.

"Certainly!" said Captain Scudder.

"Mightn't it be a mistake," suggested Lieutenant Franklin, "to censor the papers too severely just when they're beginning to have confidence in us? Don't you think it's important they should realize that the President really intends to give them a square deal? If the *Volksblatt's* adopting a friendly policy, perhaps it might be just as well to let it alone."

"So far as I can see," said Major Liggett, who had hitherto simply sat staring in his detached all-comprehensive way, "the chief objection to suppressing the *Volksblatt* is that, if we do, there won't be any papers left. We've already put the others out of business and if we hang this one up, too, we won't know a damn thing that's happening."

"That can't be taken into consideration," the Major declared severely. "If the order is violated the paper must be punished."

He summoned the editor back.

"You have printed an attack, have you not, on a member of the British government?" he demanded.

"No, Herr Major. Herr Asquith is

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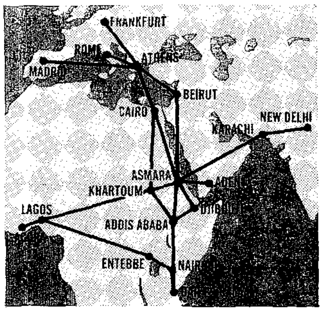

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no longer a member of the government."

"But he *has* been a member of the government, hasn't he?"

"Asquith was Prime Minister up until not long ago," said Captain Scudder, "and was one of the chief dictators of British policy."

"You have printed an attack on British policy." Major Bradley delivered his verdict. "The *Volksblatt* will be suspended for ten days. I don't want to suspend your paper, but you had notice of the conditions of occupation. Don't let it happen again."

"Lieutenant Franklin," Major Bradley called him back as the committee were leaving the room. "When these new officers get here tomorrow, I can relieve you in this office; I've insisted that they shall all speak German. You can go out as ADDC; they need one down the river. I'll talk to Colonel McCarthy and have your orders made out."

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Franklin.

III

THE Lieutenant, stationed down the Moselle as Assistant District Defense Commander, killed time every day or so by walking into the city. He had found that his principal duty—that of disarming the inhabitants—had already been efficiently attended to by the Burgomaster of the little town. The latter, before he arrived, had had all the weapons collected and put away in a room in the town hall, to which he gave Lieutenant Franklin the key, so that there was nothing left for the Lieutenant to do except post a guard at the door. His other duty—billeting new troops—he was never called upon to discharge, as no new troops ever arrived. And the afternoons opened like pits into which he had a horror of falling.

Night would come rapidly down as he walked back along the Moselle. The hills that walled his path with their frost-blackened trees and naked vineyards would lose their purple in darkness. The bleak river, breaking the cold, would flee away like fluid iron. From the factories—or from the hills?—there would emerge a sort of stunned race of Nibelungs, who seemed some to be returning like automata from regular daily work, some simply loitering in suburban roads or under iron bridges, as if, work having suddenly stopped, they no longer knew what to do.

Coming home late one afternoon thus—he had been billeted in the Bur-

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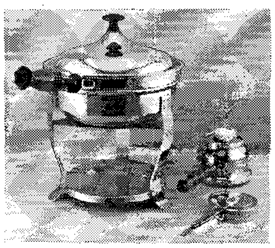

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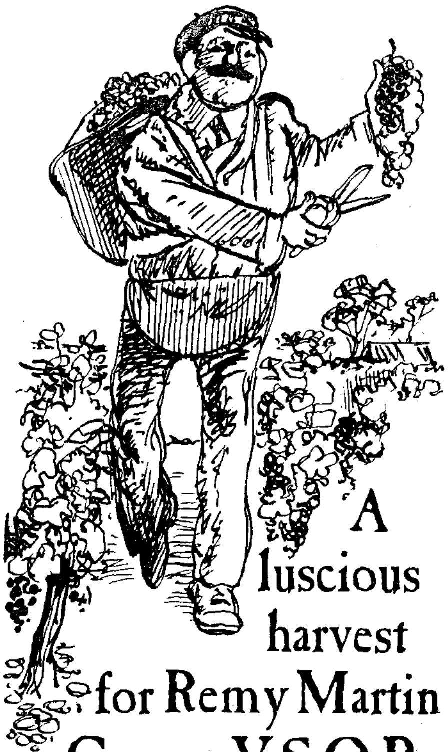

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gomaster's own house—he was surprised to find Captain Scudder.

"Well, old chap," the Captain greeted him, "how goes it? I've just been out for a little hike and I thought I'd look in and see how you were. How are you getting along out here?"

"All right," replied Lieutenant Franklin, "but it gets to be pretty monotonous. Nothing to do except eat."

"What do you do?" asked the Captain. "Have a mess just for one?"

"Oh, no," said Lieutenant Franklin. "I eat with the family here."

"You don't have to, you know," said the Captain. "You could have them bring you your mess in your room—or make them serve you first."

A lady appeared in the sitting-room door but, seeing the Captain, did not enter. "Oh, I beg your pardon," she apologized in French. "I didn't know you had a visitor!"

"This is Madame Hoffer," said Lieutenant Franklin, rising and coming to meet her. "*Je vous présente le capitaine Scudder.*"

Madame Hoffer bowed; the Captain rose, as if perfunctorily.

"What became of you?" asked the Lieutenant. "I looked for you everywhere. I went to all the *Konditorei* in the square."

"Oh, it's not a *Konditorei*," she said smilingly. "It's a little restaurant. You thought it was a *Konditorei* on account of the cakes! Well, you shall have some *Baumkuchen* after all! We brought some back with us for you." She held up the paper bag and smiled; her amiable eyes and easy manners carried off the dowdy taste of her dress and the dullness of her mealy complexion.

She nodded to the Captain and withdrew.

"Not French, is she?" asked the Captain, who had been watching the dialogue with attention.

"Oh, no," said the Lieutenant, "but she usually talks French because I don't know much German and she doesn't know much English. They all talk French here—the whole family; she's the Burgomaster's daughter. They're quite interesting. They give me German lessons in the evening."

"Look here, old chap," advised Captain Scudder, "I wouldn't get too much mixed up with these people if I were you. Remember you can never trust a German; that's been proved a thousand times!"

"Oh, they're all right," said the Lieutenant. "Really very nice, in fact."

"I wouldn't let them get too pally. Just keep your distance!"

"Well, after all," demurred the Lieutenant; he felt more and more hostile to Captain Scudder. "I mean, the war's over now—"

"Don't be too sure of that," cautioned the Captain. "Remember this is *only an armistice!*"

They talked about the German food and wine, but as the Captain got up to go, he returned to his former subject. "Just let me give you a tip," he said, lowering his voice and holding the front door half open so that the outer cold came into the hall and blasted its already feeble warmth. "Better be careful with the natives! The French have been complaining lately about the American troops getting too friendly with the Germans. I have it direct from GHQ that the C.-in-C.'s taking the matter up. You'll hear something about it very soon!"

"Well," the Lieutenant cut him short, "let's not worry till we hear something definite."

"All right, old chap; I'm simply telling you."

"Thanks a lot for coming out."

"Not a bit; good to see you again!"

"Don't miss the path: the third street to your left."

"Righto!" He saluted. "Good night."

Lieutenant Franklin closed the hall door and pushed out the overpowering blackness.

They sat at first only five at dinner; Lieutenant Franklin felt the empty place. There were Frau Hoffer and her youngish husband, a schoolmaster, with cropped bristling head and a black shiny alpaca coat; the Burgomaster, whose white upturned mustaches still followed the fashion set by the Kaiser; and an American Sergeant, all in one chunkish piece, who had been assigned Lieutenant Franklin as interpreter on the strength of fifty or sixty words of German handed down from Michigan grandparents and lopped in the transit of most of their inflections. Frau Hoffer found the Sergeant amusing and always spoke of him as Monsieur Schwab.

"Well," announced the Lieutenant triumphantly, "I see that Clemenceau has come out for a League of Nations."

"That will be a League of Nations for the Entente and not for anybody else," said the schoolmaster, "if it's Clemenceau who is organizing it. The Entente is already a League of Na-

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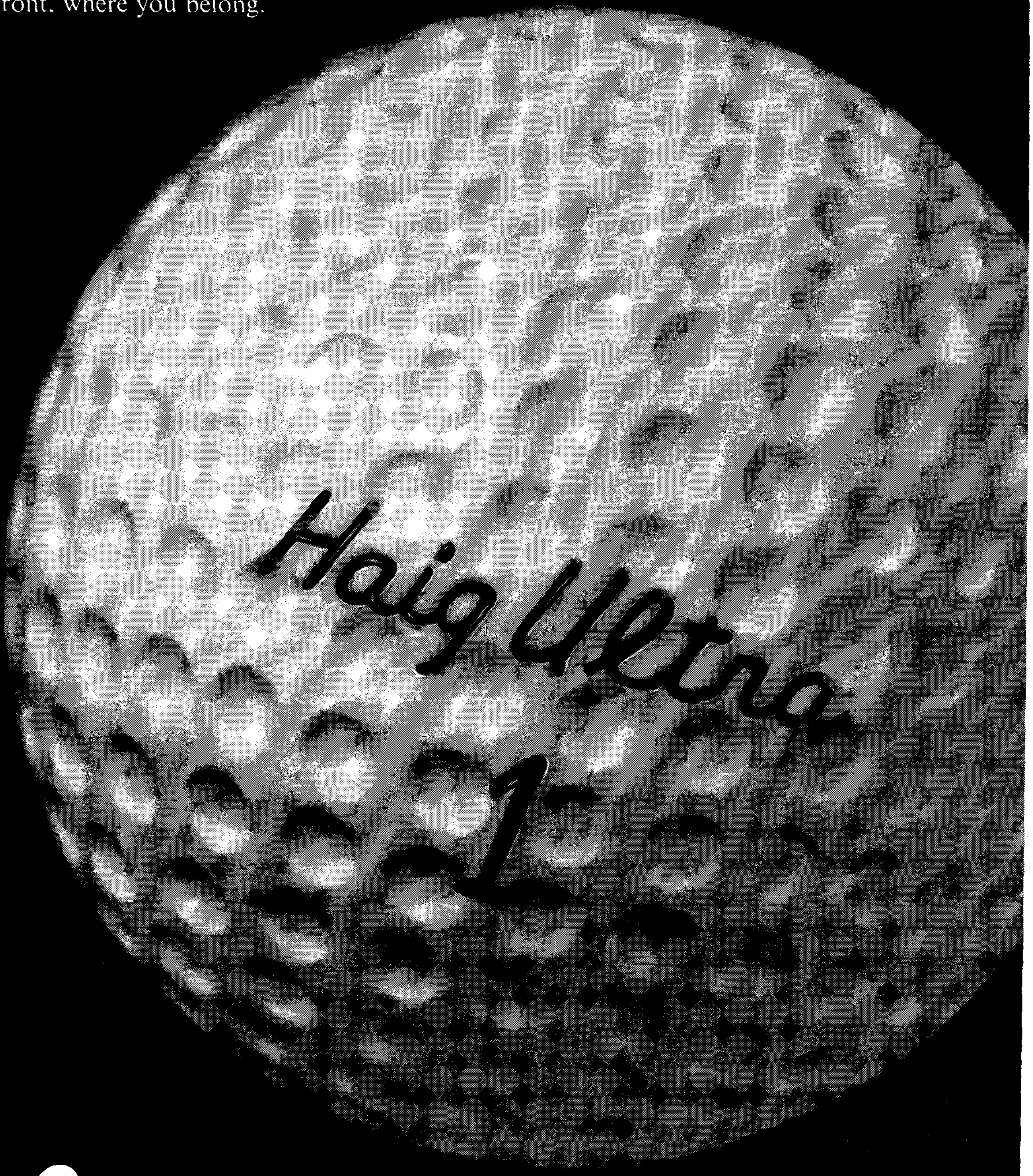

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tions. No doubt it's that he means."

"But America," protested Lieutenant Franklin, "will insist upon a league for the whole of Europe!"

The Burgomaster's second daughter appeared and took her place at the table. She was a small but sturdy girl of twenty-two, whom the rest of the family called Bäbchen—red cheeks, dark, serious eyes, and a straight profile almost American.

"It was so stupid of me to miss you today!" said Lieutenant Franklin eagerly. "I'd been counting on it. I'm so terribly sorry!"

"We were sorry, too," she smiled. "However, we brought you some cake."

"That was very nice of you; I don't deserve it." And he returned to the international situation with an ardor stimulated by her presence. "That's precisely the reason," he insisted, "that the President has come to Europe. He isn't merely working for the Entente: he's working for justice for everybody!"

The schoolmaster shrugged his shoulders. "I don't think it's possible to have justice in Europe. The nation who wins will never consent to it."

The old woman who waited on the table told the Burgomaster there was someone to see him, and he excused himself and went away.

The liveliness which had revived with the oil lamps of dinner declined when the *Baumkuchen* had been finished. The conversation suddenly lapsed; all stared blankly into their plates. The terrible ennui of evening was upon them.

"*Encore une soirée!*" said Frau Hoffer, with a sigh. "*Je veux dire—encore un soir!*"

"That's just what we need—a *soirée!*" Lieutenant Franklin rose to the idea; the visit of Captain Scudder had made him particularly genial. "Why not have a party tonight?"

"Go to the Sans-Souci?" Frau Hoffer glanced toward her husband. "Do you have to work tonight?"

The Burgomaster returned. "There is an affair," he said, "that it's impossible for me to arrange. Two French soldiers, coming from Trèves, have driven off old Hermann's cow. . . . Old Hermann," he explained to Lieutenant Franklin, "depends for his living on the milk from his cow. *Voici le règne de la justice qui commence!*"

"What a shame!" said Lieutenant Franklin. "But I suppose the Americans can't do anything about it." Not knowing what else to say, he returned, after a pause, to the party. "Do come

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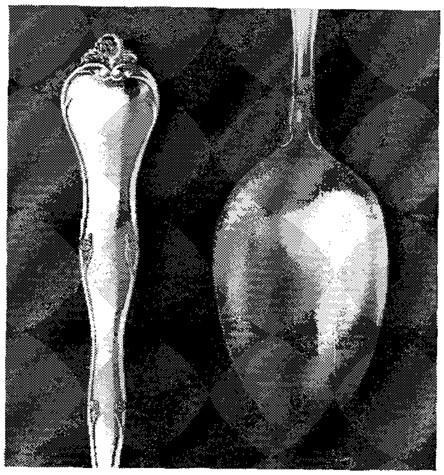

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with us!" he pressed Herr Hoffer. "We'll have some wine at the Sans-Souci."

"Very well," the schoolmaster consented, lighting a cigarette—a little like a Frenchman, thought Lieutenant Franklin. "I shall go badly prepared to my class tomorrow."

They were cheerful as they put on their things. The Burgomaster stayed behind.

Outside, the river mist obscured everything; only a fur of ammonia vapor revealed the manure pile.

They found the Sans-Souci a clean bright room, orange-lighted with oil lamps and heated by a glowing stove. The old lady and her daughter who ran it were delighted to be receiving a party in winter. They brought yellow cake and clear yellow wine, which, on the red-and-white checkered cloth, looked more cheerful to Lieutenant Franklin than anything he had seen yet in Germany.

"Here's to peace!" he proposed, beaming, as they clinked their goblet rims.

"To justice!" suggested Herr Hoffer.

"To peace with justice!"—the Lieutenant took him up. "How marvellous Moselle wine is!"

"We should have some music," said Frau Hoffer. "Play us a waltz, Bäbchen."

"Oh, yes, do!" urged Lieutenant Franklin. "'The Blue Danube Waltz'!"

"I'm afraid I can't remember it all," said Bäbchen. But she took her place on the piano stool and, sitting straight-backed as if at drill, went through it with military precision.

Lieutenant Franklin, dancing with Frau Hoffer, wondered at the vigor in Bäbchen's small arms. They were strong people, fine women! The arrival a few days ago of Bäbchen had greatly improved Lieutenant Franklin's state of mind. Before that, the French novels to which he had become addicted had been exciting him and making him uneasy. He would lie in the featherbed in his room and dope himself with them for hours. It was partly on that account that the afternoons were distressing; he would break away and walk into Trèves and find himself eying the girls in the streets and wondering whether any were prostitutes. He disapproved of prostitution, and since Bäbchen's return his emotions had risen quickly to a higher plane. She was not like a French *jeune fille* and not like a French married woman, as one read about them in the novels—she was

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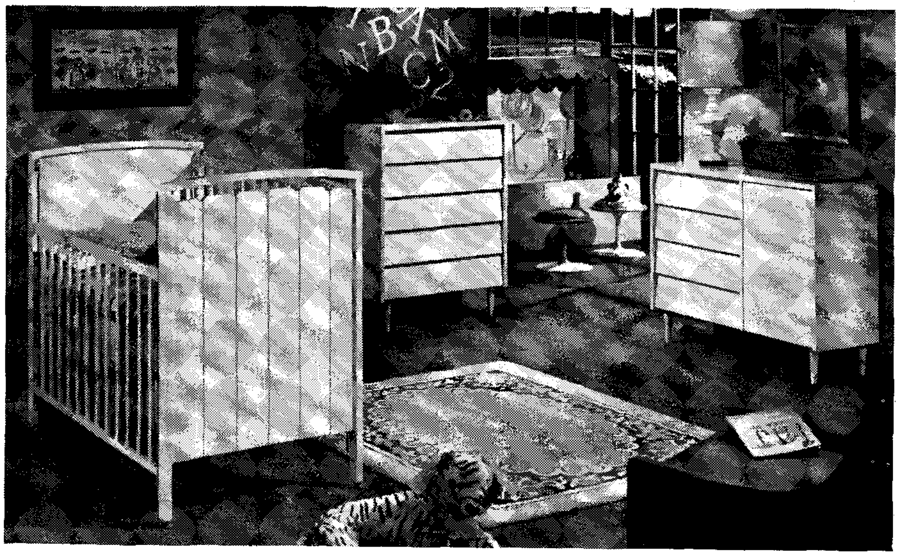

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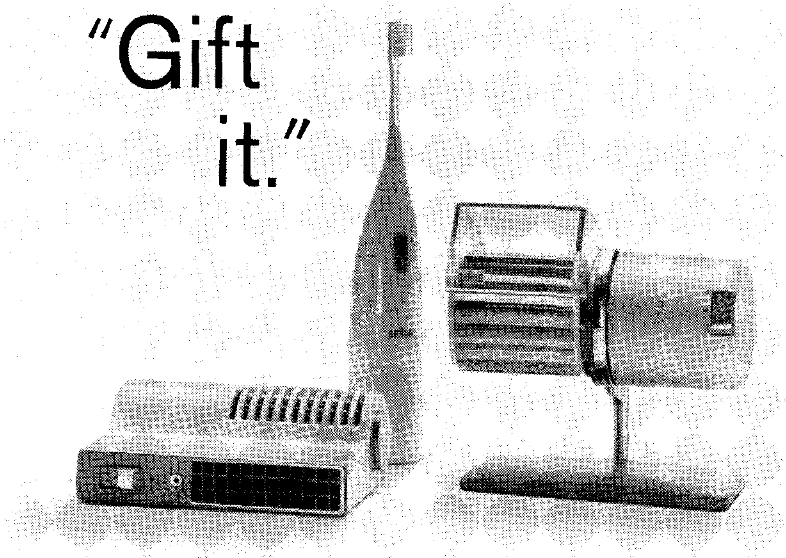

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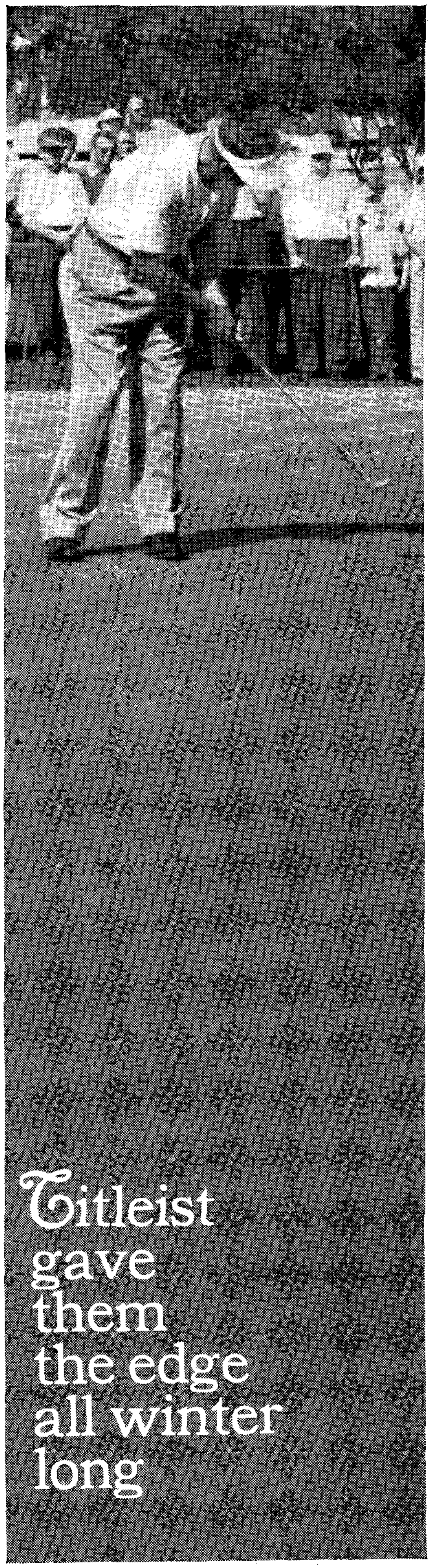
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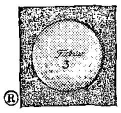

something much more like an American girl. She had been married a very short time; her husband had been killed in Galicia.

When the dance was done, he ordered another bottle. Bäbchen started another Strauss waltz.

"Come!" Frau Hoffer invited the Sergeant, who had been waiting like a good dog. "Don't you want to dance, Monsieur Schwab?"

The Lieutenant filled Herr Hoffer's glass and sat down at the table across from him. They smiled frankly at one another. Any lingering military self-consciousness which had hitherto inhibited Lieutenant Franklin had been wholly dissolved by the wine. The whole thing—Americans and Germans, officers and enlisted men—was irregular, to be sure, from the point of view of Captain Scudder, but to hell with Captain Scudder!

"What did you think of the French?" he asked Herr Hoffer.

The schoolmaster had been captured in the first battle of the Marne and had spent the whole of the war in a French prison camp.

Herr Hoffer shrugged his shoulders—yes, Lieutenant Franklin thought again, almost exactly like a Frenchman: he had evidently learned all that in France. "They treated me well enough," he answered. "When they found I was an educated man, they set me to doing clerical work and they allowed me to have books to read."

Through the long, unrolling rhythms of music that wove the room with their sweet wreaths, the Lieutenant saw in Herr Hoffer's face the tarnish of those four years of prison. Like the blotting out of four years of life! And then to come back, at last, to these evenings, so heavy with impotence, so desolated with ruin, to take up teaching the undernourished children in the now dismal village school!

"I read almost the whole of French literature."

"How did you like it?"

"Remarkable for polish and form, but superficial in thought and feeling."

"Come, Karl!" said Frau Hoffer, returning with the Sergeant. "You haven't forgotten how to dance, have you?"

Sergeant Schwab sat down beside Lieutenant Franklin. Bäbchen began unexpectedly to bang out "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

"Well, well!" the Lieutenant hailed it. "An old friend! Do they play that much in Germany?"

"It used to be a great favorite."

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Frau Hoffer danced off with her husband.

"I heard the band play that in Galveston," said Sergeant Schwab, taking a drink of wine, "the day the troops came back from Vera Cruz. That was one of the swellest things I ever saw in my life. There was big rows of oleanders, pink and white, on both sides of the street, and it was paved with red bricks—a regular Southern town, yuh know. There'd just been a shower of rain and then all of a sudden the sun came out and shone on the red bricks and those old oleanders were sparkling like diamonds! And the bands were playing 'The Stars and Stripes Forever'!"

"That must have been great!" said Lieutenant Franklin

"That's the kind of thing that takes your speech!"

"Still," observed Lieutenant Franklin, after giving it a moment's reflection, "I suppose that the Germans were being thrilled by their marches just as much when they were getting ready to raise hell with the French!"

He ordered another bottle and made Bäbchen join them at the table. They received her with cheers and clapping; the Lieutenant proposed her health. Then Frau Hoffer took her place at the piano and began playing tunes from "Das Dreimäderlhaus," the great German popular operetta of the wartime, with a score put together from Schubert's music.

" 'Dreimäderlhaus' is wonderful, isn't it!" said Lieutenant Franklin to Bäbchen. "I went to see it three times in Trèves!"

"It is the true story of Schubert's life, you know," Bäbchen explained seriously, charmingly. "He was in love with a lady who did not love him. He wrote his most beautiful songs for her."

Sweet and deep he drew it from her eyes, the romantic longing of the music. How much he would like to kiss her! Those merry young fellows in "Dreimäderlhaus" with the Konzertmeister's daughters!—so free and gay, in blue brass-buttoned coats, in the fresh Viennese spring . . . drinking under the lilac trellis, drinking to the lindens and their loves! But it wouldn't, he thought, be correct to; besides, she mightn't like him enough.

But he came out with a bold proposal: "Won't you let me take you to the theatre in Trèves some night?"

"Thank you; I should like to very much—if it is possible." She smiled.

Possible? Why shouldn't it be possible? Who were the Scudders to bully him?

"It's not very amusing here," she

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VI

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went on. "We don't have much music now. In Dresden they have good music in all the cafés. We used to go to the opera every week."

"Dresden must be a marvellous city!" exclaimed Lieutenant Franklin.

"Yes, it is a fine city. I like Dresden very very much. We used to go out very early Sunday morning—my husband and I, with our friends—and have breakfast in the Grosser Garten. We would have breakfast on the shores of the Carola-See, a beautiful little lake. We'd feed the swans with the crumbs. They have beautiful swans in the Grosser Garten. I liked Dresden very much."

He saw her sent back to her provincial sewing, that old threadbare couch in the Burgomaster's house—no more music, no more outings in the Grosser Garten!

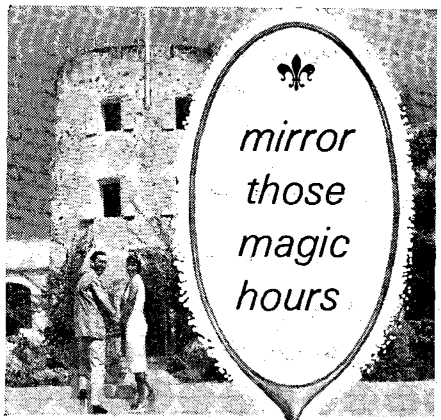
"But even Dresden," she added, "is not the same since the war."

"Nothing is the same anywhere since the war!" He suddenly took fire. "Everybody has lost by the war! Nobody has anything to gain from war! Nobody really wants it. I don't suppose *you* wanted it any more than we did! And now that everybody knows they don't want it, there must never be another! That's why America came into it—so that there should never be another war!"

"Yes," she looked up at him with strong soft eyes. "I don't think that the Americans hate us."

Of course not! How proud he felt that she knew it! He was aware of his cleanness, his blondness, his straightness—he was exalted to know himself an American: heir to the War of Independence, soldier of the American Republic! They had left the intrigues, the antagonisms, the greeds of the old world behind—and now they had come back to save it! *He* was not pledged to hate the Germans, he was pledged to Humanity and Justice. And he loved them all!—he loved Herr Hoffer, who had read through the whole of French literature in a French prison camp and had found it polished but superficial; Sergeant Schwab, who had been stricken speechless by the sun and oleanders of Galveston; dear Bäbchen, who had liked to take breakfast out of doors and to feed the beautiful swans.

Everything in him that had been kicked and kept under during the months he had spent in the Army—by the naggings and snubs of superiors, by the months of suffocating boredom, by the brutalities of the artillery school at Langres, by the intolerable horror of artillery itself: blowing people to shreds



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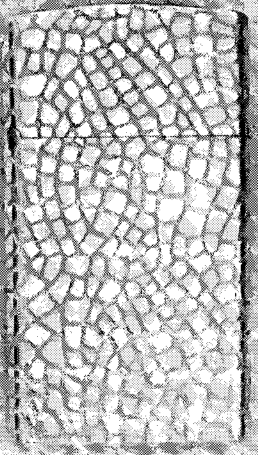
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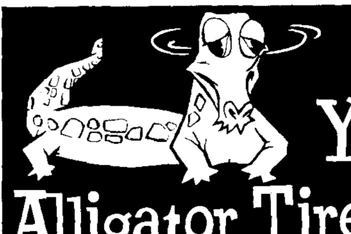
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whom you had never seen, so that you had to try to occupy your mind with the mathematical and technical end, all culminating in Captain Scudder! His spirit rose proudly to reject the Army and everything that made it possible, to affirm human solidarity! Now forever there must be no more hatred, no more slaughter, among Christian peoples!—men who were moved by the same music, made gay by the same wine!

All about them, outside this room, the desolation of Europe opened: the starved fatigue of the living, the abyss—one could not look into it!—of the dead; that world which had been cursed for four years with the indictment of every natural instinct, the abortion of every kindly impulse. And tonight in this bright-lit room, where still the wine from Moselle grapes was yellow, where still Schubert's music swam in sun, the fellowship of men was reviving after the bitterness, the agony, the panic! Had young German girls like Bäbchen—and young French and young English and young Americans—been cheated of springtime and music and youth? Well, the Americans were there to see to it that the children of the future should never again be so cheated! . . . The Americans and Germans were much alike . . . they were all speaking that fine language, French. . . . He wondered whether he couldn't do something about that poor old man and his cow. It would make Bäbchen admire him. . . . What if he should marry her and take her home? . . .

He watched her lips, so good-natured and full, finishing words he had not heard her speak. A sudden utterance took shape in his thought: it demanded expression in German.

"*Sie sind sehr schön!*" he said suddenly, earnestly, and took her hand under the table.

"*Sie sind sehr freundlich das zu sagen,*" she answered with grave eyes, leaving her hand in his.

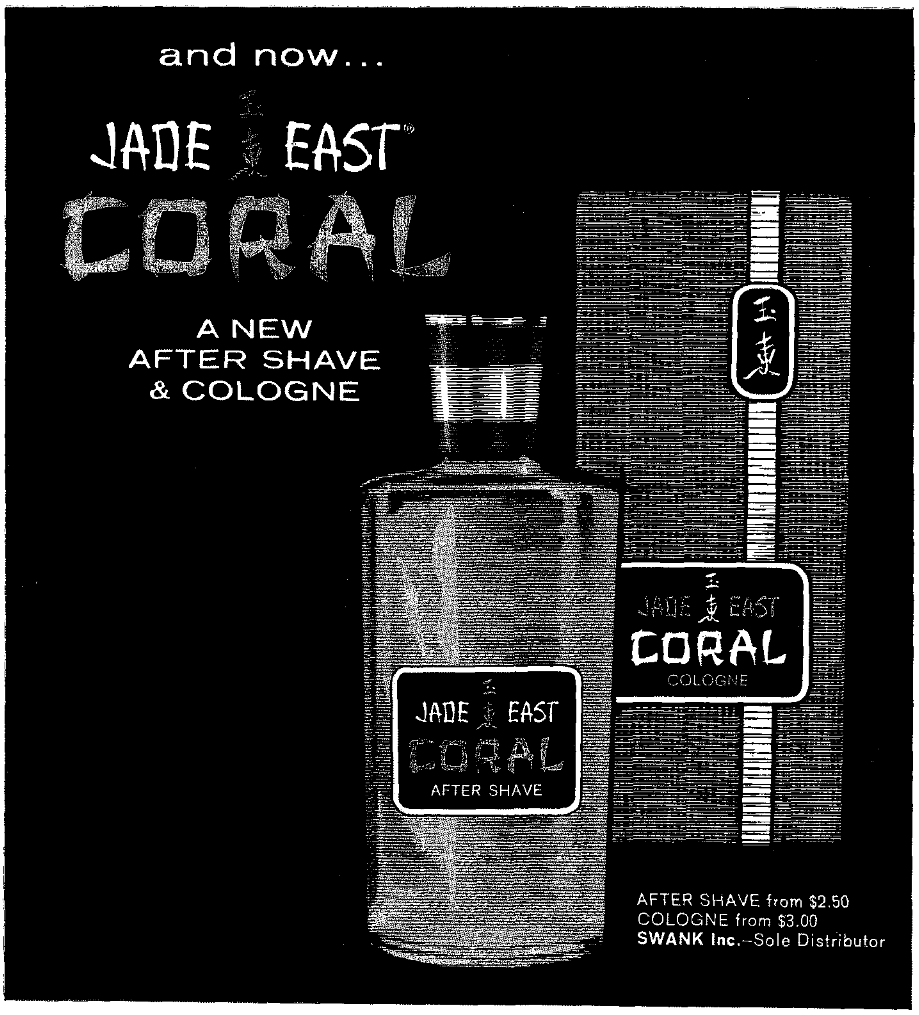
Herr Hoffer and the Sergeant had been driven by the wine to the toilet; Frau Hoffer, at the piano, had her back to them. He kissed Bäbchen's lips with grave tenderness.

A deep blush flooded her face and flooded her pretty round neck and spread under her plain blue beads and beneath the black border of her mourning.

IV

THE next day, Lieutenant Franklin received the general order against fraternizing with the Germans.

The scandal was now notorious: the Americans and the French, since the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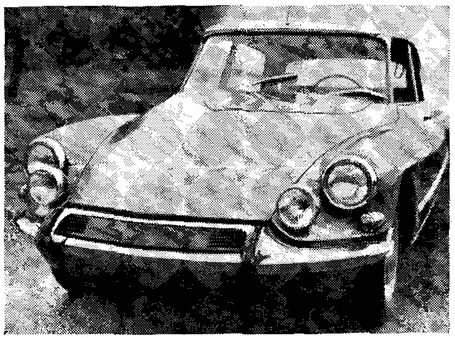

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Armistice, had been getting to hate each other worse and worse, and the Americans were making buddies of the Germans. The situation had come to a head in a riot in the Trèves railroad station: some French soldiers had attempted to ride the Germans and some Americans had sided with the latter and beaten up the French.

He received also a special order informing him that he had been relieved of duty in Germany and was immediately to proceed to France.

He went in to see Colonel McCarthy. The Chief of Staff had just come into his office and was regarding the pile of papers which confronted him with the unconquerable hostility of a man who has never felt at ease with reading and writing. A Regular Army officer, like Major Bradley, he had, like him, risen inevitably to an important post on the staff.

"I simply thought," the Lieutenant suggested, not without a note of pleading, "that if it was on account of my not knowing German, I can really get along perfectly well out there because they all speak French. Besides, I've been taking German lessons lately—"

"We don't want somebody who's learned it lately," interrupted Colonel McCarthy, "we want somebody who already knows it." He was a tall man with graying hair and a disagreeable sulky mouth; years of inaction at Army posts with nothing to think about but promotion, imagined Lieutenant Franklin.

"Very well, sir," he assented sadly.

"And we want somebody," pursued the Colonel, glaring at an Intelligence report he had picked up, "who won't talk too much French or German or anything else! You had no instructions to take German lessons!"

On the stairway, he met Major Liggett stalking by with his hands in his ulster pockets.

"Well," Lieutenant Franklin accosted him, assuming a comic tone, "they're sending me back again!"

"That so?" replied Major Liggett. "Well, I guess we can all go home now. I see that Scudder's got his major's commission."

"How did he manage that?" asked the Lieutenant. "I thought that since the Armistice they weren't handing out any more promotions."

"Only for Regular Army officers," Major Liggett ironically explained, "or for close friends of Regular Army officers."

"How did he get such a drag with them?"

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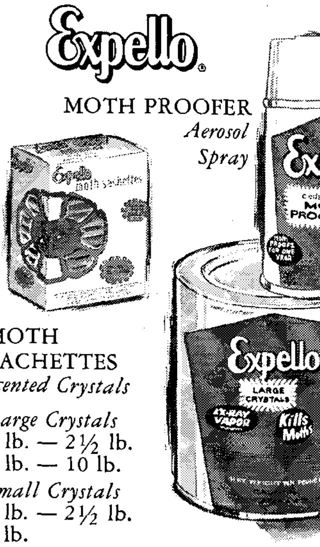

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Major Scudder marched briskly up, the gold oak leaves gleaming on his shoulders.

"Well, old boy, I congratulate you!" he greeted Lieutenant Franklin. "I hear you're going back to France! We envy you, don't we, Major?"

"You may," replied Major Liggett, "but if I've got to be over here at all, give me the Germans every time. But there's only just one country to go back to—and to stay in and to never leave!"

[I FINALLY succeeded in making it clear that I was of no use whatever in Germany and got myself returned to Chaumont. I travelled back on the train with the original of Major Liggett.]

Hecker met a classmate of his in the Intelligence Library and, after exchanging the usual commonplaces, parted from him and began to talk to someone else, expounding the corruption of American politics, etc. It afterward appeared that the classmate had complained to Blankenhorn that Hecker had been indulging in utterances that bordered on the treasonable. Blankenhorn told Hecker about it and wound up with this terse comment: "Be careful how you talk in the presence of the deaf; remember they have tongues."

Hecker said that a common error, difficult to expel from the minds of young students, was that Ginn & Company wrote the "Aeneid," and [William J.] Rolfe "Macbeth." . . . He said that, in politics, he was a Bolshevik of the extreme Left.

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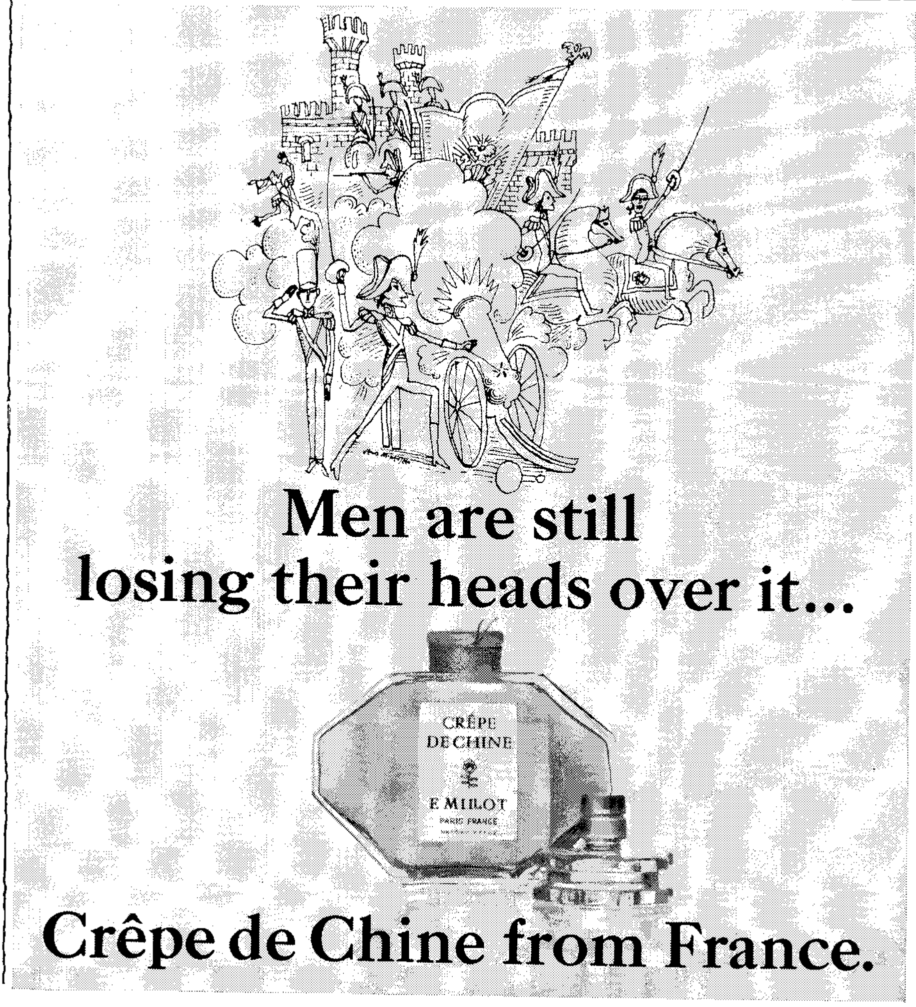
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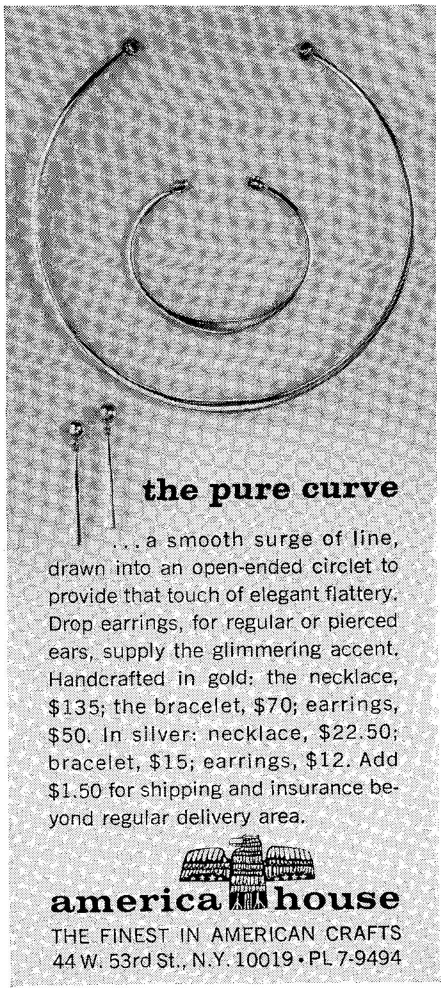

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be: When you are in France, do as the Americans do.

The Seine had overflowed its banks and turned the fields into a lake of gray silver, where the trees were reflected as black skeletons.

"It is now not uncommon to date the time when species that could fairly be called human first began to appear at about two million years back, of which the brief period we call historical is but an insignificant fraction. . . . The geological evidence tends to indicate that Chellean man, who first made tools that were both permanent and undoubtedly human, may have lived somewhere about twenty-seven thousand years ago, so that, of the continuous history of human culture, as distinguished from the history of man, our historical period is little more than a tenth part."—HAVELOCK ELLIS.

Conversation in the barracks at night:

"Aw, they'll always have wars over here! As soon as a kid's born, they give him guns an' that!"

"Why, sure! When Germany gets so strong that they can't beat her, they just call over America to help them."

"Aw, well, let 'em fight; I don't care."

"Why, you ——, I do, though, I got three kids over home."

Métivier explained that it was forbidden by law to kill fish with hand grenades [we had seen someone doing this]. "It ought to be abolished," he said, and then, after a moment's reflection, "and I'll tell you another thing: it ought to be forbidden to kill people with them, too!"

[Métivier was a French soldier friend of mine. His father had been a manufacturer of Aubusson tapestries. He contradicted the popular belief that Frenchmen never have you in their homes by inviting me to dinner at his mother's house in Paris. He was the kind of frank, honest, and humorous Frenchman that I get along with best. I regret that, on a recent visit to Paris, I was unable to find any trace of him.]

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the first part of May, the sun cleared up the damp wet weather and disclosed a sudden world of blue and gold and green. Long days of sun rested steadily on the earth and, quickly drying up the first moistures of the morning, unrolled their even course through steady sunny hours, till the slow twilight of evening. The thin-ribbed poplar screens that glinted with silver in the wind from a distance seemed steeped with gold above a canal of jade, which mirrored the clouds and the blue sky with a light film of green. The ducks could float at ease again among the little green islands of the Marne, and the limaçons crawled by the moist brim with tints of fresh clay flowerpots. On some days the lightly troubled sky dotted the green water with little circles and clouded the hanging reflections of the poplars, already clouded with tempered green and yellow leaves that the water tempered again. It was like a divine benediction after those four years of horror and suffering.

The surface a silver mirror which the breezes glazed.

[At GHQ, I composed a statement, a kind of tentative manifesto, which I sent to several friends. I have been doing this kind of thing periodically all my life. I had already published one such in the *Nassau Lit,* an editorial called "The Fettered College," and my latest has been my pamphlet, published in 1963, called "The Cold War and the Income Tax: A Protest." All these statements of mine have been protests. In this one, written after the Armistice, I indicted the institutions of the Western world and suggested a way out in the direction of socialism. None of my friends seemed to take it seriously—almost all of them were officers on active duty—with the exception of Stanley Dell, who wrote me an intelligent letter.]

[After the Armistice, it was easy enough to get leave. I made my first extended visit to Paris. I had already, on a previous visit, contemplated availing myself of the prostitutes, and I remember sitting in my room at the University Club and considering this step. But I was full of social morality. I thought I shouldn't encourage this evil, and I finally decided not to yield. One day Kenneth Simpson turned up and immediately requested me to take him on a tour of the city. In his fast-talking,

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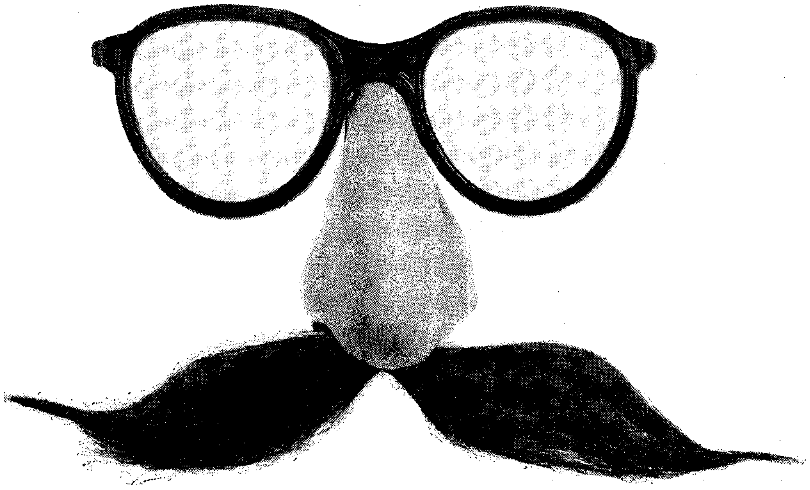

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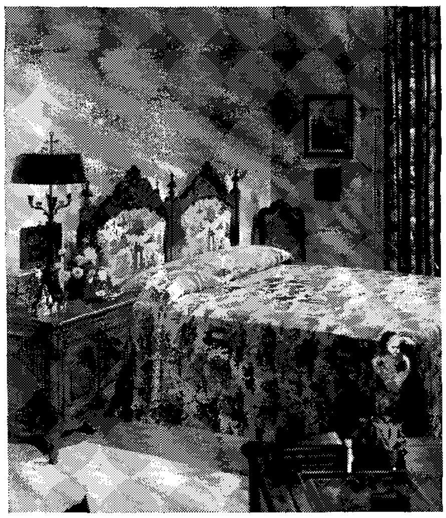

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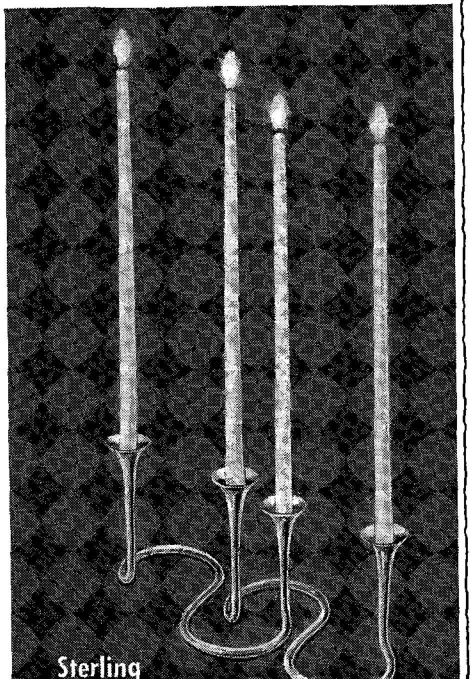

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fast-moving way, he accompanied me to some of the more obvious and less time-consuming sights, such as Notre-Dame, after every one of which he would say, "Well, we've got that under control!" As soon as we got out of the cab at the club, he accosted a woman on the pavement, exchanged a few words, and without further ceremony walked off with her. I was much surprised by this. The woman looked so respectable that I could not understand how Kenneth knew that she would be so easily accessible.

I also made a journey south to Toulouse and Perpignan with an intelligent young Swede who stood at a desk and made architectural drawings in the room in which I worked at GHQ. Toulouse, when we got out of the train, reminded me of Charlottesville, Virginia: the hot summer climate, the leisurely tempo, the row of open hacks drawn up at the station in the heavy but dry southern night. I found there one or two men I knew, who were availing themselves of the special arrangements by which soldiers who had not been sent home were allowed to study at the universities. I attended only one lecture, by a follower of the sociologist Émile Durkheim. It was curious to contrast his intellectual enthusiasm and his lucid abstract formulations with the lumbering, rather obvious lectures that I had heard at Columbia summer school, delivered by Franklin H. Giddings, the American pioneer in this field, for whom had been created the first chair of sociology in the United States. I have never since listened to a lecture on this subject.]

[I visited my friends at Vittel just as they were leaving for home and travelled with them on the train as far as Chaumont. The combat troops were sent home first, and the medical personnel fairly early, but we bureaucrats at GHQ were among the last to go, and I was not mustered out in the United States till after the Fourth of July.]

Just as he was leaving, Leo [Rabbette] pulled out a volume of "Les Fleurs du Mal" from his pack and showed it to me. "They haven't beaten me yet!" he said, as he went off. "I never surrender! I never surrender!"

As one looks down the river at Paris or even at Épinal, one sees that every window of the buildings that line the

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waterfront has been touched by the finger of beauty.

At the museum in Toulouse, the detached gargoyles had been set up on end in the cloister, with their heads thrown backward and to the side, as if they were sea lions being fed with fish.

When the orange of the sunset had disappeared, one saw one star of liquid silver wavering behind the windswept leaves.

"That locomotive busted out like a bat outa hell."

LIST OF BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS READ, BEGINNING LAST OF AUGUST, 1917

"The Fruit of the Tree": Edith Wharton
"Souls on Fifth": Granville-Barker
"Sea Warfare": Rudyard Kipling
"Gallipoli": John Masefield
"John Millington Synge": John Masefield
"Holy Dying": Jeremy Taylor
"Le Jardin d'Épicure": Anatole France
"Dominique": Eugène Fromentin
Introduction and Catullus in the "Oxford Book of Latin Verse"
"The Soul of a Bishop": H. G. Wells
"Seven Great Statesmen": Andrew D. White (one of the books, and one of the best, that Alfred Bellinger had given me in our annual exchange)
"George Bernard Shaw: His Plays": H. L. Mencken
"A Book of Prefaces": H. L. Mencken
"Dubliners": James Joyce
"Ixion in Heaven": Benjamin Disraeli
"A Change of Air": Katharine Fullerton Gerould
"La Révolte des Anges": Anatole France
"A Midsummer Night's Dream": William Shakespeare
"Two Gentlemen of Verona": William Shakespeare
"The Merry Wives of Windsor": William Shakespeare
"Measure for Measure": William Shakespeare
"A Short History of England": G. K. Chesterton
"The Soul of Man Under Socialism": Oscar Wilde
"The Sense of the Past": Henry James
"Au-dessus de la Mêlée": Romain Rolland
"Love Songs": Sara Teasdale
"Les Soirées de Médan": Zola, de

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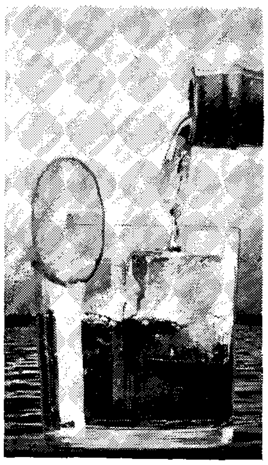

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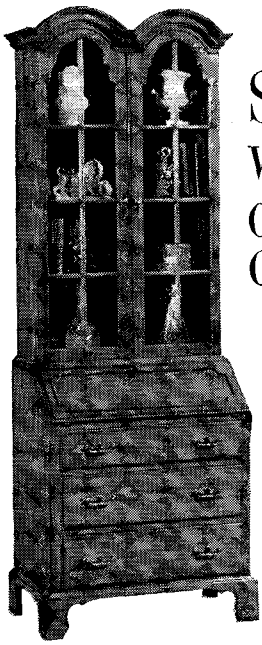
"Vers les Temps Meilleurs": Anatole France
"The Middle Years": Henry James
"Histoire Contemporaine": Anatole France (L'Orme du Mail, Le Mannequin d'Osier, L'Anneau d'Améthyste, Monsieur Bergeret à Paris)
"Renascence": Edna St. Vincent Millay [My cousin Carolyn Wilson sent me this. She had known Edna Millay at Vassar. This volume later disappeared. I imagine it was stolen in New York, when the first edition had become a rarity.]
"How the English Take the War": William Hard
"The German Soul": Baron Friederich von Hügel [Kemp Smith sent me this.]
"La Paix par la Diplomatie": Lord Lansdowne
"The New Freedom": Woodrow Wilson
"Vers et Prose: Morceaux Choisis": Stéphane Mallarmé
"The Foreign Policy of Sir Edward Grey": Gilbert Murray
"Plain Tales from the Hills": Rudyard Kipling
"Madame Sand": Philip Moeller
"Adolphe": Benjamin Constant
"Recollections": John Morley
"The Acts of the Apostles": Saint Luke
"The Return of the Soldier": Rebecca West
"Mimi Pinson, Le Fils du Titien, L'Histoire d'un Merle Blanc, Croisilles, Frédéric et Bernerette, La Mouche, Le Secret de Javotte": Alfred de Musset
"Le Génie Latin": Anatole France
"La Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque": Anatole France
"Les Mauvais Bergers": Octave Mirbeau
"Les Vingt et Un Jours d'un Neurasthénique": Octave Mirbeau
"L'Étui de Nacre": Anatole France
"My Mission to London, 1912-1914": Prince Lichnowsky
"Green Fruit": John Peale Bishop
"The Nemesis of Mediocrity": Ralph Adams Cram
"Balthasar": Anatole France
"Au Petit Bonheur": Anatole France
"Discours de Réception par l'Académie Française d'Anatole France"



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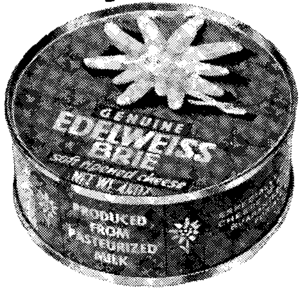

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"John Redmond": L. G. Redmond-Howard
"Le Foyer": Octave Mirbeau and Thadée Natanson
"L'Épidémie": Octave Mirbeau
"Le Puits de Sainte-Claire": Anatole France
"Damn! A Book of Calumny": H. L. Mencken
"Les Évangiles": Ernest Renan
"Jacques Callot": Edmond Bruwaert
"Vieux Ménages": Octave Mirbeau
"Une Nuit au Luxembourg": Rémy de Gourmont
"The League of Nations": Viscount Grey
"The Admirable Crichton": J. M. Barrie
"Sylvia Scarlett": Compton Mackenzie
"Manon Lescaut": L'Abbé Prévost
Brochures on Anders Zorn and Félicien Rops
"Eminent Victorians": Lytton Strachey
"Leaves of Grass" } Walt Whitman
"Democratic Vistas" }

[I had more leisure for reading after the Armistice and got through the rest of Renan's "Origines du Christianisme" and a good deal of Michelet's "Histoire de France," a Lemerre edition of which, in very small and easily portable volumes, I had bought in a bookshop in the Parc at Vittel. In the Trier barracks, I read Wells's "Joan and Peter;" the color and vitality and optimism of Wells seemed incongruous in that formidable abandoned place.]

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Songs: "Keep Your Head Down, Alleman," "Some Day I'm Going to Murder the Bugler," "Beautiful Katy," "Parley-Voo," "Beautiful Paris,"[1] "Bastard King of England," "Joan of Arc," "If You Want to Find the Captains, I Know Where They Are," "Madelon," "Tout le Long de la Tamise,"[2] "Sambre et Meuse," "Le Père de la Victoire," "I Want to Go Home," "Good-bye-ee, Don't Cry-ee," "Here's to Good Old Beer, Drink 'er Down," "Will Yankee Doodle

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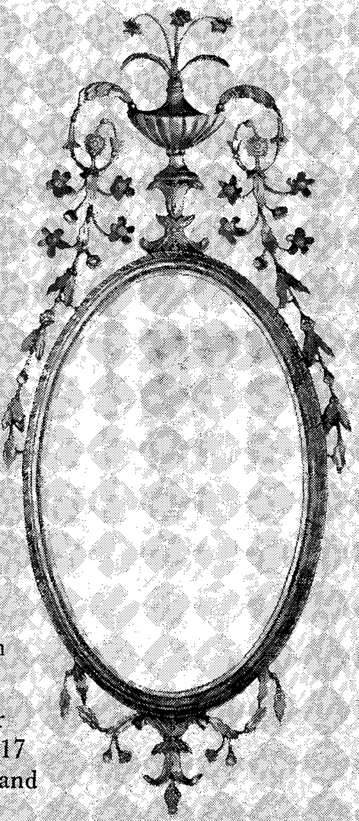

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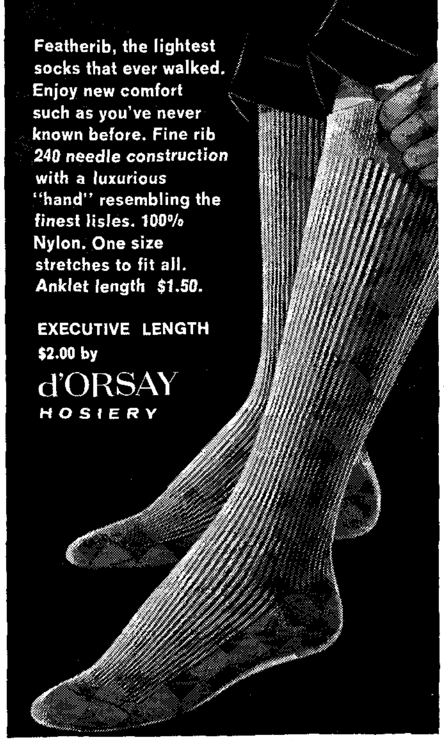

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Parlez-Vous Français?," "Where Do We Go from Here?," "Over There."

"Poor Butterfly" was one of the most popular songs when America went into the war.

[1]And when I woke up in the morning,
My mind and purse were blanks.
She stole my identification tags—
She thought that they were francs.
Oh, Paris, beautiful Paris!
I'll never go there, I'll never go
there, I'll never go there any
more!

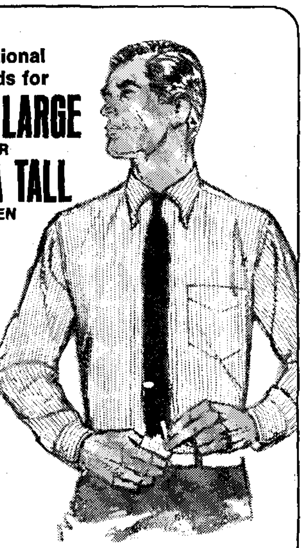
[2]*Tout le long de la Tamise*
Ils sont allés tous les deux,
Goûter l'heure exquise
Du printemps qui grise
Et des près fleuris semés de coins
ombreux,
Et dans un doux badinage,
S'appelant "Darling" and "Lulu."
Sous le vert feuillage,
Goûter l'heure exquise
Et le vent repète, "I love you."

There was also a parody of this, which began:

Tout le long de la chemise
I' ya d' la dentelle et des rubans . . .

[Before I had left Vittel, the flu epidemic of 1918 had taken, I think, as heavy a toll of our troops as any battle with the Germans had done. The hospitals were crowded with flu patients, many of whom died. I was on night duty and on my feet most of the time. The other night orderly was an elderly undertaker, who went around in felt slippers, with a lantern and a kind of nightcap on his head. He knew just how to handle dead bodies. We would put them on a stretcher and carry them down to a basement room, where we sometimes had to pile them up like logs. They were buried in big common ditches.

This was much the busiest time in our hospitals. We never had a chance to think—though doctors and nurses also died—about catching the disease ourselves. When the worst of it was over, I did collapse, although I had not caught the flu. I was allowed to go to bed for a day or so in a hospital room by myself. I found some copies of the magazine *Vanity Fair*, which I had never seen before but of which I was to become managing editor very soon after the war. I also had leisure to think, and it suddenly became very clear to me that I could never go back to my former life—that is, that I could never go back to the habits and standards of even



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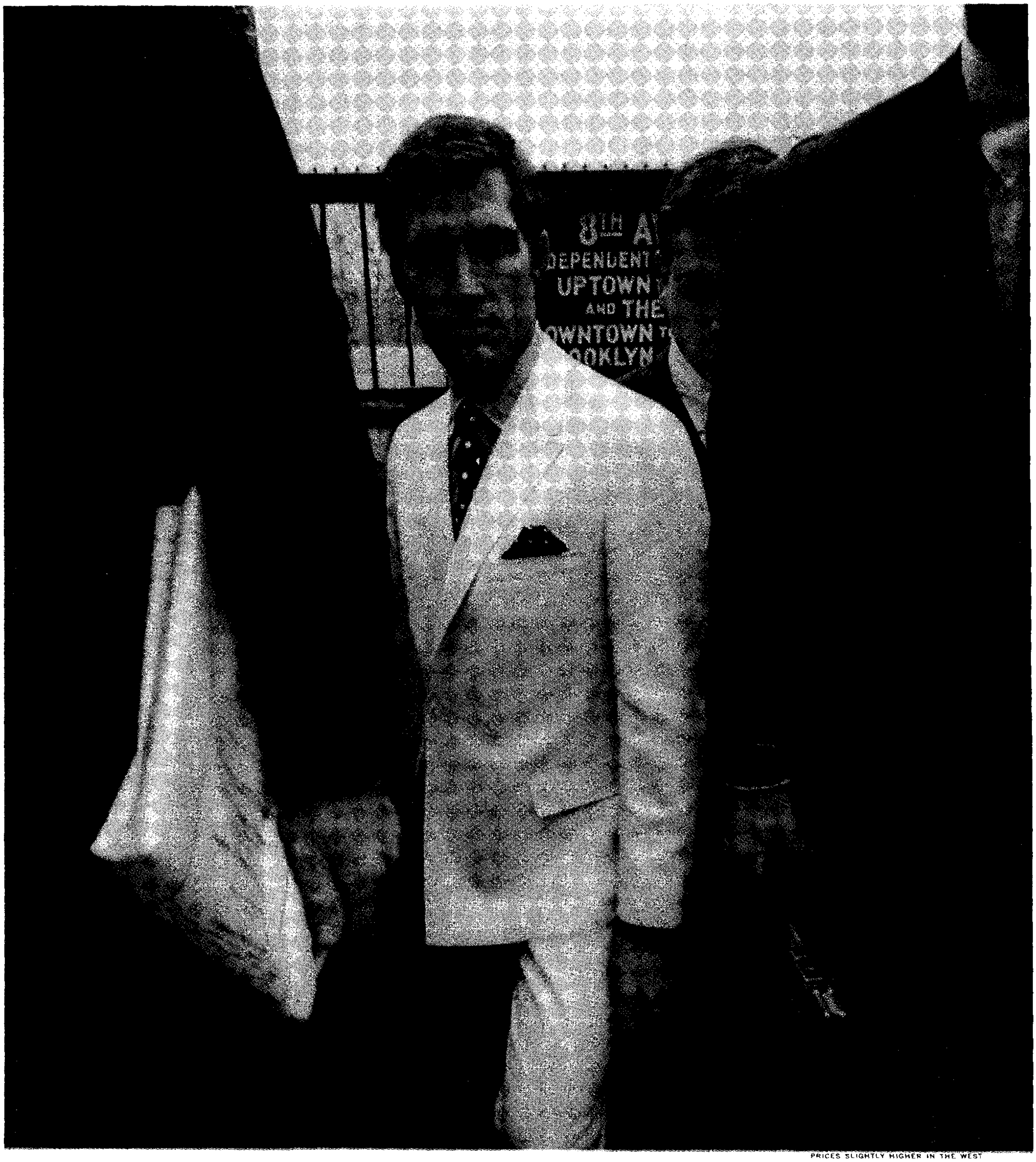

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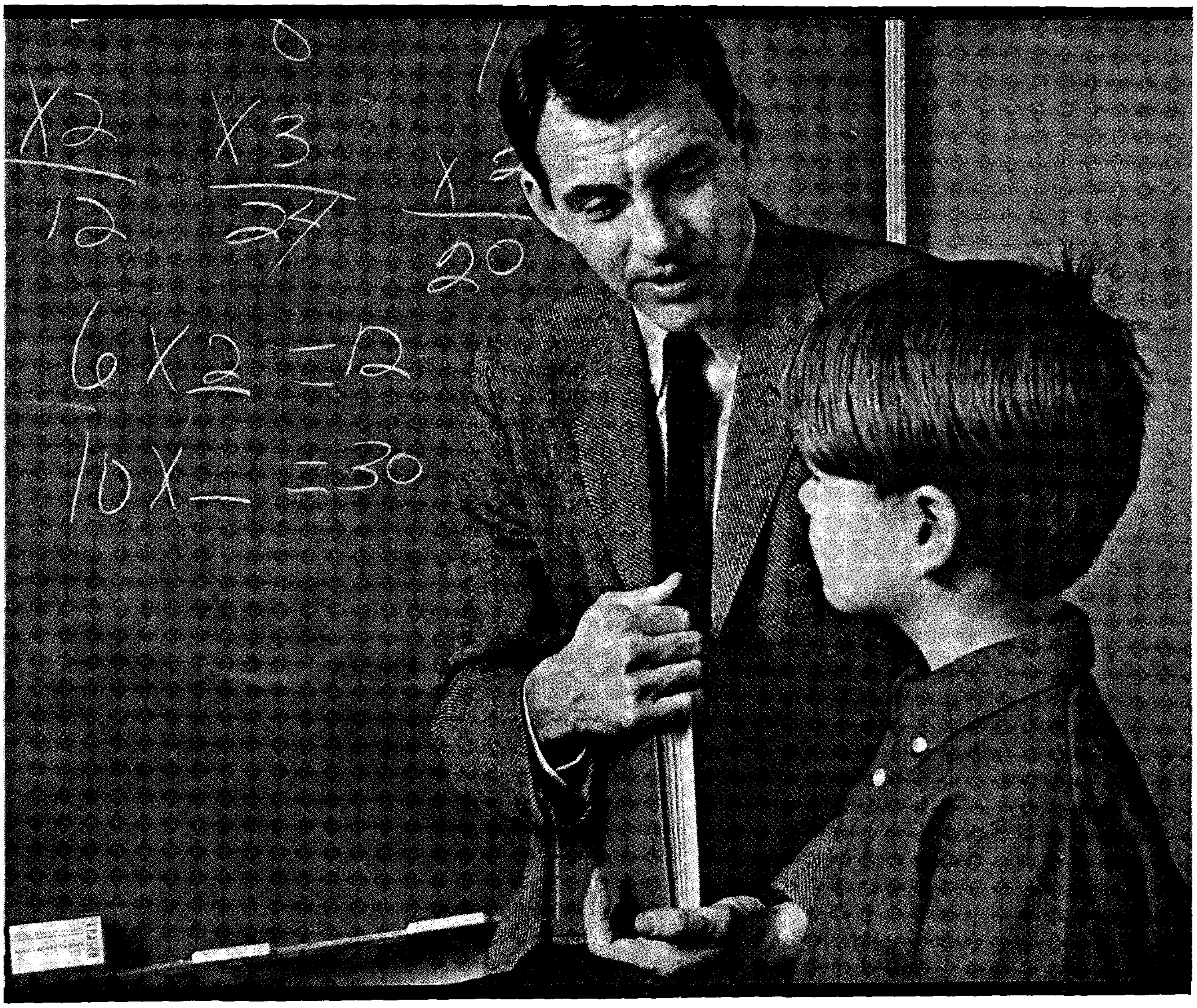

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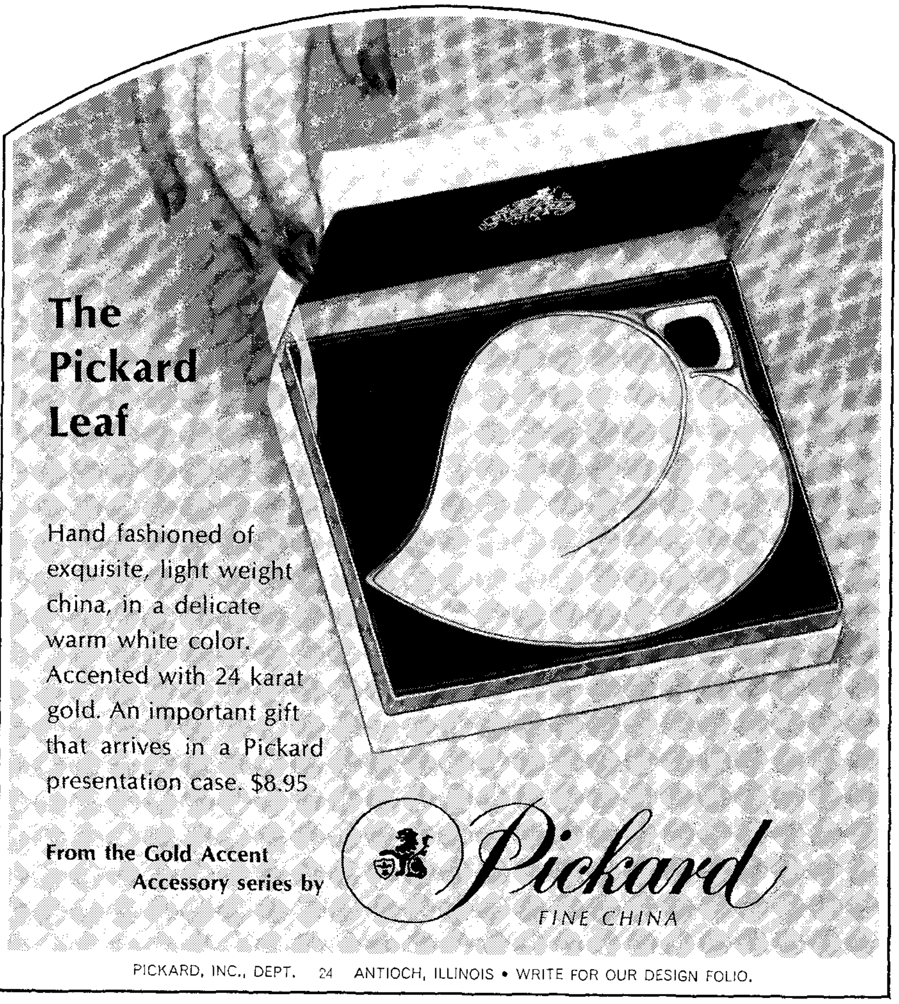
the most cultivated elements of the world in which I had lived. I felt now that I had never quite believed in that world, that I had never, in fact, quite belonged to it. It now appeared to me too narrowly limited by its governing principles and prejudices. My experience of the Army had had on me a liberating effect. I could now get on with all kinds of people and could satisfy my curiosity about aspects of life that otherwise I should not perhaps so soon have known. I had been already something of a Francophile and ready to accept any Frenchman, but many of my friends in the American Army had been born in other countries than America: they had been Irishmen, Swedes, Danes, Swiss, Belgians, and Cockneys. I had spent my Christmas in Trier with the only other occupant of the barracks, an Italian boy, when we had had a good dinner with Moselle wine and gone to the opera at the Stadttheater. My association with all these had given me a strong contempt for the complaints about the "foreign" immigrants on the part of the old-line Americans and for the talk about the necessity for getting them "Americanized" that was evoked by the enthusiastic response of many emigrants from Russia and Eastern Europe to the Russian Revolution. I had been struck by the differences that, by natural processes, had been made for some of these immigrants by their having come from Europe to America. John Andersen told me that the United States had afforded him a freedom and an opportunity that, as even an educated peasant, he could never have known in Denmark. The family of Roy Gamble's father had been hereditary farriers in the family of some English nobleman. Roy had once gone to see them and had realized that the distance between him as an independent American and his English relatives who "knew their place" was too great now ever to be bridged. And the experience of military discipline, with its many injustices and absurdities, had given me a sympathy with the victims of any sort of power machine that I was afterward never to lose.

When I was back in New York at first, my habits did not change very much, but my life began soon to take a different direction in a way that, I think, otherwise it would hardly have done. But such speculations are futile. I was by that time as much a product of the world of the war as of that of my earlier years, and I had to live now in the world in which I found myself after the war.]

—EDMUND WILSON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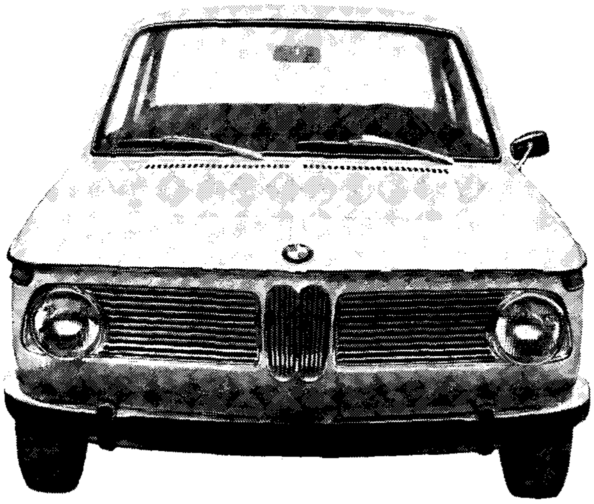
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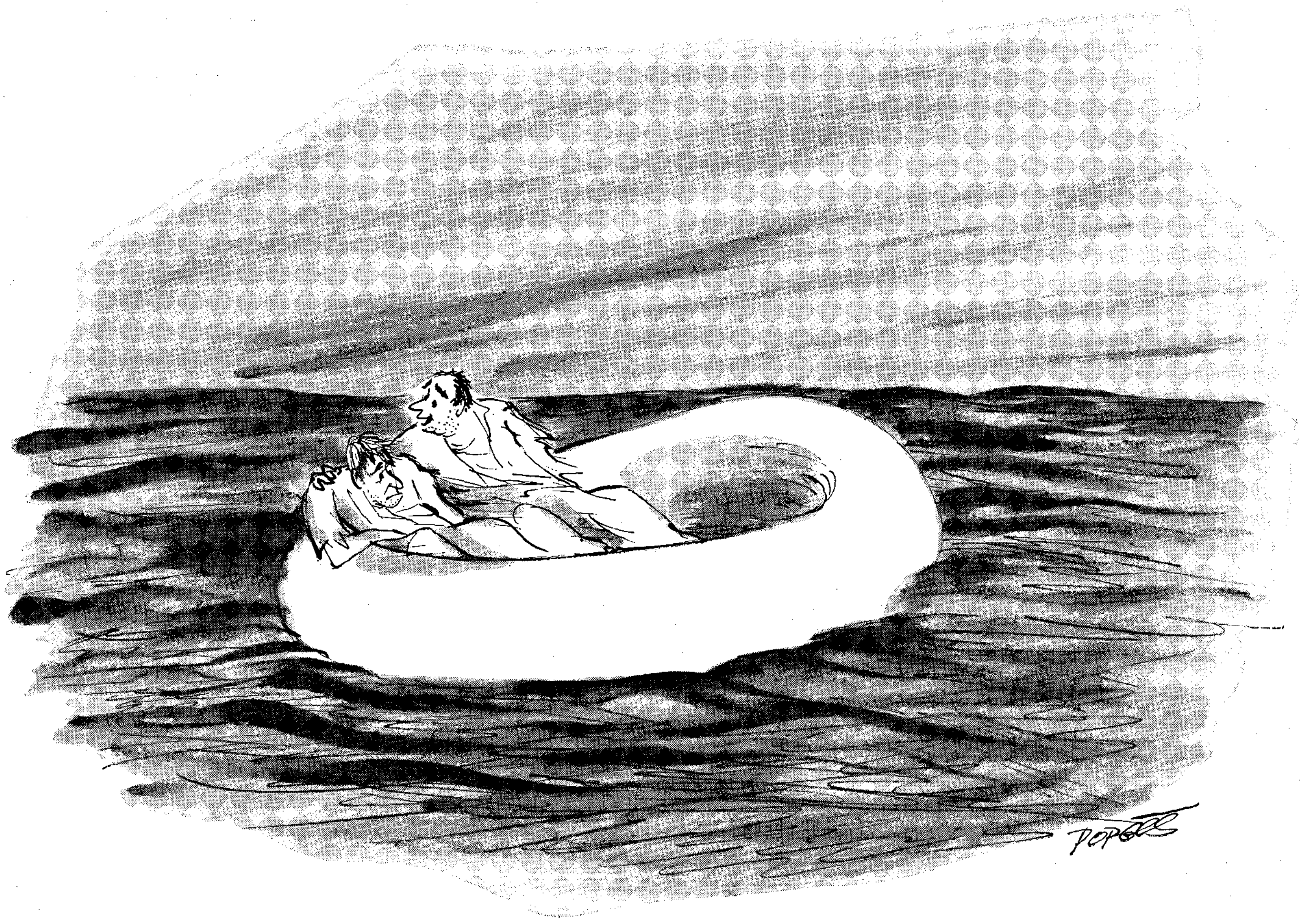
THE THEATRE

HOMECOMING

THE National Repertory Theatre, which has been hot stuff elsewhere in the country since 1961, came to the ANTA last week and went to pieces. The company, on successive nights, attempted to make something of consequence out of revivals of Molière's "The Imaginary Invalid," O'Neill's "A Touch of the Poet," and Coward's "Tonight at 8:30." These are works that must be played with subtlety, wit, and invention, if Molière is not to become foolishly slapstick, O'Neill tiresomely solemn, and Coward too arch for words. The National Repertory Theatre put all the authors in a rather dull light, particularly Coward. I suppose that Mr. Coward's intellectual strivings were destroyed by Mike Nichols and Elaine May in a skit about doctors patterned on one of the Coward contributions to this endeavor, but, even so, he was no worse off, as presented here, than Eugene O'Neill, who was represented by a business of bits and pieces having to do with a highfalutin Irish braggart and his cold-turkey daughter locked in a struggle of wills in the environment of New England in the early years of the nineteenth century. Mr. O'Neill, like his father before him, is a master of old-hat melodrama, but the players here were not very adept at developing his central characters, and "A Touch of the Poet" never pulled off the tough trick of realizing the playwright's intention. However, there was something to be said for the Molière offering. It is, Lord knows, a slow and sophomoric arrangement, but every now and then the National Repertory company induced a chuckle from the old boy's account of the life and times of a hypochondriac so much the prey of illusory ailments that he is willing to give his daughter in matrimony to his doctor's doltish son just to have a medical man, even once removed, around the house.

What am I to say about the performers who were on view? I have always had a kind of avuncular feeling about strolling players, but this group, headed by Denholm Elliott, Sloane Shelton, and John Church, didn't inspire much kindliness in me. And there was little to be endorsed in the direction by Jack Sydow ("The Imaginary Invalid" and "A Touch of the Poet") and Nina Foch ("Tonight at 8:30"). All too often, Mr. Sydow and Miss Foch left their actors, when they were not of immediate importance to the action, standing around as if they had nothing but time on their hands. I have no idea who selects the plays to be produced by the National Repertory company, but this particular grouping seemed to me to be somewhat haphazard.

—JOHN MCCARTEN



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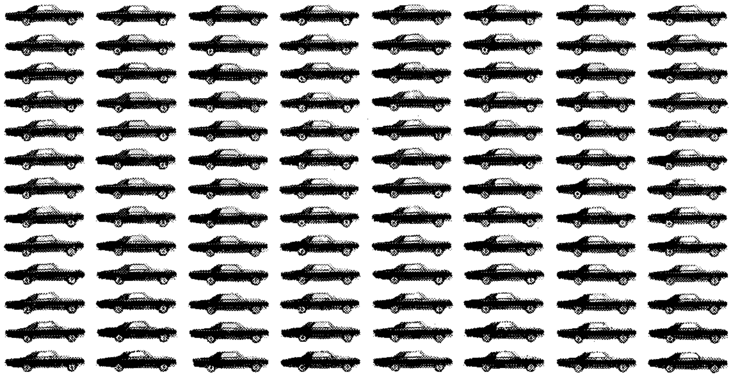

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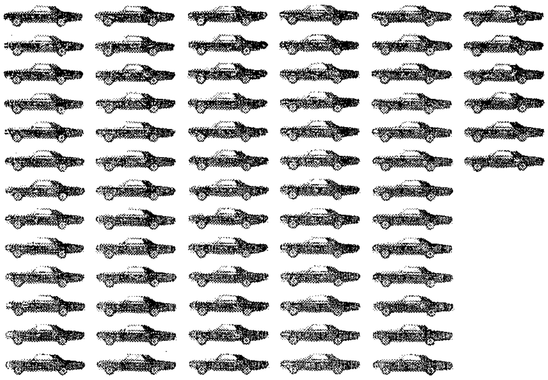

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THE RACE TRACK

Derby in the Fog

IF ever the stage was set for an upset in the Kentucky Derby, it was at Churchill Downs last Saturday. And there was one. Coming out of the fog at the head of the stretch like a runaway engine, Proud Clarion, a 30–1 shot, bore down on the leaders, caught them, and went on to win going away by a length from Barbs Delight, the hero of the Derby Trial earlier in the week, who made most of the running. Damascus, the favorite, was third, a bit farther behind. Though the race has often been run in the rain, this was the first time in the memory of the oldest racegoer that it was run in rain and fog. At times, as the runners went down the backstretch, they looked like shadowy shapes, and as they rounded the far turn some of them were lost in the mist.

Because of shin trouble or some such, I didn't make the scene at Louisville. Instead, I saw the Derby on TV at home, and it was a pleasure to sit through the hour-long show C.B.S. put on. Jack Drees has been my favorite broadcaster of races for a long time. Arcaro was as articulate as ever, but at picking the Derby winner he was no better than I was. I want to give full marks to whoever thought of putting a camera at the start, giving us a proper view of the horses as they came out of the gate. Heretofore, you got a head-on shot from a camera a couple of furlongs away. In spite of the fog, the Derby was easy to follow. Barbs Delight was quickest away, followed by Dawn Glory, Diplomat Way, and Damascus. They passed the stand in that order and continued that way for nearly a mile. Dawn Glory was the first to tire, and then Diplomat Way shortened stride. (Sellers, who rode Diplomat Way, said the colt did not run kindly.) Meanwhile, Proud Clarion had been saving ground near the rail, but on the turn for home Ussery eased him to the outside and started the run that carried him to victory.

Proud Clarion, the longest-priced Derby winner since Dark Star, who beat Native Dancer in 1953, is a rather plain-looking, medium-sized bay colt by Hail to Reason out of Breath o' Morn, and is owned by John W. Galbreath, who races in the name of Darby Dan Farm. This was Mr. Galbreath's second Derby; his Chateaugay scored in 1963. Remember? A non-winner in three starts last season, Proud Clarion won his first one by eight lengths at Hialeah in February, and was down the course the next time out. Coming to Keeneland last month, he won twice in quick succession, then ran second to Diplomat Way in the Blue Grass Stakes, which assured him of a chance to run for the roses. On the whole, his true quality is not easy to assess, but Loyd Gentry, who trains him, says he has been improving so steadily that there's no telling how good he is. Anyhow, he has made some amends for the disappointment of his stable when Graustark, who was hailed by some experts as the Horse of the Decade, went amiss after the Blue Grass Stakes a year ago.

A cynical horseman who had probably just lost a bet once said that the Derby Trial is a race in which nobody tries. Be that as it may, Barbs Delight did a smart mile in that gallop, which wound him up for the Derby. He showed the beneficial effects last Saturday, stepping the first quarter in 0:22⅕, the half mile in 0:46⅗, six furlongs in 1:10⅘, and the mile in 1:36 on a track that was damp, to say the least. Proud Clarion took over from there, and the mile and a quarter was clocked in 2:00⅗, the third-fastest time in the annals of the race. Damascus let us down badly. Although he'd never raced beyond a mile and a furlong, all his performances had suggested that he had an abundance of stamina. Shoemaker, who rode him, said that passing the mile marker his mount was going so strong he felt he couldn't miss, but when he called on him for a final effort, Damascus didn't respond. Shoemaker ended his comment with "Not good enough."

Taking up other disappointments, Baeza, who rode Successor, said the Wheatley colt got away very badly. (It seemed to me as I watched the start that he left the gate with the others, but Baeza was in the best position to know what happened.) Incidentally, Baeza would have ridden Proud Clarion if his contract with Darby Dan Farm had not expired on May Day; even the leading rider doesn't get all the breaks. On the other hand, luck was with Ussery; Gentry booked Ussery two days before the Derby, and only after Hirsch Jacobs had released him from an engagement

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to ride at Pimlico last weekend. He'd never been on Proud Clarion before he got the leg up in the saddling paddock, but he handled the colt with skill and confidence. I haven't heard what happened to Ruken, who dropped back shortly after the start and thereafter was never in the picture. And somebody suggested that Gentleman James might have been short of work; the Derby was his thirty-second start in two seasons.

FROM all accounts—and because of the weather, I suppose—nobody estimated the crowd at the traditional hundred thousand. Matt Winn wouldn't have liked that. Furthermore, in spite of the fact that you could put bets down on the Derby all day Friday, the mutuel handle for the nine races on Saturday was $4,625,222—the first time since 1963 that it was below the five-million mark. Also for the record, Nancy Jr., who paid $61.80, won the Kentucky Oaks the day before the Derby. Far back in the early running, she finished fast in the last quarter to win comfortably from Gay Sailorette. Furl Sail, the odds-on favorite, was third.

SOME thirty-five thousand cold and soggy stay-at-homes saw a smashing performance in the Carter Handicap at Aqueduct last weekend. Tumiga, unbeaten in his five starts at two and at three, made it six straight and every post a winning one, skipping over the sloppy track in 1:23⅘ for the seven furlongs, which was first-rate time under the conditions. Our Michael was second and Indulto third. After the finish, Broussard, who rode Our Michael, lodged a claim of foul against Tumiga, on the principle, I suppose, of claim everything, admit nothing. It was so obviously groundless that I'm surprised the stewards didn't fine him for making a frivolous claim. Incidentally, Tumiga gave weight according to the scale to the eight older runners. Earlier in the week, Kaskaskia, winner of two starts in Florida and one in Kentucky in four tries, rolled home by six in the Youthful, the first stakes race for two-year-olds hereabouts this season. Tumiga won the Youthful a year ago.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

Mr. and Mrs George E. Gangloff have recently returned from a visit to Puerto Rico which they found thoroughly charming even though under going cleaning and renovation.
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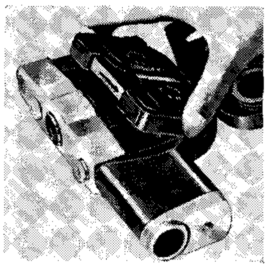

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MUSICAL EVENTS

À la Mode

IN the state of neglect into which French opera has fallen hereabouts, it is a pleasure to visit the occasional fully staged performances of it that are offered at the Manhattan School of Music. John Brownlee, who is president of the school, is a man particularly well versed in this repertoire, which includes a few unquestionably great works—"Carmen," among them—and a large number that are at least charming. The French school of operatic composers of the nineteenth century was remarkable for its attention to detail, its admirable contrapuntal workmanship, its melodic fecundity, and its skill in writing for the voice. And if it never quite rivalled the German and Italian schools except in "Carmen," and possibly "Faust," there is nevertheless much worth listening to in what it produced. One of its most likable attributes was the modesty of its composers—at least up to the time of Debussy. They wrote frankly for operatic voices and stage personalities. They thought highly of the performer and sought to make him shine. As a result, there is scarcely a French opera that is not eminently singable, whatever else it may be.

All this is apparent in Ambroise Thomas's "Hamlet," which was presented at the school last Friday night for the first time here in nearly half a century. It has been customary in Anglo-Saxon countries to patronize Thomas's "Hamlet" on the ground that it isn't really Shakespeare, and, to be sure, it is not. Nevertheless, it is surprising how closely the opera's librettists—Jules Barbier and Michel Carré—have stuck to Shakespeare's original conception, and how ably, for operatic purposes, they have set forth the main cruxes and emotions of a play that would seem, at first glance, to be as unpromising as operatic material as anything in dramatic literature. Moreover, Thomas was, unlike some of his French contemporaries, a virile, vigorous composer, and his music has, at times, a power that approaches, if it does not reach, that of Verdi. He wrote his best operas between the great vogue of Bellini and Donizetti (to whom "Hamlet" owes something) and that of Verdi, and "Hamlet," being one of the most mature of them, is certainly worth an occasional revival. There are some things in it that will offend Shakespeare scholars. Polonius is not killed, and Ophelia has a full-fledged mad scene to show off her coloratura voice. But the first of these deviations is a simplification and the second a bow to operatic convention. "Hamlet" is, after all, a singer's opera. Inevitably, the name "Hamlet" comes out "Amlay" in French; "To be or not to be," which I am afraid is dreadfully reduced in metaphysical content, comes out as "*Êtr'ou ne pas être*" and continues with some rather commonplace remarks about the "*merveille*" of it all. Interestingly, the score contains a saxophone, which is used prominently during the play within the play—a considerable novelty in 1868, when this "Hamlet" was first produced.

The staging the other night was tastefully arranged, in a simplified manner, by Carlton Gauld, there were admirable sets by Beeb Salzer, and the conductor was the very able Emerson Buckley. The Manhattan Orchestra played with accuracy and brilliance, and the student cast performed quite well.

ON Wednesday evening of last week, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, under its musical director, Zubin Mehta, appeared in Carnegie Hall. As far as I am aware, this was the first New York appearance of this orchestra, but Mr. Mehta has been a familiar figure for some time at the Metropolitan Opera House and elsewhere. The orchestra is a large one, resting on a foundation of ten double basses, and other elements are in proportion. It is in many ways a superb ensemble. Its woodwinds and brasses are outstanding. The strings do not have the satin finish or the perfect lucidity of those in some of our Eastern orchestras, but they play, on the whole, excellently. I have often pointed out the particular gifts of Mr. Mehta. He has the capacity to control every sound made by an orchestra, and he does this with the simplest of gestures, every one of which has an immediate and perceptible effect. He has a talent for conveying a mood of serenity, or of serene grandeur, to both orchestra and audience that is rare indeed among the younger generation of conductors. He also has an unusual sensitivity to line and form in a

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Luis Jiminez is starting 4th grade a little late. Thanks to the Smiths.

In the Colombian village of Soacha, school is a luxury that fathers of even the brightest, most ambitious children can't afford. So it didn't surprise anyone when Luis Jiminez dropped out of school in the third grade. The big surprise—Soacha calls it a little miracle—is that Luis went back to school this year.

Betty and John Chabot Smith made it happen. Through *Save the Children Federation* they're giving $15 a month to give Luis a chance he never thought possible.

Who are these "miracle workers," the Smiths? If you met them, they might tell you of their daughter's baby. Or their son, who's working his way through law school. John might talk about his work as a teacher of creative writing. Or you might be interested in their charming colonial farmhouse in southern Connecticut. It's almost paid for. The Smiths are a long way from being wealthy. Although you'd have a hard time telling that to the people of Soacha.

Until the Smiths came along, few in Soacha had any knowledge of the outside world. They knew a lot about desperate poverty, hunger and hopelessness, though. Take Luis' father, for example. His take-home pay is $10 a month. He has five children to feed. School for Luis wasn't in his budget.

But this was before the Smiths. Betty Smith first became interested in *Save the Children Federation* when she worked for them last year. Time after time she saw them do wonders for people with the money received from sponsors. Now the Smiths are sponsors. And their $15 a month is doing wonders for Luis, his family and even the village.

Luis is back in school. Luis' father has a small patch of land he had never cultivated because he could not afford seed and fertilizer. This year he is growing corn. With all this, there is still money left over. This money, together with funds from other sponsors, was borrowed without interest by the village to build a new school.

More money and more people like the Smiths are needed to give other children the boost they need to permanently end their need for help. That's what *Save the Children Federation* is all about.

Although contributions are tax deductible, *Save the Children* is not a relief agency. The aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals and a warm coat. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village, the "seed money" they need to start helping themselves.

As a sponsor you can select a child in Latin America. Or a child in Korea, Vietnam, Africa or Greece. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress, and, if you wish, a chance to correspond with the child and his family.

The Smiths know they can't save the world for $15 a month. Only a small corner of it. But maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like Betty and John Smith. How about you?

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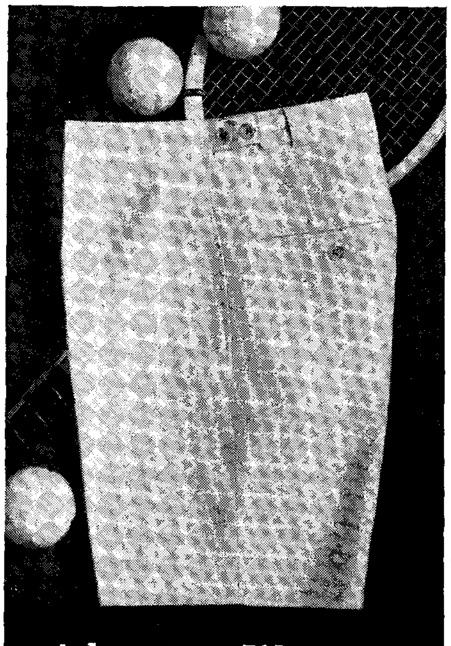

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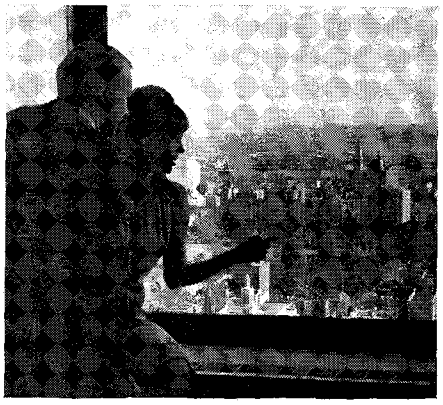
composition, and he knows when to hold back before a climax and when to build it up. These elements of the conductor's art were particularly evident in Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben," the number that closed the program. Whatever other virtues this slightly grandiose composition may have, Strauss's unmatched skill in orchestration makes it the ideal work in which to show off an orchestra, and Mr. Mehta conducted it as a virtuoso display piece, giving one of the finest performances of it that I have heard in several years. Earlier in the program, he was concerned with the Overture to Mozart's "The Marriage of Figaro," which he did with exemplary poise and very little in the way of gesture, and Brahms' Concerto No. 1 in D Minor for Piano and Orchestra, for which Van Cliburn was the soloist. This is a titanic concerto, full of Romantic *Sturm und Drang*, and it is possible that Mr. Mehta overpowered Mr. Cliburn with his own ideas of how it should go. At any rate, Mr. Cliburn did not maintain his highest standards. He seemed to be pushing and pounding a bit, and, except for some brilliant rapid passages, such as the one just before the end of the work, he was not quite the sterling Romantic pianist he has shown himself to be on many occasions.

IF the program presented by the Buffalo Philharmonic in Carnegie Hall on Monday evening of last week, under Lukas Foss, is typical, Buffalo must be surviving on a thin musical diet. The orchestra is a good one, and Mr. Foss, who is a fine pianist and was once a good composer, certainly has a flair for conducting. But he asked little of either himself or the orchestra. The evening opened with a pretty thick and heavy performance of a seldom played Concerto in C Minor for Oboe and Violin with String Orchestra, attributed to Bach, in which Mr. Foss played the harpsichord. It proved to be a worthy composition, somewhat resembling the unquestionably authentic Double Concerto for Two Violins and Orchestra, though not quite as consistently eloquent as that work. It was followed by several items by Anton Webern—the Five Pieces for Orchestra, and two posthumously discovered songs, sung beautifully from a technical standpoint by Bethany Beardslee, who specializes in this sort of thing. But I, for one, am growing a trifle tired of Webern's wispy little compositions. We have heard them again and again. Repetition does not bring added insight or inter-



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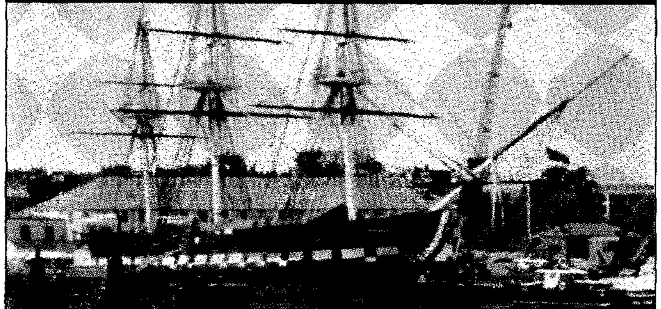

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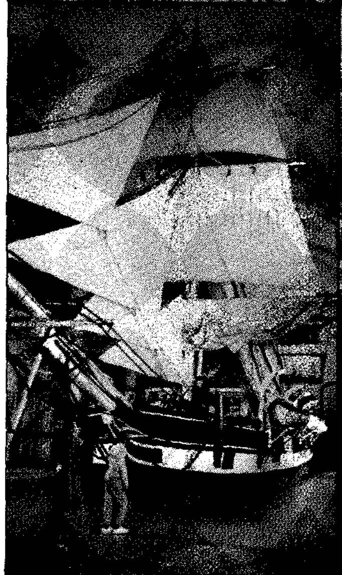

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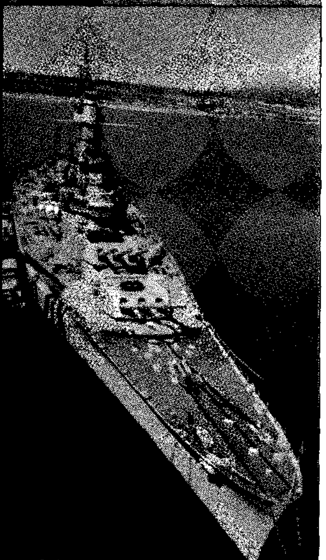

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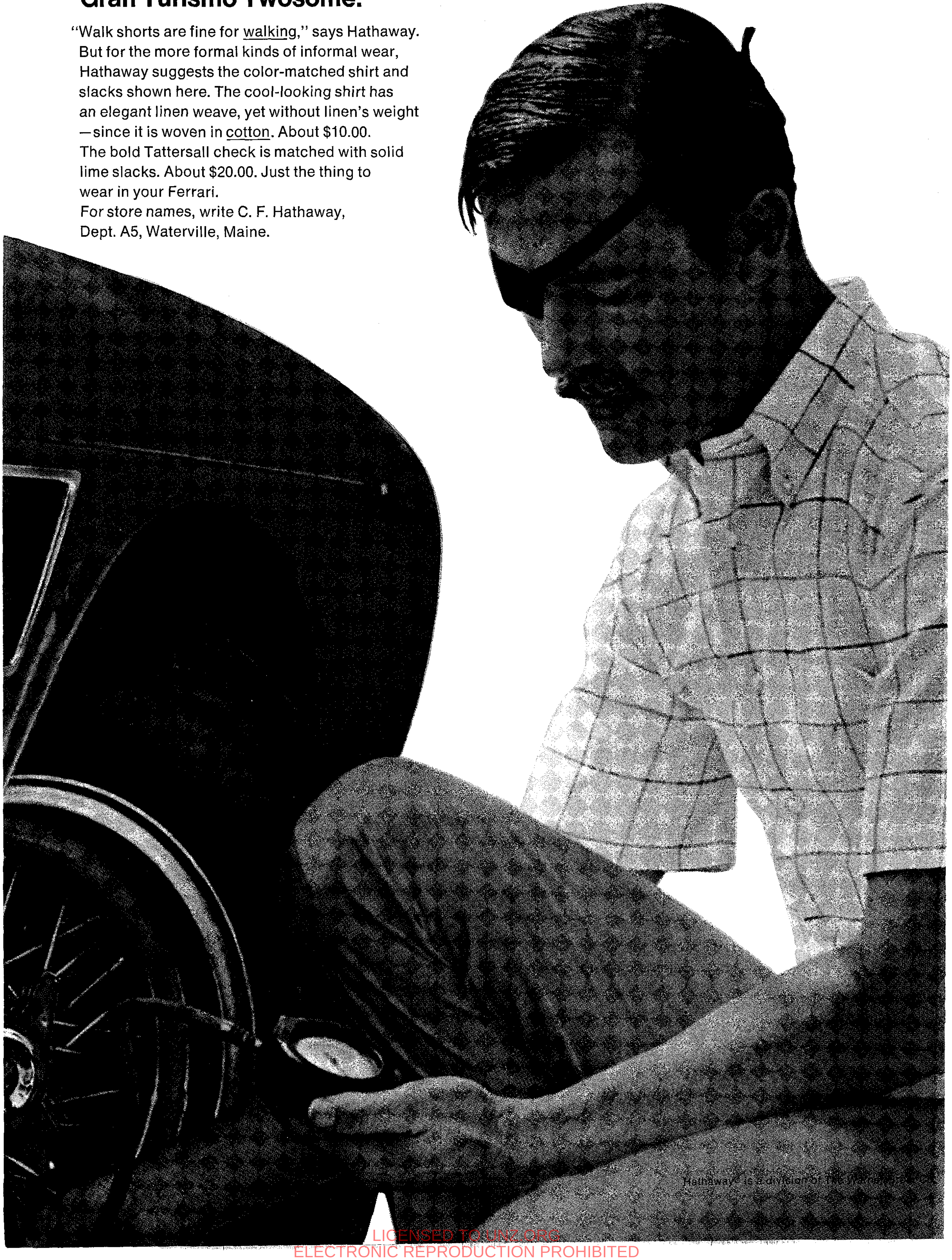
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est. I know that Webern is regarded by many as an important historical figure; whether he was also an important composer seems to me debatable. After that, Mr. Foss gave us the first New York performance of a "Perpetuum Mobile" by the contemporary Russian composer Arvo Pärt. This piece was proof that the Russians have indeed abandoned the conservative approach that produced composers like Prokofieff and Shostakovich. It is, I suppose, an "original" piece, in that nothing like it has ever been heard before. But it is also a trick piece—the kind of thing that is interesting once but will not bear repetition. It consists of a long crescendo followed by a long diminuendo, the increase in sound being provided by the addition of extra voices, and the decrease by their gradual elimination. The voices are limited to a single note. Different voices produce different rhythmic patterns, and when they are all going at once the effect is of a sort of crushing together of laminated sounds and rhythms. Following the intermission, Charles Rosen played the piano part in Ravel's G-Major Piano Concerto with clarity and fluency, and the evening wound up with Ravel's Second "Daphnis and Chloé" Suite.

LAST Thursday night, I was able to get to the Metropolitan Opera House to see "Giselle," done by the Royal Ballet, with Annette Page in the title role. This turned out to be a memorable evening. The role of Giselle is, of course, one of the most taxing in all ballet, because of its dramatic as well as its purely technical requirements. Miss Page is perfectly suited to it, and her performance was appealing indeed. Deanne Bergsma gave a queenly authority to the role of Myrtha, the chief of the Wilis; Donald MacLeary was entirely pleasing, though unspectacular, as Count Albrecht. The pas de deux in Act I was danced by Merle Park and Graham Usher in a dazzling manner, Leslie Edwards was a particularly convincing mime as Hilarion, and the work of the corps de ballet and the lesser principals was superb.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

All the horses in the $50,000 Italian Festival special at Lincoln Downs last night came here from Italy but the winner, Prince Tady—if he could talk—probably would say "J'ai venu, j'ai vu, j'ai vaincu" instead of "Veni, vidi, vici." Prince Tady, you see, was bred in France.—*Providence Sunday Journal.*

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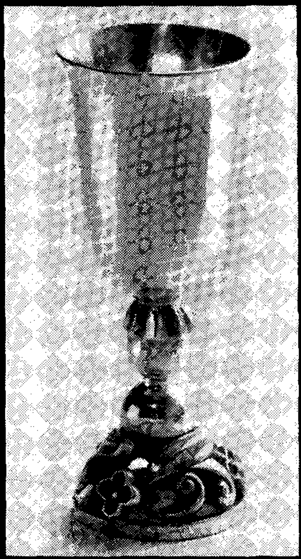

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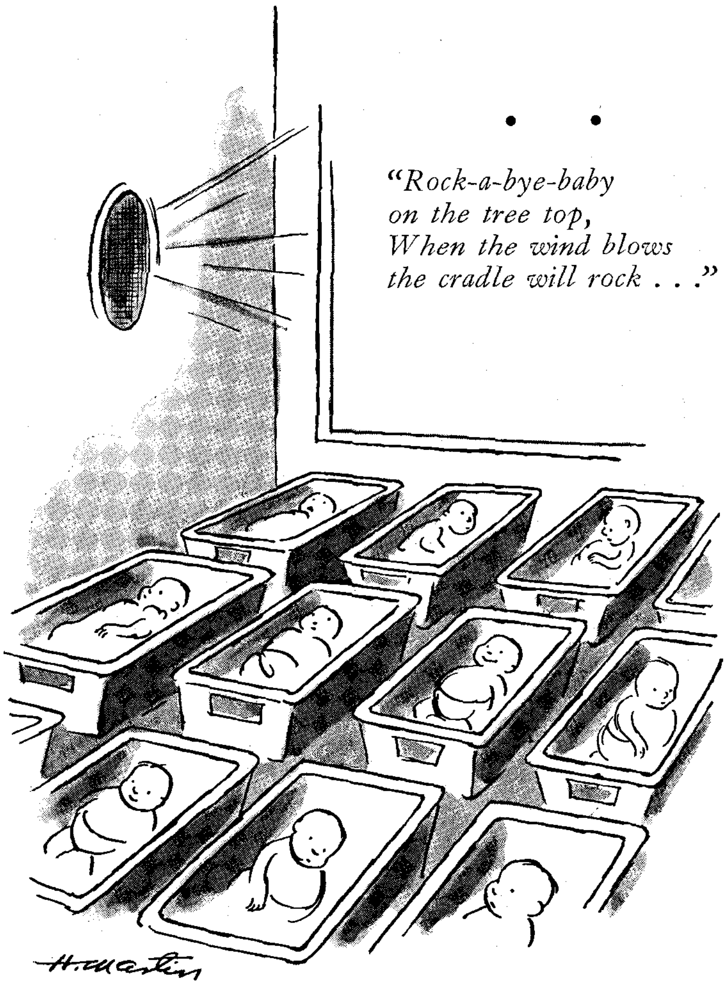
LETTER FROM PARIS

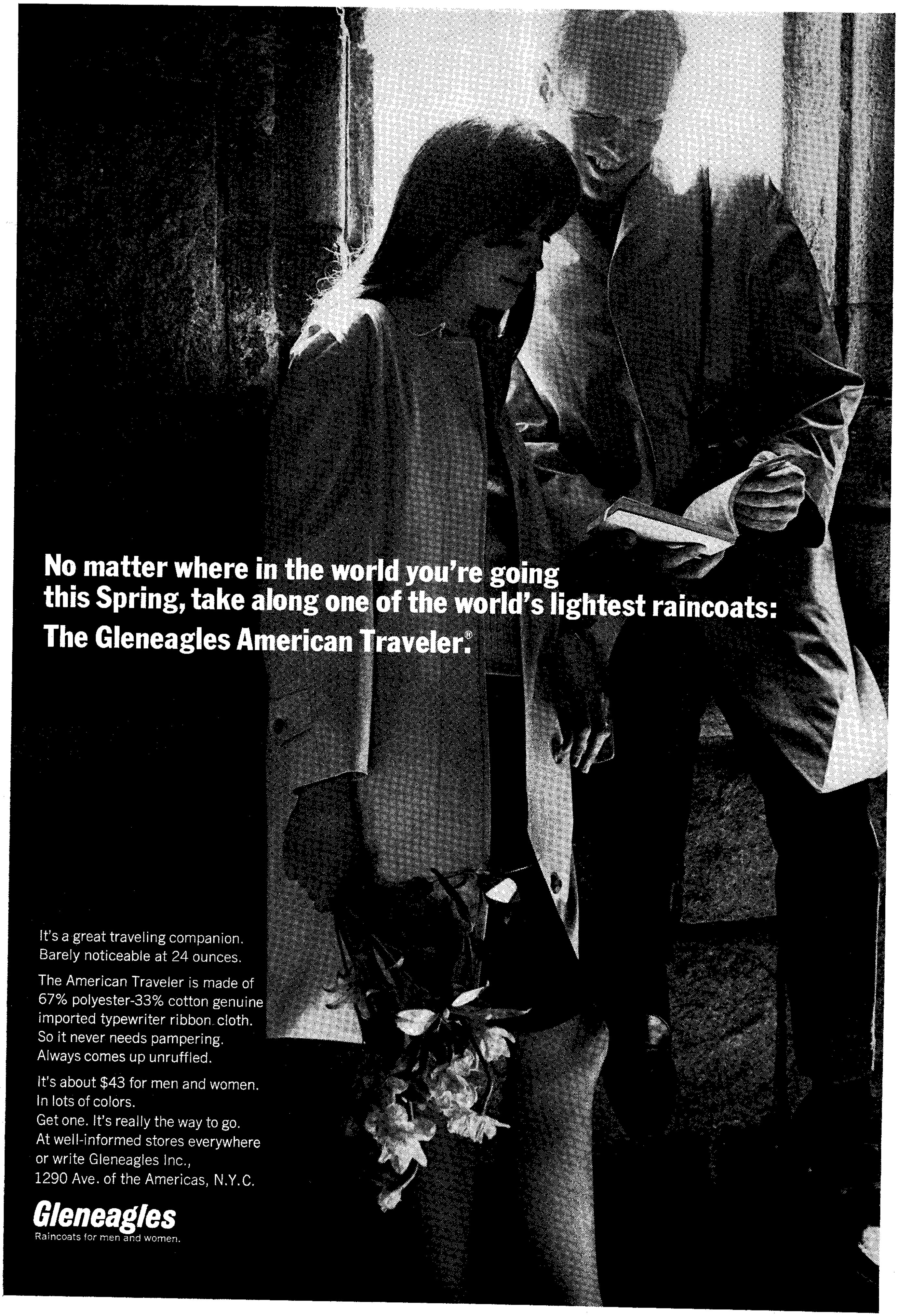
May 3

THAT General de Gaulle, the Saint-Germain-des-Prés Existentialist Jean-Paul Sartre, the Cambridge University mathematical genius Bertrand Russell, the Swedish government, and the American Army fighting in Vietnam could all be involved with one another to the point of being recently linked in the same international-news paragraphs here in Paris seems one of the more anomalous minor developments of our war in Asia. The strange mixture was opened up last week by de Gaulle himself in a private letter to Sartre as French executive president of the Russell Tribunal—a letter the government made public as if it were a state paper. In truth, this is what it functioned as, despite its inclusion of de Gaulle's humorous, caustic reference to the borrowed togas in which the tribunal members seemed to him theoretically to be draping themselves in preparation for their opening meeting in France—which, in the next-to-last paragraph of this now famous letter, de Gaulle flatly prohibited. Handed out to the press by the Élysée and published by the newspapers over the length and breadth of France, the letter was naturally read by the entire nation with special interest and curiosity, because, for one thing, a personal letter by de Gaulle in the public domain is a rarity and an item not to miss. Secondly, its literary involvement, because it was written to Sartre, gave added esoteric flavor. Furthermore, the letter was highly entertaining, insofar as it made quite clear that de Gaulle and Sartre, the two most powerful intellectual individualists in the Republic, were finally at loggerheads—stimulating, titillating, and even promising news to the French public, which over centuries has always been gluttonously nourished by dissensions and disagreements. The big note of disappointment in the whole fracas (settled when the Russell group was unenthusiastically accepted by Stockholm) came from the tribunal's first choice of a site—Issy-les-Moulineaux, still recalled by Paris art collectors as the nearby little town where Matisse lived and painted some of his early great pictures—a town now grown weighty and politically famed as one of the most Communist of all the Paris working-class suburbs. It had planned a hearty welcome to the Russell Tribunal, whose view of America's Vietnam war as a crime against civilization the Issy population already shared, that being the familiar Moscow propaganda line—and also officially held (or something very close to it) by de Gaulle himself and his Fifth Republic government, as he candidly pointed out in that famous letter to "*Mon cher Maître*," Sartre. "I am only *maître* to café waiters, who know I write," Sartre stated categorically in his answer to de Gaulle, which he did not hand to the press. Instead, he gave it uniquely to the leading French leftist weekly *Le Nouvel Observateur*, which came out last week with photostats of de Gaulle's letter, titled "Une Lettre de de Gaulle à Sartre," followed by "La Réponse de Sartre à de Gaulle."

Unfortunately, this response was in the form not of a well-written epistle but of what seemed to be a tape-recorded semi-interview—lengthy and rather hit-or-miss but of obvious great interest when Sartre said what was uppermost in his mind, often with slashing, intemperate attacks on de Gaulle. For example, Sartre stated why he thought the Russell Tribunal had suddenly been denied permission to hold its opening meeting in France—permission that, he claimed, had earlier been implicitly accorded. "It is very likely that when Vice-President Humphrey met de Gaulle a fortnight ago, Humphrey insisted on the importance the Americans attached to the tribunal's not being allowed to sit in France," Sartre astonishingly declared. "The American methods of blackmail are numerous, despite France's so-called independence. The French economy is not less and less tied to that of America, as we are made to think, but more and more. For instance, if the Americans ceased leasing their giant computers to France, it would be enough to disorganize our entire economy." Sartre was particularly scathing in his descriptions of what he considered de Gaulle's deforming ideas of justice and political power, and his willful isolation from the country he governs. "According to him, government should not be based on the country but should remain aloof above it," Sartre declared. "His system of criticizing the American policy in Vietnam in what he says while forbidding the French people to demonstrate against the Vietnam war is absolutely anti-democratic. . . . It perfectly illustrates Gaullism itself—the Chief has his own ideas on Vietnam, and occasionally expresses them in his speeches . . . but above all he does not want his views popularized and upheld by the mass of the French people, because that would tie him to the populace, a relation that basically he abhors."

Getting back to the Russell Tribunal, Sartre said that its members' aim in France had been "to see if public opinion felt as the tribunal does

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about the use of napalm and fragmentation bombs." He added that when de Gaulle invoked "*l'amitié traditionnelle*," which he declared still ties France to the United States, as a reason for not permitting the Russell Tribunal to meet on French territory, "the real truth is that when it comes to judging from a moral standpoint, governments stick together, there being a concerted effort among them to suppress morality in politics." When asked by his interviewer where the Russell Tribunal would really be welcome to sit today, he said, thinking it over, "Perhaps on a boat anchored outside territorial waters, like the English radio pirates. . . . Paradoxically, it is the difficulties we have met that establish the legitimacy of the tribunal and, furthermore, prove something—that we are *feared*. This does not mean Bertrand Russell himself, who is ninety-four years old, and certainly not me, at the age of sixty-two, or our friends, either. If we were only a handful of intellectual simpletons ridiculously pretending to set ourselves up as judges, they would let us do it and not bother us. So why are they afraid of us? Because," Sartre answered his own question, "we raise a problem that no Western government wants to face—that of the crime of making war, which once more everyone wants preserved, so that he may use it."

FOR many years, there was a Paris tradition that, for aesthetic reasons, no new building would be permitted by the municipality to be higher than the top of the Arc de Triomphe, already considered extremely tall at a hundred and sixty-five feet when it was completed, in 1836. During the month of April, the Prefecture of the Seine gave a favorable reception to a request for the construction on the Left Bank of the Tour Maine-Montparnasse, which will be fifty-three stories and almost six hundred feet high. It will be in the form of a plain pillar, squarish but with rounded corners—mere bulk and not fancy. This new project has been bitterly debated pro and con for the past ten years, owing to the splendid resistance against it of M. Édouard Frédéric-Dupont, longtime municipal councillor of Paris and deputy from the Seventh Arrondissement, which includes the Invalides, to which he is personally deeply attached as a pure example of pure Louis XIV style, and whose symmetries he has fought to preserve from the contamination of having any *newyorkesque* skyscraper close enough behind it on the horizon to be

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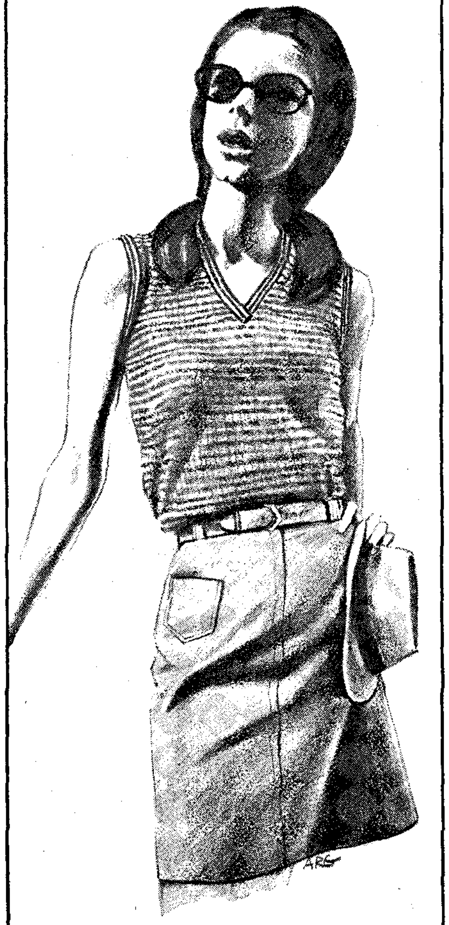

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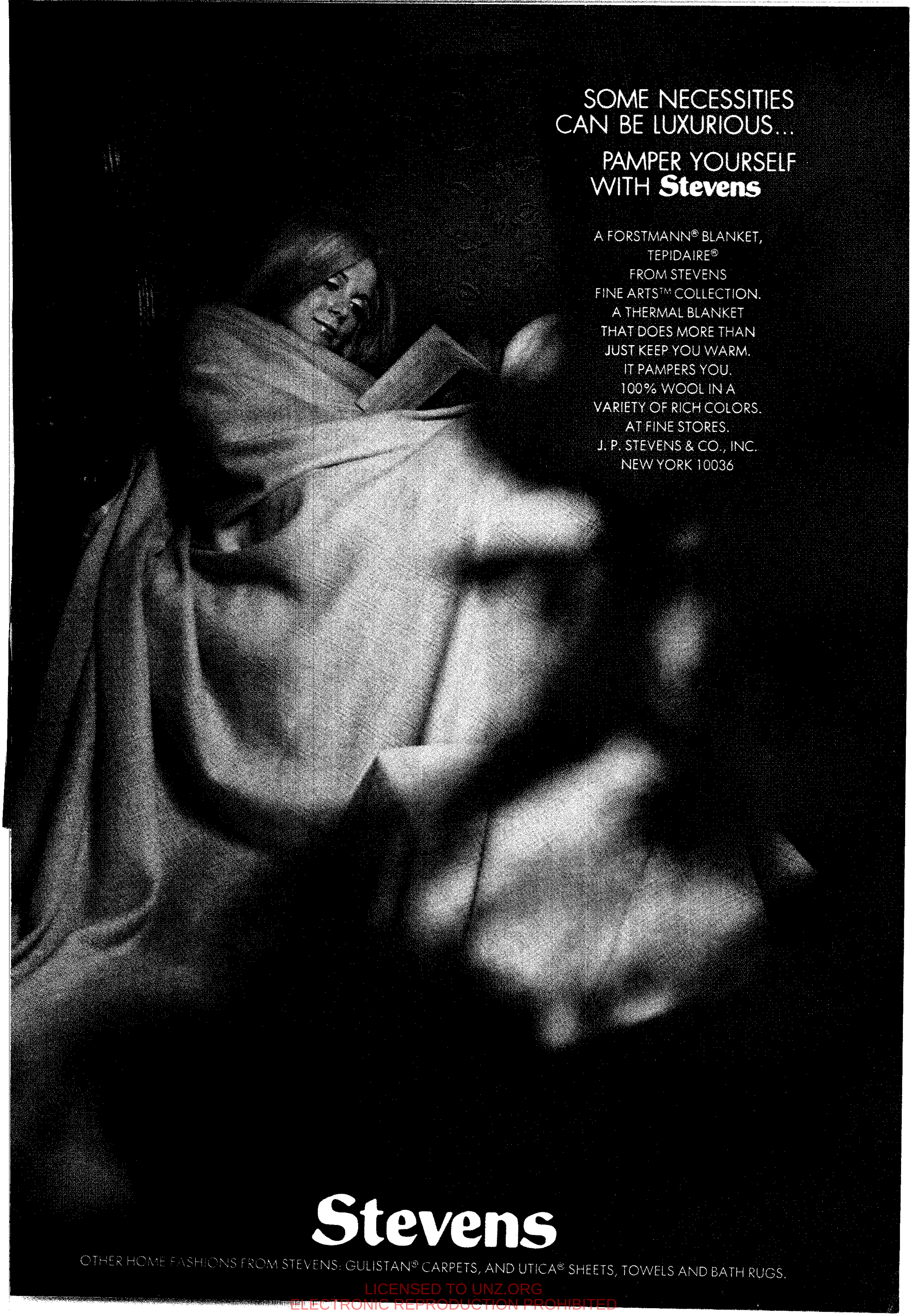

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included in his *vue optique* from the Esplanade. He is, of course, artistically right at a time in modern Paris history when the builders of the whole Maine-Montparnasse complex can afford only to be wrong, since without the tower their investment as a whole will fail to pay. Besides its more than three million square feet of office space, it will contain a de-luxe hotel of two hundred and fifty rooms, perhaps a heliport on the roof, and certainly parking space down below for at least fifteen hundred cars. With good fortune, it will be ready for occupancy in 1971. The only Paris urban expressway, to be named for Vercingetorix (born about 72 B.C. and almost always portrayed on top of a horse), will pass the new building and eventually head west. This is the direction that the new Paris is destined to follow, passing the Rond Point de la Défense and pushing on toward Saint-Germain-en-Laye, toward which the Paris Métro has already, for the past year, been grubbing its way, having just completed three miles of express tracks. Trains will finally rush toward the once campestral Saint-Germain at sixty miles an hour on rubber-tired wheels. Already the Défense community is being rapidly built up with thirty-story skyscrapers for rich industrial companies' offices. All over Paris, minor skyscrapers of twenty stories are pushing up among the still viable, elegant architectural remnants of the Second Empire or the Directoire, and even of the tentative Third Republic, thus bastardizing what is left of the varied but consecutive style and beauty of Paris and its open horizons. The Place de la Concorde is now cleared of the machines that have been working for nearly two years on the underpass that will carry eastbound traffic far beyond the Louvre. But the charming aerial toboggan, as the French call the temporary elevated highway over the diggings, which careers like a roller coaster among the spring-green treetops along the Seine, is still carrying its double lane of one-way traffic, swooping over the bridge entrances en route—the gayest, most eccentric riverine excursion Paris has ever known, which will be long regretted and remembered after it is dismantled this autumn.

The coming of spring at last has encouraged the traffic to burgeon. Automobiles are impacted all over midtown Paris. At the recent opening performance of the late Wieland Wagner's production of "Tristan," at which the Opéra doors closed at six-thirty, exceptional traffic jams prevented many ticket-holders from arriving on time,

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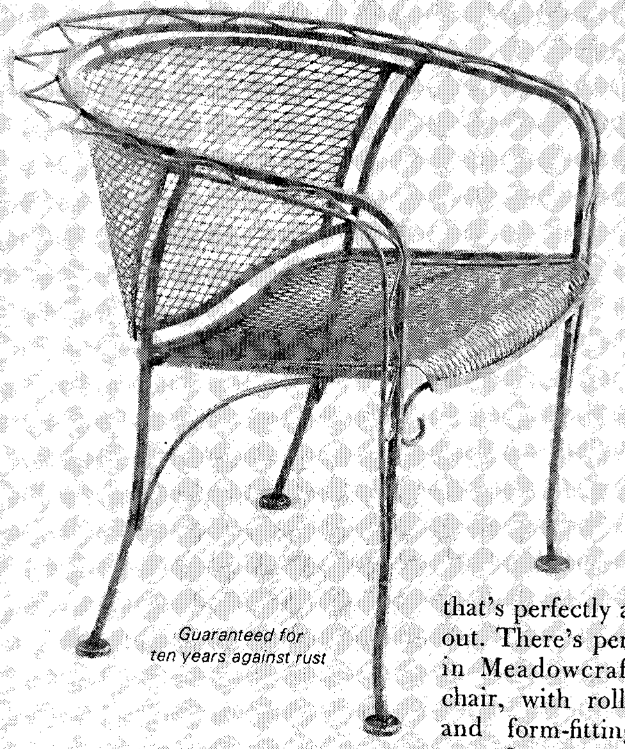

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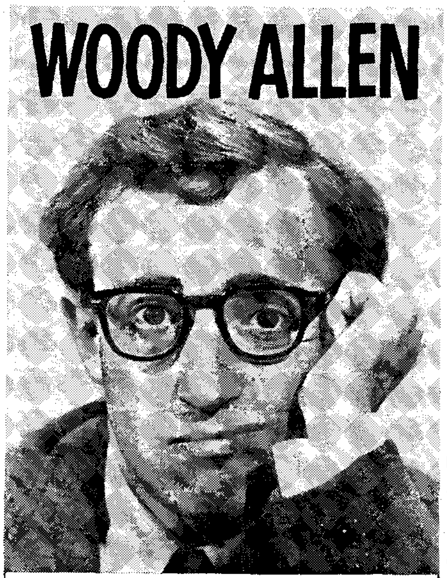

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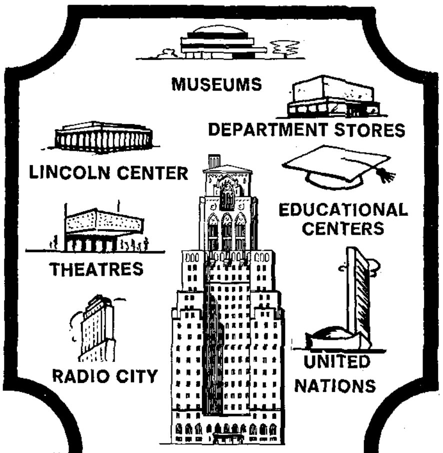
thus locking them out in the corridor during the entire first act. For this they blamed and booed the conductor, innocent George Sebastian, at the beginning of Act II.

A Remarkably ill-mated pair of short operas, neither of which had ever before been heard in France, were recently presented together at the Théâtre Champs-Élysées. Depending on one's taste, one could go early and hear the Pergolesi and then leave before the Schoenberg, or vice versa. But listening to one after the other was like starting with an oversweet dessert and then tackling a very tough piece of turkey. According to the experts, it is not even sure that Pergolesi wrote this "Vedova Ingeniosa," his name appearing only on one signed copy, dated 1743, seven years after he was dead. But following the success of his "La Serva Padrona" he was flatteringly credited with more works than he could possibly have had time to write within his brief life, ended in his mid-twenties. In any case, his (or someone's) little *opéra bouffe* is no worse than pleasantly saccharine and merely tiresome, with its amorous young widow disguised as a captain in breeches and cocked hat, her gardener pretending to be a corporal, and her lover posing as a quack doctor, and everything ending in a happy burst of agreeable second-rate eighteenth-century Italian music.

As for Schoenberg's "Von Heute auf Morgen" ("From One Day to the Next"), in his stiff way he was also attempting to present a comedy of libertinage, socially very light and extremely modern. Indeed, he wrote to the friend who conducted the first performance, in 1930, that the modernism he had in mind was so strong a force that it effected changes not only in marriage but in art and politics, and even in people's attitude toward all of life—a prophetic statement indeed. For his illustrative characters, he chose protagonists he designated as the Husband and the Wife, seen returning home late after a fashionable ball where they met the Singer and his Girl Friend, who was a schoolmate of the Wife and is now leading a brilliant, ultra-modern existence. The Husband has become instantly smitten with her, and, in jealousy, the Wife pretends that she, too, has fallen in love at the ball—with the Singer, of course—thus bringing her poor husband to his knees in renewed passion for her. She also refuses to embrace their little son, now understandably awakened by all this hullabaloo, and telephones to the other couple in



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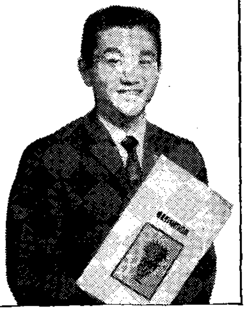

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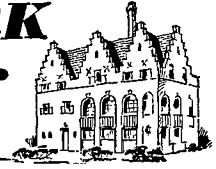

KNIFE & FORK INN...
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their hotel to hurry over (though it must be about 3 A.M. by this time). Everything is straightened out happily for everybody at the breakfast table, with the little boy ending the comedy by inquiring, "*Maman*, what are modern people?" Schoenberg finished writing the music for this opera on New Year's Day, 1929, at a quarter past three in the afternoon, according to the replete program notes. He was by then composing in the strictest period of his dodecaphonic style. The handsome Helga Pilarczyk, appreciated here before for her unforgettable dramatic performances in Berg's "Wozzeck" and "Lulu," makes the Wife utterly fascinating, both for the subtle acting she brings to the role and, above all, for her amazing singing—one of the rare, unworried voices utterly at ease amid all the vocal difficulties and cacophonies of such virulent serial music. By her competence and mastery, she made the opera at least a technical pleasure to listen to. Eight performances of the Pergolesi-Schoenberg works were scheduled at the Théâtre Champs-Élysées. On the second night, there were fourteen people in the orchestra and dress circle combined, and not a soul in the vast upper balconies. Under the sympathetic baton of Léon Barzin, the company performed as impeccably as if not singing to an almost uninhabited house. It was educational, and probably a privilege, to hear Schoenberg's "Von Heute auf Morgen" for the first time—and no doubt for the last time, too. —GENÊT

•

The town of Rosewater was in the dead center of the county. In the dead center of town was a Parthenon built of honest red brick, columns and all. Its roof was green copper. The canal ran through it, and so, in the bustling past, had the New York Central, Monon, and Nickel Plate Railroads. When Eliot and Sylvia took up residence, only the canal and the Monon tracks remained, and the Monon was bankrupt, and its tracks were brown.—*From "God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater," by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.*

With nothing to disturb the stillness except the sloshing in the basement.

•

Stockholders of Reed International, Inc., will consider at the annual meeting April 19 a change in the corporate name to G. W. Murphy Industries, Inc. George W. Murphy, chairman, president and controlling stockholder, said the change was being proposed to reflect the increased scope of the company's activities.—*The Times.*

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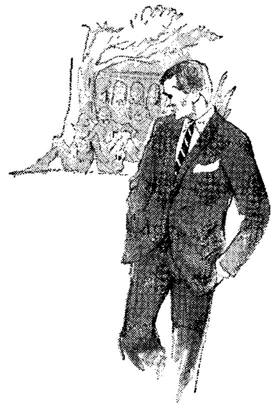

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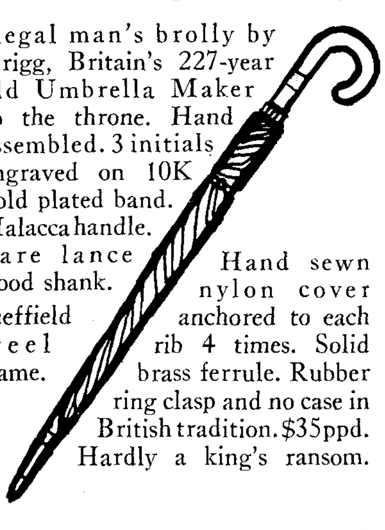

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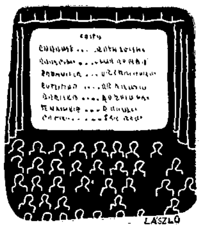
Many Lives

Nanni Loy's "Made in Italy" consists of upward of thirty vivid, immensely entertaining sketches of contemporary Italian life. Some of the sketches last less than a minute, and their effect is teasingly subliminal—Mr. Loy practices an artful importunacy and urges us on to admire a fresh page in his crowded portfolio before we have had a chance to savor sufficiently the point of its charming predecessor. This haste has its advantages, especially when the artist's intentions are comic, as Mr. Loy's nearly always prove to be; he encourages us to take pleasure without taking thought. The subject matter of the sketches ranges from the problems of the very rich (What third-rate Roman restaurant will it be amusing to frequent when all the first-rate ones have grown boring? How is one to make one's wife feel guilty when she unexpectedly returns home from some charitable errand and finds a pretty girl beside one in bed?) to the problems of the very poor, which are infinitely less complicated, resolving themselves in most cases into the simple, urgent task of not dying. Mr. Loy's sketches are a sort of miniaturized Decameron; again and again they borrow their scraps of plot from some ancient tale or jest, and perhaps once or twice the climax is mere surprise, mere snapper—the disembodied voice of a big businessman tyrannizing over his myrmidons by intercom turns out to be that of a cardinal, whose big business is presumably the Vatican's—but Mr. Loy puts on his borrowings the stamp of his own personality, which is a singularly appealing one. The view of life conveyed by "Made in Italy" is compassionate as well as comic; especially in the faces of the children that Mr. Loy depicts one sees that while there is much to be laughed at in modern, prosperous Italy, there remains much to pity and protest against. The country has grown crudely rich inside its old beauty, but it is also, a step away from every shiny thoroughfare, impoverished.

"Made in Italy" has a marvellous, numerous cast, which includes Anna Magnani, Virna Lisi, Sylva Koscina, Jean Sorel, Alberto Sordi, Nino Manfredi, Walter Chiari, and Catherine Spaak. (Miss Magnani steals the show as a mother gallantly shepherding her flock—a flock that includes a timid husband—through the mortal dangers of an Italian traffic jam.) The screenplay of "Made in Italy" is by Ettore Scola, Ruggero Maccari, and Mr. Loy, and the immaculate color photography is by Ennio Guarnieri.



Like feats of magic, movies that succeed tend to guard the secret of the means of their success and are therefore usually not very fruitful subjects for speculation. Movies that fail are in a different situation; since it is in the nature of failure to be unable to conceal what has gone wrong, they can be speculated upon ad lib—can be, indeed, far more interesting to talk about than to see. An exception to this rule is Tony Richardson's "The Sailor from Gibraltar." It is certainly a failure, and, given Mr. Richardson's gifts, it should have been an instructive one, but in fact it contains no more clues than a child's nursery in which toys and wooden blocks have been scattered every which way over a gaily painted floor. Much as one would like to hope that the disorder sprang from some splendid fit of bad temper on the part of a vanished young master, it is just as probable that Young Master lost interest in his once so promising castle and simply went away. The beginning of "The Sailor from Gibraltar" is promising enough—a young Englishman and his tiresomely jolly mistress go on holiday to Italy. In his sour-faced, sour-voiced way, the man wishes to achieve a more meaningful life; his first move is to jilt his mistress and take up with a wealthy lady who, in a luxuriously appointed schooner, cruises the Mediterranean in pursuit of a certain young man whom she claims to have loved and who may never have existed. With some effort, we can almost believe in the picture up to the point where Orson Welles, three times life-size, turns up as a crooked quasi-pasha, quickly followed by Hugh Griffith as—did I dream it?—a white hunter. Between them, they blow the movie straight up into Cloud-Cuckoo-Land, and we find ourselves nervously anticipating the arrival of Robert Morley and Akim Tamiroff. To judge by this and his two previous pictures ("The Loved One" and "Mademoiselle"), which were also failures, Master Rich-

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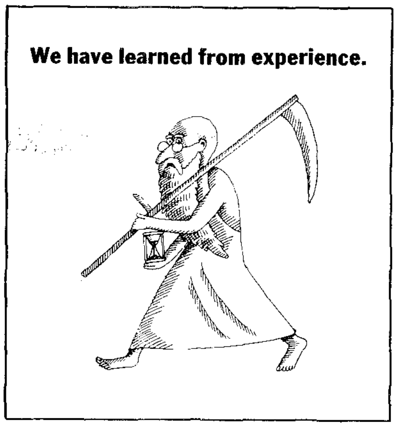
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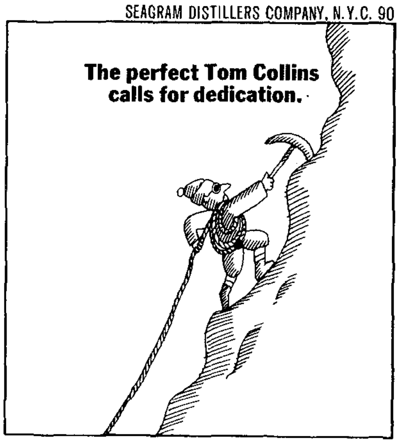
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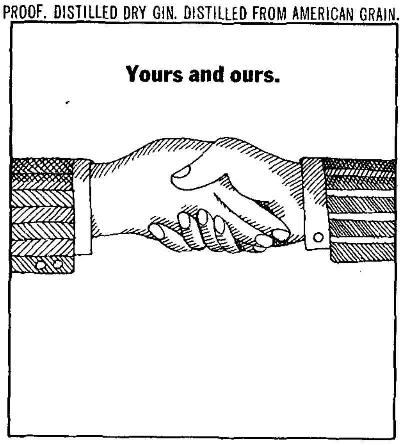
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ardson's span of attention is narrowing dangerously; if he expects to go on to the next form, he *must* learn to pay stricter attention. Jeanne Moreau and Ian Bannen are monotonous as, respectively, the schooner's concupiscent owner and the grumpy Englishman, and Vanessa Redgrave gives a fine, wasted performance as the jilted mistress. The photography, which is easily the best thing about the movie, is by Raoul Coutard.

"WELCOME TO HARD TIMES" is one of those dreary parables about good and evil that people persist in disguising as Westerns. Hard Times is a struggling town in the high mining country, and the time is some years after the Civil War. A wicked man from Bodie, known, with a characteristic want of inventiveness, as "the man from Bodie," rides into town, gets rip-roaring drunk, rapes and kills a prostitute, kills those of the inhabitants who get in his way, and then sets fire to the whole dad-blamed community, laughing the while with fiendish glee. A nonsensical figure—a penchant for alcoholism, rape, murder, and arson are historically not to be found in the same person—but no more nonsensical than the figure played by poor Henry Fonda: a shambling, gun-shy, failed lawyer, who has no desire to become the dead hero of a burned-out Hard Times. Burt Kennedy, who wrote and directed the movie, has made it a compendium of expected scenes, characters, and lines of dialogue; he has even fallen into the conventional trap of making all the town prostitutes beautiful. We have plenty of photographs of the girls who worked in those Western towns, including Bodie (where, since it was rich, the standards were a lot higher than they would have been in a town like Hard Times), and the girls were fat, strong, and understandably sullen-looking.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

Stewart, 34, and reflecting aggressiveness and enthusiasm in appearance, voice and attitude, set a "let's stop being so conservitive" overtone in his remarks and spelled it out.—*Hammond (Ind.) Times.*

Should have let it lay.

•

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—*Headline in the Waltham (Mass.) News-Tribune.*

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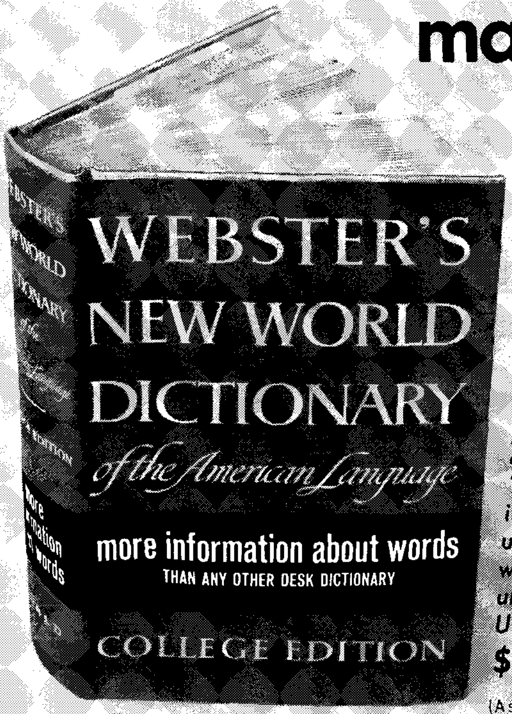
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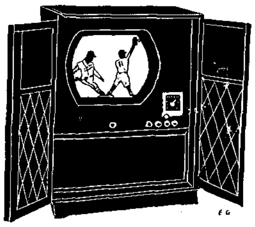
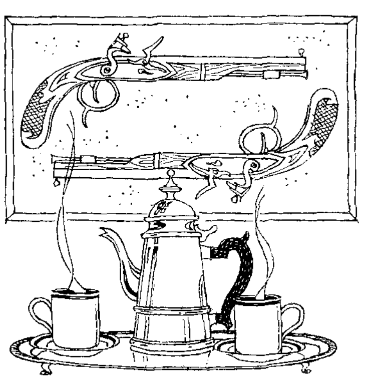
THE thing about English television is that it's really so very, very *English*—which isn't (he said hopefully) such a simpleminded statement as all that when you consider that French television, say, which is run by the government and is the most boring thing in Europe this side of Bulgarian religious drama, isn't particularly French, and that even American television, which is indeed owned not by the government but by the simple stockholders of the farms and prairies (laughter), for the most part succeeds in reflecting back to us a slick and greedy and mentally undemanding world that's surely just a fraction of what actually exists. English television seems somehow to be different from most other television—certainly in its ability to take the country fairly much the way it is and then play it back straight. To be sure, the country is fairly straight to start with, so things often get rather quiet on the telly as a result. This morning, for example, which is Sunday, at around noon (and I mean *around* noon—most programs here begin at something like 12:08, which is known elsewhere as the Oriental sense of time), we had a nice half-hour show called "Forming Metals" ("After each operation, the scale is blown away from the die and the lubricant is applied") on the B.B.C., and on the Independent channel a pleasant program called "First Steps in Physics," which sounded pretty much ("Conduction occurs mainly in solids") the way ("Describe the vacuum flask") you'd think it would sound. One could even go so far as to say that things are quiet on the telly rather a lot of the time, to the point that sometimes, for whole stretches of the day, it doesn't seem to be broadcasting at all. Last week, for instance, on a random day, the B.B.C. kicked off smartly at 9:38 A.M. with a broadcast for schools and colleges, stopped for twenty-five minutes, then went into "Watch with Mother" at 10:45, then disappeared promptly at eleven, to be replaced by a test pattern and peculiar "light music" until 1:23, at which time there was suddenly eight minutes of news; then it faded out again until 4:40, at which moment the afternoon children's programs began (including "Top Cat," who is known hereabouts as "The Boss Cat"), and then prime-time programs, and then off-the-air for the night with a fine "God Save the Queen" at 11:45. Actually, 11:48.



This is probably as good a place as any to explain that right now there are what one could describe as two and a half channels being used for TV broadcasting in England. There's the B.B.C., now known as B.B.C.-1. There is also the twelve-year-old Independent television channel, otherwise known as the ITV, which is controlled by the Independent Television Authority, and is, like the B.B.C., a public corporation, but one that appoints private producing companies such as Granada and Rediffusion to produce shows, rather than producing them itself. The private companies are allowed to include commercials. And, for the last couple of years, there's been B.B.C.-2, which is U.H.F., which still isn't received into too many homes, and which broadcasts for only four or five hours a day but then usually presents high-quality, special stuff. It was B.B.C.-2, for example, that, a few evenings ago, when I looked in, was carrying "La Traviata" live from Covent Garden—a three-hour performance that was excellent. The relationship of the ITV to the B.B.C. seems fairly simple. The ITV is commercial, was set up because people started grumping about the increasingly Establishment tone of the B.B.C. (all those coronation-voice announcers, like the late Richard Dimbleby), and attracts about half the audience. What is "commercial" in London, though, isn't yet the sort of thing that an American network manager would probably look on too fondly as a model of unbridled free enterprise. The ITV has ads, all right, but it runs them only between programs, or, occasionally, at "natural breaks" during long programs—after "Batman," for instance, a current ITV favorite, you get about seven or eight quick spot commercials jammed into a space of two minutes, and you get no commercials during the program. Before "Batman," by the way, in one of those endearing, slightly sticky English touches, a voice comes on to admonish the Youth of Britain: "Please remember that Batman possesses all sorts of special skills and equipment that enable him to perform his various tricks. Do



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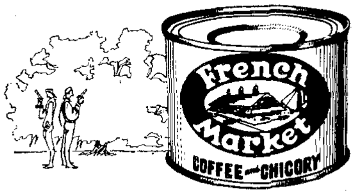

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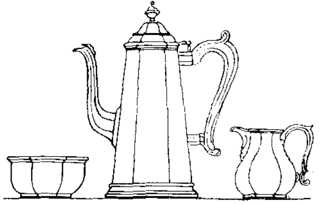

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not try to be Batman." Ah, well. The ITV also limits itself in the number of imported programs it will show to fourteen per cent of its schedule, as does the B.B.C., although right now neither channel seems to be showing much over ten per cent.

As for the B.B.C.—well, the B.B.C. is a story unto itself. The B.B.C. has been broadcasting television for a long time now—since 1936, in fact. (John L. Baird, who was the first man to produce television pictures, was British.) It has indeed been guilty for much of its TV history of sounding excessively pompous and like the Voice of Government, and clearly one of the best things that ever happened to it was the advent of the ITV, which made it get on the stick and think about becoming competitive, think about using its immense resources of talent. The crucial thing to remember about the B.B.C., though, is that it isn't government-owned and is certainly not government-run. The rest of the world's television seems to be divided pretty much between straight government operations, such as in France and East Germany, and straight commercial operations, such as in the United States and, to some degree, in Japan. The B.B.C. exists on its own—a public corporation like no other public corporation, a sort of cross between the T.V.A. and the Federal Reserve Board but without the political dependency of the T.V.A. and without the political vulnerability of the Fed. The B.B.C. itself exists, legally and politically, as a completely independent institution, deriving its moneys, which are considerable, from the annual licensing of television sets (£5 per set)—somebody once called the B.B.C. the only living, breathing example of pay TV—and deriving its talent, which is now also considerable, from the fact that the dozens of repertory companies all over England still turn out a greater quantity of soundly trained theatre people than anywhere else one can think of, and that the B.B.C. itself has gained such a reputation for letting creative young cameramen, directors, and writers have their heads that young men here who want to do things in the communications world instinctively turn to it. To be sure, it's not always quite that rosy. The B.B.C. still squashes things from time to time. It let Peter Watkins do the film "The War Game," and then wouldn't show it; however, as a B.B.C. man recently said, "Since the top people don't necessarily understand what they're going to get, they sometimes have to step

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in at the last moment. But at least young men with ideas here usually get to do the thing in the first place." And, also to be sure, there are not that many other creative communications places for people to work in here. Still, the B.B.C. has somehow managed to avoid the usual bureaucratic hangups, to keep the Director-General at Broadcasting House in central London and the producing staff in Shepherd's Bush, several miles way, and at other locations outside of London, with the result that in Shepherd's Bush now the aseptic, neo-Bauhaus corridors seem full of young men with great mops of scruffy hair and dark-green shirts and corduroy trousers who are twenty-six years old and directing, writing, and producing major programs—young men, for example, like John Speight or Tony Palmer or Peter Watkins or the ubiquitous Jonathan Miller, all of whom intelligent people in London talk about and regard and mix with in a way that you certainly don't see taking place in New York between the *New York Review of Books* crowd and the "C.B.S. Playhouse" people. Speaking of John Speight, who's one of the best of the current young B.B.C. writers, I saw reruns of some of the programs in a comedy series called "Till Death Us Do Part" that he'd done earlier in the year—about this marvellously horrid Typical British Family: Father, who is an unabashed jingo, constantly sounding off about wogs and lascars and the glories of the monarchy; Mum, who's an old fool; and the son and daughter, who go about in seedy Mod clothing and spend a lot of their time arguing with their parents on vaguely liberal subjects (the son wants to turn England into a republic) that they don't know much about and aren't really interested in anyway. One installment I especially remember, which had been shown to twenty million people on Boxing Day (the day after Christmas), showed the family seated around the table at the traditional Christmas dinner, having a filthy time, and arguing with each other periodically on such subjects as the Queen's class problems with Harold Wilson ("You don't suppose someone like *'er* would have anything to say to somebody like *'im*. Vulgar is what I mean. . . . Of course, you don't have to be very bright to be Prime Minister these days"), Christianity ("God made everybody Christian at the beginning. I mean, everybody was Christian for years and years. Then Jesus Christ came down, and those *other people* killed 'im"), and the delicate nuances of the British race issue ("In

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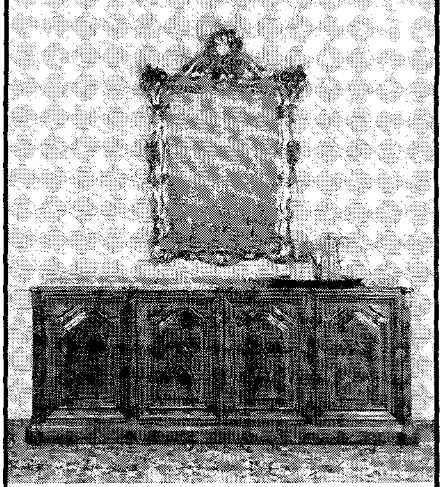

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THE GRASS PEOPLE

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the old days," says Father angrily, "when them coons came over here, people in charge of things gave them instructions on what to do. They were instructed to take themselves back home. Oh, I tell you, Old Winnie would have told those lascars where to get off. Now look at Suez"). This probably sounds rather aimless and nasty in print, and out of context, but the thing is, of course—it *is* nasty. It isn't Dick Van Dyke, but it's very funny (closer, really, to W. C. Fields' view of family life than anything I've seen in either country for quite some time)—very strong, askew, and full of that free-floating, intelligent British gift for bad-taste humor that may yet keep the Goths away from the door.

Obviously, not everything on English TV hits quite as high as "Till Death Us Do Part" and live "La Traviata" broadcasts, but even the more routinely presented dramas seem of good quality. On a single evening last week, there were two originals—one, a very vivid, gripping, sensitive piece about the man who assassinated Trotsky, which was full of interesting documentary-style techniques but was mostly full of good writing and good acting, and the other, part of a series of originals called "The Wednesday Play," about three different couples who are getting ready to go to a symbolic party, which had the usual problems that plays about couples getting ready to go to symbolic parties seem to have, except that it was alive. It wasn't a great, or even a particularly good, play, but it was alive. One of the couples was Negro, another was homosexual. (The Negro couple at one point did a wonderfully savage, funny minstrel-show parody.) You had the feeling—so rare on network TV, with its warmed-over classics; so rare on N.E.T., with its undercooked Off Broadway—that the world one lives in was, to at least some degree, talking back.

In some ways, it's probably hard for Americans, who seem to like things to be consistent, to understand how a nation can happily exist with one segment of the population bobbing and curtsying and falling all over its feet in order to say "thenkew" before you've even asked for something, and another, admittedly smaller, segment of the population wheeling about in leathery Bentleys with beautiful girls, dropping fifteen hundred quid at Crockford's, and quite prepared to walk right through you unless they know you rather well—and what would one be doing there anyway, with a seventeen-

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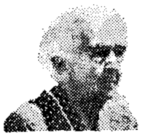

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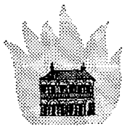

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES
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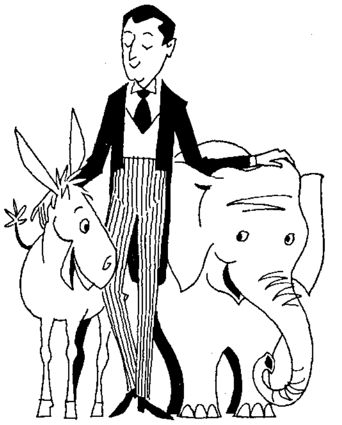
year-old towheaded duke standing pleasantly on one's shoes unless one was indeed, ah, *known*? British television doesn't do too much business on the far extremes of this frontier, but it occupies most of the wide spaces in between. It connects with the Mum-and-Dad world in programs like "Coronation Street," which has been an ITV mainstay for several years—a never-ending, rather ughgy series about a half dozen typical smiling-but-miserable families who live on Coronation Street in a midland town—and which, if you ask me, could stand a bit more sex and violence. And, of course, it does the same in sports, which both channels, especially the B.B.C., broadcast a great deal of. Last Saturday afternoon, for instance, huge quantities of soccer, rugger, cricket, horse racing, and swimming came over the B.B.C.'s "Grandstand"—generally very well presented, too, with none of this siss-boom-bah announcer business of trying to make every left-field double into an individual Greek drama. And, although the intelligent middle-class people (or whatever it is that all those people who aren't towheaded dukes are) don't exactly go rushing about the streets exclaiming over *their* favorite programs, the fact is (or seems to be) that the serious things—the drama, the news, the public-affairs shows (which usually take the form of "magazines," such as Monday night's "Panorama")—are all generally done with an intelligence and a consistency and a sort of humorous coolness that make them seem attractive and worthwhile to watch and listen to. Just by chance the other day, I came upon a B.B.C. program about Expo 67 (in part coming in live from Montreal), which isn't normally the sort of thing that causes the heart to leap, and on the screen were all those fancy buildings in the background, which is what one expects, but in the foreground was this fellow from the B.B.C., in a floppy old sweater and no tie, talking to us very easily and humorously about all this stuff in Montreal. It was lovely. He wandered about a bit and showed us things (not too many), and even managed to get in a few casually phrased but quite tough swipes at the fair for presenting a largely unreal, euphemistic view of the world, which may or may not be the case but probably is, and you could see he really meant it. English expertise with humor, however, still seems to have its limits. Right now, for instance, one of the most popular entertainment shows in England is "The Frost Report," a weekly satire-and-interview show pre-



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sided over by David Frost, a "That Was the Week That Was" alumnus who seems to have become, as a result, the most popular TV personality in England. A few days ago, to give you an idea, one of Frost's earlier programs won something called a Golden Rose at a TV festival in Montreux, Switzerland, and the papers here had him all over the headlines. I mean, the *headlines*. The English, you have to remember, are very realistic, worldly-wise Old Europeans, who don't ever go in for that impulsive, lovable, but brainless stuff that some other nations I might mention get caught at every so often. (The day before the Frost feat, as I remember, the evening headlines were all about the price of detergents being reduced, so I guess there's always the possibility that they really *are* realistic, worldly-wise Old Europeans but have just been having a lot of headline trouble lately.) Anyway, I watched "The Frost Report," this one being on the general theme of advertising, and although you'd have to be a pretty rotten, mean critic not to say that it had its moments (" 'The Frost Report' . . . has . . . its moments!"), most of the moments didn't seem too many cuts above the *Yale Record*, which is to say that Frost comes on and makes some sharp comment about, for example, encyclopedia salesmen, and then there's a little skit about an encyclopedia salesman, which involves a lot of books dropping to the floor at one point, and then you go on to something else. The encyclopedia joke was fairly funny as a standup routine (and who's to sneeze at standup routines?), but it simply took attitudes that everybody already knew by heart and then more or less drew a funny picture about them. What Frost really seems to have going for him is a nearly classless voice, and an ability to give an abrasive, satiric edge to it, regardless, it often seems, of what he's talking about. Speaking of advertising, though, or rather of its absence, that's the one thing that all the television people here have going for them—even on the ITV, where the sandwiching of ads between programs makes them, at any rate, seem brief and not very noticeable, and on the B.B.C., of course, where they don't exist at all. So partly because it's England, and partly because it's England and there are no ads, life on the whole seems very cozy around the telly. The telly is very calm. It doesn't raise its voice, or rarely. It can be as boring as anything. It can be sharp and bright and funny. Mostly, it seems fairly intelligent, and, I should imagine, useful

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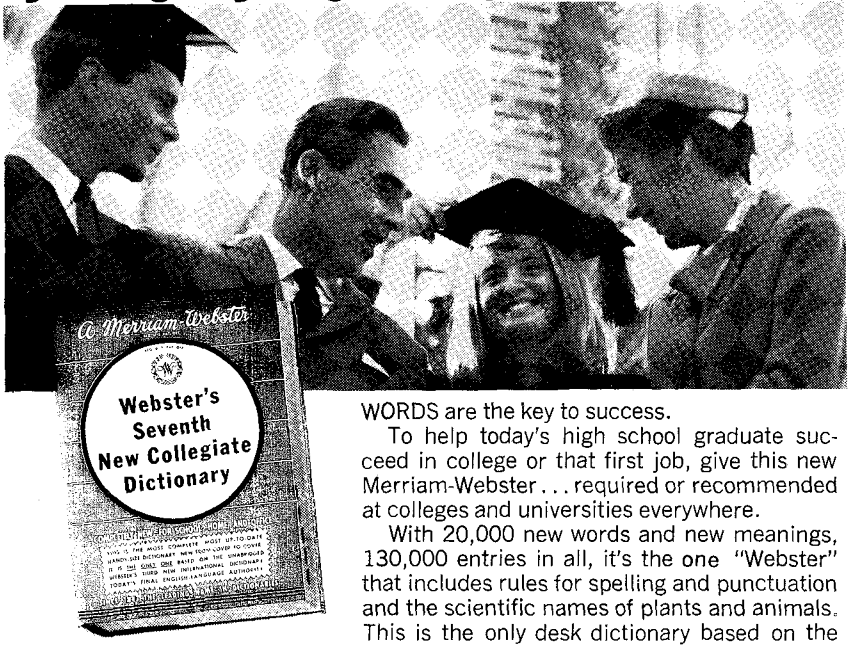
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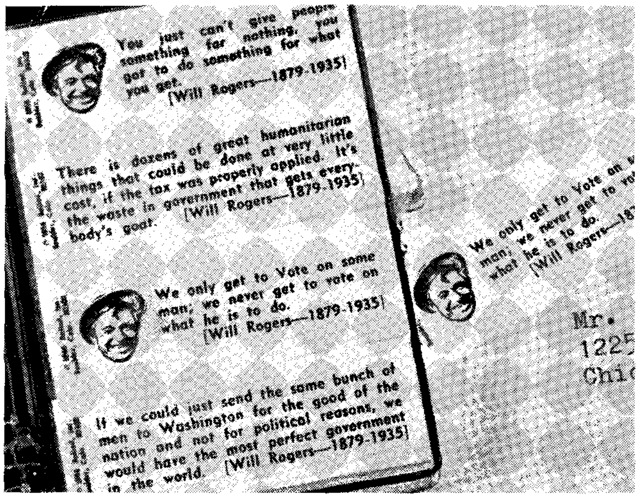
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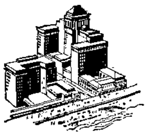

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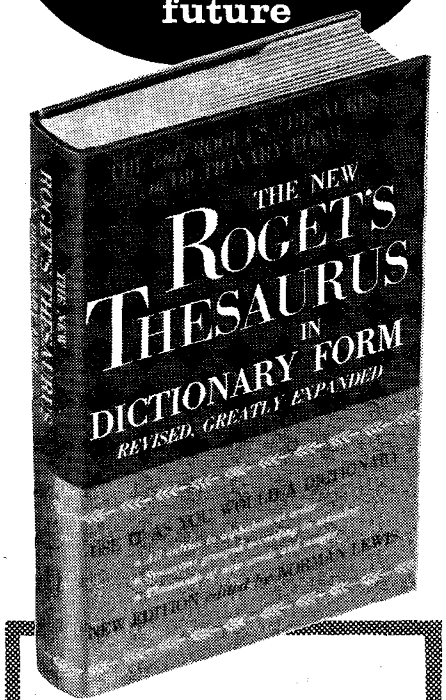

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to the nation (in that it mirrors the breadth as well as the intellectual capacities of the nation back to it in a unique way), and easy to live with, which last is no small potatoes. Cliff Michelmore, for example, who does the late, late, *late* news for the B.B.C. (meaning around 10:30 P.M.), came on the other evening, a solid, plain-spoken, plain-looking, fiftyish man. "There's been a bit of a row today in Paris," he said, "about an exchange of letters between Jean-Paul Sartre and General de Gaulle. I thought we'd ask our Paris man about it." We did, too—Michelmore and the B.B.C. Paris man talking for about fifteen minutes about de Gaulle and Sartre and their varying views about political power and justice and so forth. It was a fine sort of journalism to listen to, easeful and intelligent—and, after all, something had meant enough to those two men to have caused them to write those letters. And the audience seems to survive it all pretty well. —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

PARTICULAR BEAUTIES

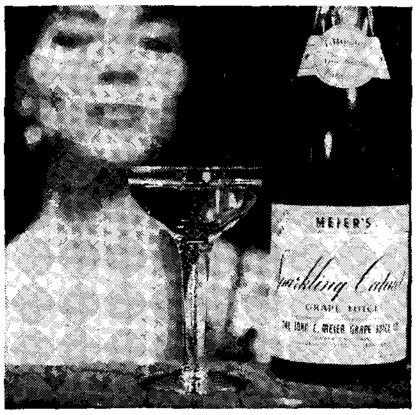
Whether it was a particular beauty
Stirred the tearfall from the eyelid's
  rim,
Rinsing the world once more with self,
Was it not there the general peered,
Thousand-eyed, down from the peak
In the last of all imaginary sunsets?
The light divided in half, the half
Divided again in half, the way
Zeno's paradox makes nothing move
Because an infinity of points between
Target and arrow, though never seen,
Exists. And there is snow in a capsule,
A solid floor of individual
Flakes that, shaken, settle in a field—
Parachutists growing where the grass,
One moment before, was only natural.
I am speaking now of the diminishment
Or enhancement of enchanted objects,
Of how they turn into nothingness
Or burnish the imagination:
A fire at the bottom of the sea,
For instance, or a mind in space
Thinking its way into science fiction,
Or, inside the skull, a little world
Clinging, about to be thrown away—
Miraculous lint under a bell.

—HOWARD MOSS

•

Dick Campbell, who coached York High School of Elmhurst to 129 defeats against 27 losses in six seasons, has accepted an offer to assist Harv Schmidt, the new head basketball coach at the University of Illinois.—*Chicago Daily News.*

Just sort of in an advisory capacity?



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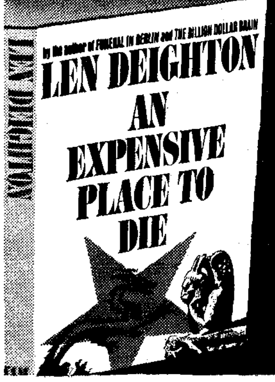
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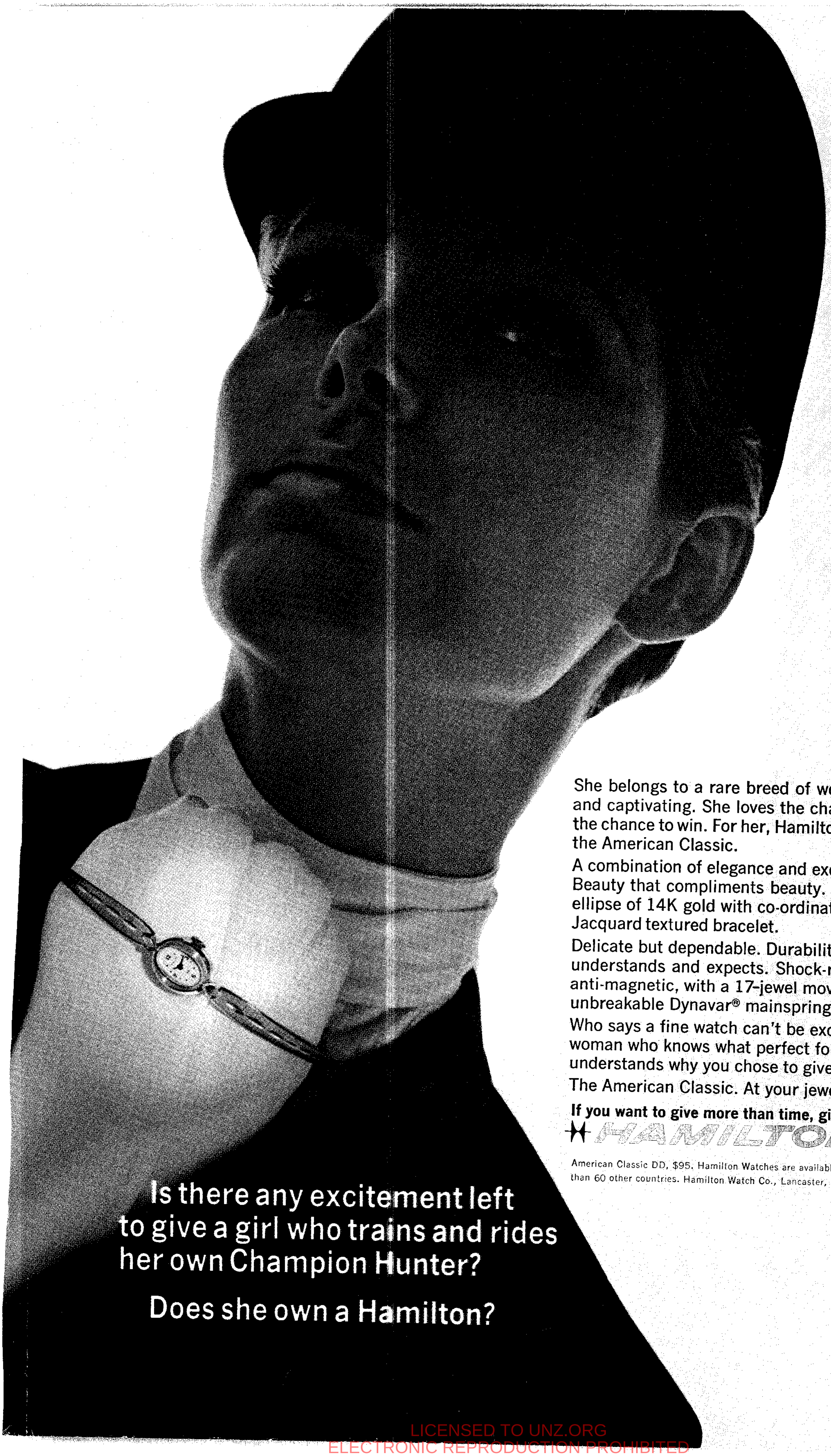

Is there any excitement left to give a girl who trains and rides her own Champion Hunter?

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5.
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Give that rare bird one of the 5 new ones from Polaroid. From under $50.

Color Pack Cameras have been selling like mad. (Is there any other way to take pictures?) As a result, Polaroid has been able to turn out a whole new line that offers more camera per dollar whatever price you want to pay.

1. Under $50. An honest-to-goodness Polaroid Color Pack Camera that delivers beautiful, full-size color prints in 60 seconds, black and white in 15. Same great film. Same electric eye. Same fast loading.

2. Under $75. A remarkable value. It has a superimposed-image range- and viewfinder, and a feature available until now only on the highest-priced models: an expensive electronic system that lets you shoot black and white pictures indoors without flash!

3. Under $100 buys a sophisticated camera that can make full use of the Polaroid Portrait Kit, Close-up Kit, cloud filter and other accessories. (You can give those for Christmas!) Has a foldaway range- and viewfinder and a sharp triplet lens.

4. Under $130. Here's a camera that's deluxe inside and out, right down to the all-metal body and brushed chrome finish. Like all the higher-priced models, it features the famous electronic system that makes automatic time exposures up to 10 seconds.

5. Under $160. Polaroid went all out on this one. There's even a superb Zeiss Ikon single-window range- and viewfinder which automatically corrects for parallax and field size. Flashgun included. The very finest automatic camera Polaroid has ever produced.

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